

RIS IN SVVM LIBRVM.

Torpor, hebes sensus, schola parua, labor minimus qualiant, quo minus ipse minora canam.

Qua tum Engisti lingua canit insula Bruti,

Anglica Carmente metra iuuante loquar,

Ossibus ergo carens, quæ conterit ossa loquelis,

Absit, & interpres stet procul, oro, malus.

Angers of Courses a within the

CENTRAL VINE LAG

the molte bietorious, and our molte gracious foueraigne lorde hynge Benry the. bill kynge of Englande and of France, Defender of the feeth, and lorde of Irelande. ec.



Lutarke writeth, whan Alexander had discounfite Darius the kynge of Perfe, amonge other sewels of the saide kynges, there was sounde a curious littell cheste of great value, which the noble king Alexander beholding saide: This same thall serve so; Homere.
Whiche is noted so; the greate love and savour, that Alexander had

onto lernyng: 18ut this I thynke berily, that his lone and fanour there to, was not lo great as your gracis : whiche cauled me, molte bictozious, and molte reboubted foueraigne lozbe, after I had printed this warke, to beuile with my felfe , whe ther I might be lo bolde to prefente your highnelle with one of them, and lo in your graces name put them forth . Pour moffe high and moffe princely maieffee abathed and cleane difcouraged me fo to bo, both because the prefent (as concerngage the balue) was farre to fimple (as me thought) and because it was none other wife my acte, but as I toke fome perne to printe it more correctly than it was before . And though I foulde faie, it was not muche greatter peyne to that excellent clerke the mozall Iohan Gower, to come pile the fame noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleue it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together . And as 3 flode in this bally ment, I remembred your incomparable Demencie, the whithe, as I baue my felfe formes tyme fene, moffe gracionly accepteth the falender giftes of fmall balue, which your bight nes perceined were offred with great and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nos buls and great effates, but allo of your meane lubiectes : the tobiche lo muche bolbeth me againe, that though 3 of all other am your moffe humble fubiecte and fernaunte, pet my berte grueth me, that your highnelle, as ye are accustomed to bo, woll of your mothe beniane nature confider, that I wolve with as good will, if it were as well in my power gine buto your grace the mot goodlief a largelt cite of al the worlde. And this more ouer I bery well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royalme, Gall the Cooner accepte this boke, the glablier rebe it, and be the moze biligent to marke and beare awey the mozall bottrines of the fame, whan they that fee it come forthe biber pour graces name, whom thet with all their very hertes fo truely loue and brebe, whom they knowe to ercellently well lerned, whom they ever fynde to good, to fufte, and to gracious a prince. And who fo ever in redynge of this warke, both confider it well, thall fynde, that it is plentifully Aufted and fournithed with manifolde eloquent realons, tharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of great aucto;itee, perfivabynge onto bertue, not onely tas hen out of the poetes, quatours, billogie writers, and philolophers, but allo out of the bos ly feripture. There is to my bome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the binder and byinge of many and biners auctours. lubole realons, layenges, and histories are translated in to this warke, as for the pleintie of englithe wordes and bulgars, befice the furtherance of the life to bertue . Whiche olde englithe wordes and bulgars no wife man, because of their antiquites will throws affer. for the writers of later bates, the which began to loth and bate thefe olde bulgars, whan they them felfe wolde write in our english tonge, were confreigned to bringe in, in their waitynges, newe termes (as fome call them) whiche thei bogowed out of latine, frenche. and other langages, whiche caused, that they that unberitode not those langages, from whens thele newe bulgars are fette, coube not perceive their waitynges. And though our most alowed olde autors bio otherwhile ble to borowe of other langages , either because

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of their metre, or elles for larke of a feete enlight worde, yet that ought not to be a presente to be, to heape them in, where as nebeth not, and where as we have all redie wordes approved and received, of the same effects and strength. The whiche is any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer some Gower, that that as a lanterne give him lighte to write cumningly, and to garnshe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The which noble auctour, I prostrate at your graces seete, most lowly present, and before your highnes, that it make go south water your graces savour. And I shall ever prate: God that is almightly preserve your rotall matesee in most longe continuance of all welther honour, glorie, and grace infinite.

To the reder.



A time past whan this warke was printed, I can not confecte, what was the cause there of, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolve seme, that Go-

vver did compile it at the requeste of the noble duke Heary of Lancattre. And although the bokes that be written, be contrarie, yet I have solowed therin the print copie, so as muche as it maie serve bothe wates, and because mothe copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it god to warne the reder, that the written copies do not agree with the printed. Therfore I have printed here those same lines, that I synde in the written copies. The whiche alteracion ye shall perceive began at the printed have prologie, and goth sorth on, as ye se here solowing.

In our englisse I thinke make A boke so, kynge Richardes sake, To whom belongeth my ligeance With all my hertes obeisance, In all that ever a liege man Unto his kynge maie done or can, Go sarsorth I me recommande
To hym, whiche all me maie commande, speciende unto the high reigne, Mohiche causeth every kynge to reigne, Whiche causeth every kynge to reigne, That his corone longe stonde.

If thynke and have it understonde, As it besill upon a tide, I though you at the shulle the betide, Under the towne of newe Troie, Mohiche toke of Bruse his sirste ioye, In Shemse, whan it was slowende, As I by bote came rowende:
So as sortune hir tyme sette,
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,

De bad me come into his barge. And whan I was with hym at large, Amonges other thonges leebe, De hath this charge byon me lepbe, and bad me do my bufineffe, Chat to his high worthinesse Some newe thenge I squide boke, That be bym felfe it might loke. After the forme of my writinge and this upon his commanding soppherte is well the more glad No write lo as be me bad. And the my feare is well the latte, That none enuie shall compasse, Mithout a reasonable wire To feige and blame that I write. A gentili herte his tonge itilleth, What it malice none butilleth But preffeth, that is to be preifed : But he that hath his worde unpeffed and handleth with ronge any thynge, I prate buto the heuen appace, Fro luche tonges be me thiloe. And netheles this worlde is wilde. Of suche langlyng and what befall, My kynges weite thall not falle, That 3 in hope to beferue Dis thonke, ne thall his will observe and els were I nought ercufed.

For that theng mate nought be refused, What that a kinge hem selfe bit. For the simplest of my wit I thenke if that it mate auaile, In his service to travaile
Though I sickenes have been honde, And longe have had, yet woll I sonde, So as I made my beheste,
To make a boke after his heste,
And write in suche a maner wise,
And write in suche a maner wise,
And place to hem that list to place.
But in proverbe I have herde saie,
That who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.

And thus the prologue of my boke,

After

After the worlde, that whilom toke, And eke sombele after the newe, I woll begyn for to newe.

And thus I saie for these. ler. lynes, there he as many other printed, that be cleane contrarte but these, both in sentence and in meaning. Farthermore there were lefte out in divers places of the worke lines and columes, ye and sometyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this most pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceived: for that and chaungeyng of wordes, and misordynge of sentences, wolde have marked his mynde in redying, that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greatter blemisse with your a noble auctour? And so, to preise worthily but o you the great lernying of this auctour. I know my selfe right muche bundle, ye shal your selfe now deme, whan ye shall see bym (as nere as I can) set so, that if we shall se bym (as nere as I can) set forth in his owne shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme I mate be bolde to saie, that if we shall se hymiche even at the full do witnesse, the whiche even at the full do witnesse, that a clerke he was, the wordes of the most samues and excellente Gess fraie Chaucer, that he wrote in the ende of his most special warke, that is intitled Troilus and Crescide, do insticiently testific the same, where he saith:

D morall Govver, this boke I birerte to the, and to the philosophicall Strode to bouchsafe, ther nede is, to corrects Of your benignitees and seles good.

Asy the inhiche inordes of Chaucer, ine maie also understonde, that he and Govert were bothe of one selfe tyme, bothe excellently lerned, both great frendes to gether, and both a like endeuoured them selfes and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that their did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so dopinge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure and continue, this noble rotalme shall be the better, ouer and beside their honest same and renowne. And thus when honest same and renowne. And thus when their had gone their sourney, the one of them, that is to saie, lohn Gover prepared for his bones a restryinge place in the monasterie of saynt Marie Oueres, where somiwhat after the olde faction he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies slourished freshely in literature and science.

And the same monumente, in re-

membrance of hymeretted, is on the Morthfide of the fore lawe churche, in the chapell of lainte lohn, where he hath of his owne foundation, a malle daily longe. And more over he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the lame churche, on fridaic after the featte of the blessed pope sagues

Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is write ten Charitie, and the holdeth this divise in hir honde.

Archael Commence

En top qui es fits de dien te pere Saune foit, que gift fous ceft piere.

The feconde is written Weste, whiche bolbeth in hir hande this biutle ;

D Bone Jofu fait ta mercie Af afme, bont le coppe gift icp.

The thyrde of them is written pilet, whiche holdeth in hir hande this deutle followinge.

Dur ta Dite Befu vegarde, Et met ceft atme in fanue garbe.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appeteth, that who so ever praith sor the soule of lokin Govver, be thall so oft as he so both, have a . Eq. and . D . dates of parbon.

The other lieth buried in the monasteric of seput Peters at well-minister in an ile on the south side of the churche. On whose south and all christen, lesu have merte. Amen.

The table.

The contentes of the prologue.

Thom to his Govver in the rbi. pere of kpng aricharde the seconde began this boke. sol.i.

I Of the state of rotalmes tempozally the same pere.

Of the estate of the clergie the time of two bert Bilbonense, nampnge hym selse Clement than Antipope.

Of the state of the comon people. so. si.

Of the state of the comon people. so. si.

Of the state of the comon people. so. si.

Of the state of the comon people. so. si.

Of the same so, the same state thance. so. eodem.

Of the image, that Nabugodonoso same in his slepe.

So interpretacion of the same dreme, so, eodem.

* itt

The apolles wordes concerning the ende of the worlde.

The mutabilities of thinges.

The builded, and of the diution of the books of fourtheand how down diutided from the late of innocence was defected out of that radife.

The own the people through the worlde excepte from and his, for diution were drowned.

The diutifion of languages, and a tohen of the worldes ende.

The thingles ende.

The the harper Arion.

To codem.

Thus endeth the contentes of the prologue.

-+ The contentes of the firste boke.

Esfirst the auctour nameth this warke Co. feisio Amanus inherin is defictued not one-ly the lone humane, but also of all other li-upage bestes naturall. fo.vii. Dowe Cupide Imote lohn Govver with a fire darte, and wounded bym, that Venus commifed bym to Genius bir preite to bere bis confession. Dowe the louer knelpnge, praith Genius to appole bym in his confession, fol.cobem. E The wordes of Genius the preefte. fo.tr. E Bowe the louer both make his confession principally of two of his fine wittes.fo.cob. Bowe Acteon was turned into an harte. Tof Phoreus and his three doughters, and bowe Perfeus fle we them. Bowe the lerpent, bearinge the Carbuncle, Coppeth his cares, whan be is enchantcb. by Roppyng of his cares. fo.cobem. Cofthe leven beablie lynnes, and first of 1921be. Dow Vlyffes elcaped fro the mermaidens Dowe some innocent women are discepned fraudulently throughe hypocrific.fo.co. Dowe a knight of wome named Mundus, which by his feigned hypocrifie, and meane of two falle precites, defouled one is auline the motte chaft wife of Rome. Mowe by the coulour of facrifice and feig-ned hypocrifie, Trois was destroied.fo.riu. Of the fecome frice of pride. fo.riu. fo.riii. of two vices longrage to mobedience, niurmour and complaynt. fo.rb.

Down the noble linight florence, by his edience restored the upnges doughter of Cicile to bir right thape. to.cobe. Of the thirde fpice of paper. fo.rbiil. 002 MI

Do the prefumption.

Do we the linight Campaneus for his furguebrie was brente at the liege of Ebebes. folio. eodem.

Do we the kinge of Dungrie humbled him to poore men.

Do we narchius ennamored on his otone beautic spilte him selfe.

Do the fourth spice of pape.

Do kinge Albine through his folithe anatance was staine of his owne wife fo.cob.

Do the fifte spice of prior.

For Nabugodonosor for his priw, was of god chastisted, and transformed in to a beast earring hep.

Down a prudent kinge demanded. 1 questions of one of his knightes boughter, whom the knightes boughter, whom the knightes boughter, whom the knightes maried.

fo.cob.

The contentes of the feconde boke.

Of the finne of Enuie, and of his tpices. Thowe Poliphemus for enuie flewe Acis, and how he wolde have rauthed Balathes, Of the feconde fpice of entite. fo.proiff. Of the Couctous & Enuious man.fo.rrie. Thom Conftance themperours boughter of Kome was fente to the fonden of Surrei, and of hir maruailous adventures there. Elowe Confrance arrived in Englonde, and howe the converted Dermegibe to the fo.cobem. Dowe a ponge man was amarous our Conftans, and of the milehifes dede that he therfore DID. fo.cobent. Dowe kinge Allee was connected to the ferth and wedded Constance. fo. rrrii. Bow Constance was belivered of a fair ion, whom thei named Maurice, and of the great treason of the kinges mother.fo.eooi Dowe Constance was agreene put on the fea, and two pereaster arrived in Spanne amonge sarasins, and howe at laste his hippe was biuen amonge the Romaine folio.repiti. Elbowe kinge Allee toke weeche on his mo ther for hir treafon. fo.rrrifff. Dowe hinge Allee wente to Rome on pil gremage, where he found his wife and his Bowe Conftance aknowlaged bir to bie fader themperour. Dolo Maurice was conflituted beire of

the empire, and houge alle retorned in to Englonde, where within. it. pere after be Deteb. Of the emule and betraction bet wene Pers fius and Demetrius the two fonnes of honge Philip of macedon, and howe that one caused that other to be flapne. fo. eodem. Cof the fourth spice of Lup. fo. rrrbiti. Com Nessus bescetted Hercules and Deis unire at a river, and of the therte that was the beth of Bercules. Dow Agamemnou fupplanted Achilles, fo. rli. and Digmedes Troilus. De Gen and Amphirion, fo. cobem.
Down an emperours fonne of Lome was supplanted by his felowe, of the foudants fo. codem. L Bowe Bope Boniface frabulently fupplanted Celeftine his predecessour, & howe afterwarde he was taken by the frenche kenge and put in pulon, where he endured great hunger and thirte, and at lafte bied most weetchedly. fo. rlitt. The prophecie of lochim the abbotte. fo. clitt. The before point of ennie.

The beforepoint of ennie. Dowe the bertne of charitee is against ennie, and howe Constantine themperour was healed of his lepte. to. rlb.

The contentes of the thirde boke.

Of the fonne of vie, and of his frue fpi ces, of whiche the fyrite is called egelanco. Boine Machareus the fonne of Eolus the tonge, gatte his lifter Canace with chylbe. fo.ripitt. E Bow Tyrefias was transformed into the thap of a woman. fo. rlir. or Arife, and what having cometh therof. of the noble bertue Pacience, with an example of Socraces and his wife. fo.l. Dowe Tyrefias was ordeined judge betwene Jupiter and Juno. to. lt. Do we the crowe that was white became Why Jupiter cut of the tonge of Lara.fo.co. Of hate the thirde spice of pie. fo. lii. Bow Nauplus reuenged him on the gree kes, for that his fonne Palamides was flaine traiteroully at the flege of Troie. fo.cobem. De contecke and honticide, whiche be the

fourthe and fifte fpices of wrath. Ebe answere of Diogenes to Alexander, folio, litt. to.liff. The biltorie of Pyrramus and Thisbe, and howe eche flewe them felfe for lone. fo. eo. Def the vengeance, that Athamas and De-mophon purpoled to bo in they; countrep, after they returned from Eroie; and howe by the wyledome of the prudent Melton, they were pacified. fo. codem. I Some Clitemuestra by the countable of Egisthus, slew her husbonde kynge Agamemnon, and how his fonne Bozeltes toke fo. cobem. vengeance therof. E of the mouers of warre, whiche not one ly bo cause homicede, but also befolacion of all the worlde. Dowe the grekes made warre in to eues ry countrey, that was riche and fertyle, but because Archadie was barayne and pooze, it abode Itill in peace. Of the answere that the fearouer made, whan he was taken and brought before kunge Alexander. Can example of upnge Alexander, and of his unlefull warres, whiche not withstans by bethe subdued. fo. iris Dowe light forgivenes caufeth offence. fo. cobem. Of the nature of a byide, the which hath a bifage like to a man. fo. cobem. An example of pitee, bowe beneficiallit is to manispade. fo.trii.

The contentes of the fourth boke.

Of the finne of flouth, and of his spices, fo, Iriti. EBowe Aeneas lefte Dibo at Carthage, and howe the flewe bir felfe. The epistoll that Penelope wrote to VIVE les in blampage him for his latches and longe tartynge at Troie. fo. cobem. was aboute. vit. pere, was through laches of a moment all lotte. to, lritt. Of the latches of the fine folishe virgins, fo. cobem. Cof a spice of Slouth called Bufillantmis fo. eodent. Of Pigmalion and his ymage that he made in tuozie. fo. lyb. Dowe the kynge Lygdus boughter was transformed in to a man, fo.cobem. Of the vice forpettilnes, fo. lrbt. Phillis benge bir felfe for loue.

Cof the vice of Regligence .fo.lrbiff. .fo.lrbiff. howe through negligence be fet all the fo. cobem. Dow Dedalus and Icharus bis fonne fleto in the appe. fo.eodem. Cof the spice of Slouthe called ideincise Dowe the konge of Armenis banghter mette on a tyme a companie of the fairp, after whom robe a labie alone, that carried all eir borfe balters. Do we lepte and web to facrifice to god the first that cam to welcom him bome, and that was his owne baughter, that befyzed to be wayle hir direction. fo. lrri.

Bowe for the cause of love valiant erercise of chivaire shulbe not be lette. fo. lrrii.

Bowe Achilles for the love of Polixene lette to bo armes at Trote. fo. cobern. To codem.

Thome Viriles was taken by the grekes for to go to Troie, and what wrenches be fought to tarp at home with his wife.f.lriii.

Thome Prochecelaus lettings his wives counfeile aparte, had lever bie honorably at Troie, than abide at home in idelnesse. to. cobem.

Bow hynge Saul, not withfrandyng that Semuel and the is bittones tolde bun be thuib be flagne, preferred chinalrie, and wente to bataile. fo.cobem. bataile. fo.cobem. les in youth to be harbie. fo.lrriiit.

Thowe Hercules for loue of Dejanire conquered Achilous. fo. eobem. Bowe Penchefilea the quene of Amajons, came to Trote for Hectors fake, and there bio bedes of armes . fo. cobem. Come for the fame of chiualrie Philimes Dens fente him yerely from the rotaline of Amajons.

Dowe Aeneas by his conquette gotte the loue of Lauine, and the realme of Italie. Dowe Bentilneffe is ofte preferred, and what gentilnes is. fo.lrrvi. what gentilnes is. fo.lrrvi. Eof the biligence of our predecellours, and their boctrine. fo. cobent.
Of the thre Cones that the philosophies made, that is to saic, Elegeta, Animali, and fo. irrott. of sompnolence, which is chamberlaine to slouth . fo, irrbit. Def hynge Ceix and Alceon his wife, which lepte in to the fea and becinte hir felfe for hir bul bondes lake. Bows Cephalus by watchinge gate Aus

rora his lone. fo. lrrr.

Thowe lo was transformed into a Lowe, and put to the hepinge of Argus by luno, a bowe Mercurius slewe him. fo.lrrr.

The the laste spice of Slouthe, called Tristrese, which causeth wanhope, so.cobem.

Dowe sphis the sonne of Theucer loued a mapbe, and howe whan he coube not gette hir loue, be benge him selfe at hir fathers gate, and howe the goddes therfore turned the mapbe in to an harde stone. fo.lrrit.

The contentes of the fifte boke.

Of Couetife and Auarice, whiche is the roote of al euels, and of his spices. fo. lerriti.

Bowe Meda the kinge of Frige undicretely befored, that every thynge, the whiche be touched, might be touched in to golde. fo. lerritit.

Tof the vice of Jelosie. fo. lerros.

Edow Vulcanus toke Venus his wife a bed with Mars, whom to see, he called all the goddes, and thei for his labour laughed him to scorne. fo. lerrost.

Of the salse sectes of goddes, and howe they firste began by the painpins. so. codem.

Edo pistoll sente by the kinge of Bragomans to kinge Alexander. fo. rci.
The firste culture or worthipping of Jools. so. eodem.

fo. esbent.

The seconde that fonds out ymages. s. reis.

The thyrde Image. fo. codem.

Of the Iewes Synagoge the which failed whan the churche of Christe beganne.
fo. codem.

De the Chillen lepth. fo.rciii, a Bowe 1 hour the high prefec of the Temple of Adinerue, was corrupted with golds and howeve turned his face after wittingly, while Anthenor toke awey the Balladisum.

a notable faipinge of fainte Gregorie tour chinge the increace of the Chiften feethe fol.reitti.

of the spice of anarice , called Conetife,

a great and notable example of the conetous emperour of Rome called Craffus. fo.cobem.

A Defenit that ferue princes and grutche at their rewarde. To.rcbi.

[Bowe themperour Frederike herbe two poure men firiue, of whiche the one fayb, that he maie wel be riche, whom the hinge woll, and the other faybe, he who that god woll, shall be riche, and howe themperour made a profe therof.

of the kynges fewarde that fhamfully folde his wife for concroulnelle of money fo. rebitt. EDfthe fpices of Anarics called falle wit. nesand perturie. fo.reir. Ebowe Thetis clotheb Achilles bir fonne in a maybes clothinge, and fente him to hinge Lichomede, where he late with his boughter, and got hir with childe, and how at lat he was verceived. fo.codent. at lait be was perceined. Bowe lafon wonne the flees of golde, and after failly forfohe Medea for loue of Thow Medea by hir artemagth made olde Lion, Jasons father, yonge againe. fo.cb. ple of Colchos. Defthe fpice of auarice, whiche is called plurie. fo. cuit. Dowe Juno avengeb hir bpon Eccho for fo.com. of the fpice of anarice, that is called carmene. fo.cir. Dowe the Romaine nigarde, called Casbione, was deceived of his fayer love Vios la, by the liberalitee and gentlineffe of Cros fo.cobem. Df that monttrous fpice of auarice, cale led Ingratitude of buthondnes. Libowe bulinbly Adrian the Benatour of Rome quite the kyndenesse of the poure man called Bardus, which faued his life. fo.codem. Thow onhynoly and falfip buke Thefeus quite the great kyndenes of the yonge lable Ariadne Eof the fpice of auarice, called Mauine, the whole mother is called Ertozcio.fo.criii. howe hir litter Prognes and the bib revenge Cof phice of anarice, called thefte, f.crbi.
Thowe Reptune wolde have ranified the
fapse birgin Comic, and howe the was preferued from him by pallas.

Thowe lupiter transformed him felfe into the lettenefle of a mayben, and fo rauthed fo.cobem. Dobat the faire younge man Phirinus bid, to thende to hepe his chaffitee. Ta commendacion of virginitee. fo. crviii.
Dowe the emperour Valentinian retopfed
more, that he had induced his flethe, and
kepte him felte a virgine, that of all his other victorics. fo. codent. Cof the frice of Conetoufnette, called fe-Thome Phebus Defouled the mapbe Leucos thea, and howe hir father therfoze buried his Dowe Hercules changed raymente with his loue Fole, and howe thereby Faunus was becepted and came to bedde to Hercules folio.crrif. Tof the fpice of Conetife, called Bacrilege fo.cobem. Of three great Capitagnes, that commits teb facrilege. Of the writinge that the band wrote on the walle in the tyme of Baldafas the kings fol. crritt. Of a clerke in brome that was called Lus cius, the whiche committed facrilege buder a bifared confcience. Dowe Paris kinge Priamus fonne, facti-legely rauffled in the temple of Venus faire Helayne htinge Menelaies wife, and bowe be ledde hir awate with him. fo.crptiti.

Of the vertue, the whiche is called Largeffe, that flowbeth between Liberalities and 1920digalites. fo.crpti.

The contentes of the firte boke.

Of the finne of Blotonie, and of two fple ces that longe therto, Dzonkelhip and D licacie Of lupiters two tonnes. fo.crrs Cobowe Bacchus, beinge bestitute of brink for him and bis botte, praybe wate lupiter, and howe be was farished to his mynde folio.eodem. Beillfoulde. Dowe the bronken Centaures rauthed the tappe Ipotacia the fame bate that Peris Thowe Galba and Vicellus, two gentilment of spayne, for theire viote were indged to beth, and howe they thees to die beinge dies of that frice of glotonie, called Delicacies The cuangelical exemple of Dines and Lazar agapuite the belicate. fo.crrt The delicate light in lone. fo.cerrit. The belite of the care in loue. fo.crrriii. The belicate thought in loue. fo.cobent. The belicacie of Nero. Bowe Delicacie and bjonkenes pronoke carnall concupifence. fo.crrritt. The names of boltes and authors, that wrote as welle of naturall ascurled mas fo.cobem. Bowe Elleffes returnynge bome from the flege of Trope, arrived in the ple of

Cilli, where diwelt the greate witche Circes, on whom he begate a some that after shewehim.

Thowe Nectanabus by his arte magine decepted Olimpias kynge Philippe of Maccedones wife, whyle he was absente, and on hir gote Alexander the greate Lonqueroure, and howe he was afterwarde of his owne some the same Alexander slayne sources.

fo.crrrvit.

Dome Zoroaftes the furthe funder of are magike, laughed at his birth, and howe the hinge of Surrie fleive him. fo.crl.

The contentes of the. bit. bolie.

Of the bortrine of Aristotle, whiche he taught Alcrander, and howe philosophie is denided into three partes. fo.cod.

Of Theorike the syrke parte of philosophie, the which is departed byon three, that is to saie Theologie, philike, and Ogathematike, syrke of Theologie. fo.codem Of Effencia, whiche is three maner wyfe Of the seconde parte of Theoretic called Of the thirde parte of Theorete called athematike, which conteineth in it 4 feet ces, the first of them is Arithmetike. fo. coor. of Shifthe the feconde parte of Shather fol. cobern. he thirde fpice of Mathematike, whiche is fo.cobem. called Beometric. The creacion of the. 4. elementes, and of their propertees. fo.crtit. fo.co. of the water the feconde element. fo.cob. fthe aire the third element. fo. cobent. Dowe the age to benibed into three periferies. fo.cobent. Def the first periferie of thaire. fo.cobem. of the fecond periferie of thatre. fo code.
Of the thirde periferie of thatr.fo. codem.
Of the fleinge fyres in the ayee by night, and of their names. fo. cobem. Of the free the forth element. fo.critif.

Of the foure complexions in man, and firste of Agelancolie. fo.cobem. Of fleumatike complexion. fol.cobem. of fanguine completion. fo. codem, of Colerike completion, fo. codem, of the four emantions that the four comlerions have in mans bodie. fo.cobem. Derfore the Romane ferueth.fo.cobem. betwe the erth after Noes flub was bent bed in to three partes. fo, critici. of the fea called Oceanum, fo. cobem.

Of the fifte elemente, whiche as the phis lofopher faithe, conterneth within his circutte, all thinges under heuen, called Die fo. cobeni. Of the fourthe fpice of Mathematiche called Aftromomie, with whiche as felowe, Attrologie is counted, and of the. 7. plas nettes. Of the Moone the first planet. fo.cobem. Of Merturie the feronde planete. fo. code.
Of Venus the theide planet. fo. codent.
Of the Conne, whiche reputtings in the
middles of the planettes, is the chife of all the sterres. fo.cobem. paraple therof. fo.cobent. of the firte planete, cailed Jupiter.fo.co. of the feuenth planette called Saturne, whiche is higher than the other. fo.cobem. of the first figues. fo.cobem. fo. cobent. of Taurus the .2. figne. fo.cobem. Of Gemini the thirde figne. fo.cobem. of Cancer the fourth figne. fo.cobem. Of the fifte figne called Leo. fo.cobent. Of the firte figne called Virgo. fo.cobent, Of the the. 7. figne called Libra. fo.cobe. of the . o. figne called Sagittary, fo.cobe. Of the rr. figne called Aquari, fo.cobem, Alexander, and of .14. principal ferres with their stones and herbes. fo. codem. bokes of Aftronomte. fo.crlir. the feconde parte of philosophic called bibetoric, e of the two spices therof, Grammer and Logic. fo.coden. The eloquence of Julius Cafar in Cariling caute. Of the thirde parte of philosophie called practike, and of the three spices theref, is fo. cobem. thie, Economic, and policie. Frue fpeciali rules of policy belonging for prince. fo.cli. She question of Darius, whether was fronger, a kinge, wine, or a woman.fo.co. rus hinge of perfe, and Apemen his concue bine, fo. cli The great trouth and fibelitee of the no ble Alceft, wife to hinge abmete.fo.cobent, Ebe feconde poticte belongpinge to a hinges matelite, whiche Aristoile calleth Lars fo.cobent. 1 Dowe

Divora kynge shulde flee the bice of prodigalitee fo. cobem. fo. cobem. an example of hynge Antigonus, howe fo.cobent. Bowe the fate of a king ought to be fup ported of his trewe lieges. fo.cobent. Dow after Ariftoile, the probigalitee of a prince caufeth commune pouertee fo.cobi.

Dowe flaterers in princes courtes bo burte three maner wife. fo.cobem. Thom Aristippus reproued Diogenes, bescause he wolde not dwel in courte, a howe Diogenes answerde him agapue. fo.cliss. Bowe Dance the poete aunswerbe a flas fo.cobem. a notable erample agaputt flatterie.f.eo. An other cultome against flaterie, that the Romanns bled. folio.clv. Dowe some that make them selfe wife, are founde sooles in thende. fo. codem. folio.clb. Dubp flatterours thulbe rather be bips nen out of courte than receive any rewards of a prince.

To. cobem.

Thowe hynge Achas refused the treme
prophetic of Michee, to his owne bettruction The thirde policie that mote specially be-longeth onto a kinge, called Justice.fo.cibi. Bowe a hynges maiestee thulbe be are fo.codem. The great Justice of Marimine the emfo. clbit. The noble fainge of C. Pabzicius, that wolde not be corrupted with golde.fo.cobe. fo.cobem. Eof him that flewe him felfe for the loue fo.cobem. Boine Cabices the kinge of iDerfe caufed a corrupt Judge to be flaine quicke. f. civiti.
Exper that fyrite invented and made lawes, and specially of Licurgus, who preferted the comune welth before his owne. f.co. Exhe fourth Policie belöginge to a hinge, whiche is called Pietee.

Chowe a knight that was judged to beth by Alexander, appeled from the hinges yie onto his pitee.

fo. codem. A notable talke of a Newe that went a fore, and a pagane that robe, through a wil-Tof the greate pitee of lipnge Codrus, jubich to faue his people chefe to be flaine Bowe Pompelus after be bab take the hynge of Armente, lete bym go quite lat-

page, It is more noble to make a kynge, than to bepole a konge. fo. clr. Leoncius great crueltee to luftinian, fo. ciri. braffe, and how Berillus the inuentor was first turmented therin . fo. cobent. Thow the typannous Denyle was benouse red of horses. fo.cobent. fo.cobent. Chowe the tyranne Lychaon, was tours med into a wolfe. The nature of the Lyon . fo.cobem. fo. cirif. Libow the cruel kunge of perfe, for that he flew without pitee those that he conquered, was at latte cruelly flaine bim felfe. fo.cob. low like as a prince ought not to be crus ell, fo he thulbe not be ouer feint berteb and fo. ciriii. Df the ftonte ftomaked Achilles, and the feint berteb Therfices. fo.cobem. Dowe Gedeon, with thre hundred mer of warre ouercame fine hynges, in whose boffe were, lrrrr, thoulande men, fo.cobent, Chowe akunge is bounde of right to fleat the aduerfactes to tuftice. fo. clritti. Dowe honge Dauid at his laft enbe conte manbed his fonne Salomon, that be thuibe flea loab without any remission. fo.cobem. wifebome to gouerne his people, fo.cobem.
Libowe Lucius the emperour beings flatered of his counseilours, was tolbe the trouth of his foole. fo. cobem. Chowe Roboss by enclining to ponge countagle, and refugnge of olde, loite. F. partes of his hyngbome. fo. cobem. Dether were beter a wife prince with puell counfaile, or a folifibe prince with good counfeile. Cof Anthonius, whiche by eraumple of Scipio, laibe, he had leaver laue one of his owne people, than flea an. C. enemies. fo. eo.

Of the fifte policie belonging to a prince, called chaffice.

Ca prince to recope his minde ought fome tome to beholde beautifull women. f.cirbit. Bow Sardanapaulus became all womans liche, whereby be was lubbueb, and loft his realme. Bowe hynge Dauid, for lone of women lefte not therercife of linighthone.fo. cobem. Thowe hynge Cirus coube not lubbue the fipbes, till by differte be caused them to fall to lykinges of fleshly lustes. To, codem. Thoward Amoleche by countable of Balaam fent feire women to the bebreives.fo.cirbitt. Dow Salomon was ourtone with cars nall concupifcence, and bowe by thentices ment of his concubines, be ded worthip fals

gobbes.

Bowe Achias the prophet theiwed before but o leroboas the found Mahat, that after Salomons beth be thulbe reigne ouer.r. tribes of Ifraell.

Bowe Arrows the fonne of Tarquine by a faile imaginacion deceived and subbued the Sabiens.

Chow and donder what maner Arrows ras withed Lucrece.

Thow the worthy knight Virginius flough his owne boughter, because the shulbe not iefe hir direction.

A right notable erample, howe delite and luste in mariage ought to be moderate, by the seuen hulbondes of Sara the boughter of Raguelis, whiche were slaine the firm night of their mariage by a fende called Asmodius, and how Tholie was preserved by the coir seile of the aungell Raphael.

fo. codem.

The contentes of the eight boke.

Dowe some in lones cause bo against nature, as in their hinrede and side rede, both contrarie to the lawes of reason and of the churche.

Thome Caius Caligula late by his owne three siters, and afterwards crited them. And howe Amon also agepust hinderaus shed his owne siter Thamar, the whiche debe he dere abought afterware. So. cirriti.

Thowel on late by his owne two doughters and gote on them two somes, of the whiche the one was called Moad, and theoreter Amon.

A wretched crample of kynge Antiochus, whiche defouled his owne coughter, and of the probleme that he put to them, that describe to have hir who wife.

Thowe Appoin of Expecame to antioche, and desired the kynges boughter, and howe be associated the kynges boughter, and howe be associated the kynges probleme. So. codem.

Mobat the question was, that the kynge Antiochus put to them, that despred to have bits boughter.

Thow Appolin for seare of the cruell hyng Antiochus, sledde awete and durste not abide in bis owne countrey.

So cirrot.

Mow the kynge Antiochus sente a knight princip to Eyre to sea Appoline tutt potron.

So codem.

Bowe Appolin arrived in the bauen of Ebarse, and was lodged with Strangulio, so. codem.

Thome one Hilcane a citesen of Epze came to Ebarle, and howe he knewe Appoline, and warned hym of Antiochus beccite, and bowe Appolin therfoze fozfoke Tharle, and

fayled to Bentapolin, and howe he did bed baue bym selfe there. fo.clervis.

Thowe the kynges doughter of Peniapolin loued Appolin, and forsoke all other for his sake, that offered to marte hir, and howe at laste he marted hir. fo. eodem.

Thowe Appolinus wife transiled on the sea, and how the there died, and of the great calamitees that fell to bym afterwarde, fo.clerir.

fo. cirrir.

Thomse Appolin belivered his doughter to nource, and of the impetched chaunces that the had.

To cirri.

The bale and becomes that Appoling made whan he thought his doughter had ben dead, and howe at laste be tonde hir. fo. cirrift.

Dowe Appolin mette with his wife, that be for bead before had cafe in to the fea. fo. clerritit.

E Dow Appolin toke wzeche on Srangulio and Dionyle his wyle for their fallpead. fo. cobent.

Thowe the louer for a finall conclusion of his confession, before counsaile of his confessor.

Thow finally Genius entopnets the louer their though, that be boltome for him. f. co.

The controuerse that fell between the confessor and the louer in the ende of his confessor and the louer in the ende of his confessor.

The fourme of a supplication that Cenius in the louers behalfe belivered to Venus, fo. codem.

fo. codem.

The answere that Venus made to the supplication, after the had received it.s. cirridi.

Thow e Venus stoaneth them, that in their olde age set their bertes to be lovers. so, cod.

Bowe the mocking erbostation of Venus had almost stappe the lover for sorow. s. eo.

The names of the toly lovers both pangs and olde, that came to comforte this lover in his deadly peyne. fo. codem.

Thow Cupide, whan he had serched the lowers of the lover, and some that he was wethered awey by age, drewe out of hym his strict darte. fo. cirric.

Thow the trate of man is compared to the monthes of the yere. fo. Crc.

There in the ende he maketh a recapitulation on that, that he promised, souchyings loves cause, in the beginnings of the boke: for he concludeth, that all delectation of love out of Charitee, is nothpage. fo. Crct.

Cabus enderh the table.

.angoloseff.

Thic impainie declarat Jodnes Somer, quam of caufam prefentem filettil composuit, a finalister compteuit, An. regni regie Rie, fecundi. 26.

of them, that watten be to fore The bokes owelle: and we therfore Ben taught of that was writen tho, for the good is, that we also In our time amonge be bere Do waite of newe fome mattere Enfahrpled of the olde wife So that it might in fuche a wife whan we be beade and els where Belene to the worldes ere In tume compang after this and for men feyne, and fothe it is, That who that all of wishome write Tt bulleth ofte a mans witte. To bym that thall it all bate rebe Hos thilke cause if that pe rede T wyll go the miobell wey And waite a boke bytwene the twey Somwhat of last, and somwhat of lost That of the latte, 03 of the moze come man mair like of that 3 write And for that few men enbite In our engliffe, for to make A booke for Anglandes fake The pere . rbi . of honge Richarde what thall befalle here afterwards God wote, for noive byon this tibe Men fee the worlde on enery five In fondate wife fo binerfeb That it well nigh fant all reperfeb.

Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
It nebeth nought to specifie,
The thynge so open is at the ele
That every man it male beholve.
And netheles by dates olve,
whan that the bokes weren lever,
twitting was beloved ever
Of them, that weren bertuous.
Hor bere in erthe amonge bs
If no man write bowe it stobe,
The pris of them that were good

Sobulbe (as who fairb a great partie) Be lofte: fo for to magnifie The worthy princes, that the were. The bookes thewen bere and there wherof the mostoe enfampled is And the that diden than amis Thiough treannie and crueltee de and and Right as thei fronben in begree, So was the writing of the werke. Thus I, whiche am a bozell clerke, Durpole for to write a booke After the worlde that whilom toke Longe time in olde baies palleb. But for men fryn it is now latted In wers plight than it was tho, I thenke for to touche alfo The worlde, whiche neweth enery bais hoas I can, fo as I maie Though I sekenesse baue byon bonde and longe have had, pet wolde I fonde To write, and do my belinette, That in fome partie, fo as 3 gelle, The wife man mate be abutleb . for this prologue is to affifed That it to wifebome all belongeth. That wife man that it biberfongerb. De hall brate into remembrance The fortune of the worlbes chance, The whiche no man in his persone Maie knowe, but the gob alone. wohan the protogue is to difpended The boke thall afterwarde be enbed Dfloue, whiche bothe many a wonder, And many a wife man bath put biber. and in this wife 3 thenke to treate Towarde them, that nowe be greate, Betwene the bertue and the bire, whiche longeth buto this office. But for my wittes ben to finale Mo telle enery mans tale This booke bpon amendement To Conde at bis commandement with whom mine berte is of accorde, I fenbe bnto mine owne lazbe, upbiche of Lancafter is Denry named The bpgb Gob bath brin proclamed full of lungbebobe and all grace, do wolve I nowe this werke embrace

Got gramte 3 mote ft well acheue

or top

Tempus præteritu præfens fortuna beatum
Linquit, & antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
Dum factes hominis nuncia mentis erat.
Legibus vnicolor tunc téporis aura refulfit,
Inftitæ planæ tuncqu fuere viæ.
Nuncque latens odiu vultu depingit amoris,
Paceque fub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
Inftar & ex vartis mutabile cameliomis
Lex gerit, & regnis funt noun jura nouis.
Climatain fuerant folidifsima, ficip per orbe
Soluuntur, nec eó centra quietis habent,

De fatit, regnoque, of bleunt, fecundatems porafia, Bibeficet tempore regia Ris spardi fecundi, Anno regni fuifeptobecimo.

A Thall brawe in to my mynde The time palled, than I fonde The worlde fode in all his welthe. Tho was the life of man in belth. The was plentee, the was richelle, Tho was the fortune, the was prowell, Tho was knighthobe in paice by name, amberof the wite worlbes fame watte in cronicles is pet withholbe, Inflice of laive tho toas bolbe, The patullege of regalie was fafe, and all the Baronie worthipped was in his affate, The cities buewe no bebate. The people fobe in obeifance Cinber the rule of gouernance and peace with burightwifenette helle with charitee the flobe in refle : Ofmans berte the courage was thetveb then in the bilage. The worde was like to the concette mothout femblant of beceite. Tho was there buenuied lone, Tho was vertue fet aboue, And byce was put biber foote, nowe fante the crope biber the roote. The woulde is changed ouerall, And therof motte in Speciall That loue is falle in to bifcoabe, And that I take in to recorde

Df enery lambe for bis partie The common boice, whiche male not lie. Dought upon one, but opon all Is that men nowe cleve and calle." And feyn, that reignes bene beutbeb, In frebe of loue is bate guibeb. The warre woll no peace purchace, And lame bach tabe bir bouble fare, So that Juffice out of the wate with rightwifenes is gone awaie. 2nd thus to loke on cuery balue makes Men fenesbe fore without falue. whiche all the worlde bath opertake There is no reigne of all out take. for every climat bath bis bele and and After the tourning of the tobele, whiche blinde fortune querthroweth. wherof the certaine no man knoweth. The beuen wote what is to boone, But we that owell buber the moone btonbe in this worlde byon a were, And namely but the potvere Of them that bene the worldes guides. with good counfell on all fibes, the la Wen kept byzight in luche a wife, That bate beeke nought thatlife the of lone, whiche is all the chiefe To hepe a reigne out of milithiefe ? for all reason toolberbis, That botto bim, whiche the bean is: The membres burom thall bowe. and be chulbe the their trouth alowe worth all his berte, and make them there! for good counfeill is good to bere, All though a man be toile bem felue, pet is the wildome more of twelve! And if thei fanbe both in one, To bope it were then anone, That God his grace wolde fende Tomake of thilke werre an ende, twhiche every baie notice growery neive And that is greatly for to reme. In Speciall for Chriften fahe. mobiche ipolde his owne life forfahe Amonge the men to yenen pees, But nowe men tellen natheles . That love is from the worlde beparted, Do frant the peare bneuen parten.

most them that liven now a bates. But for to loke at all affates To bim, that wold refon ferbe After the comen worlbes fpeche. It is to wonder of thilks werre, In whiche none wote who bath the werre. for every lond bim felfe bereineth. and of bifeafe his parte receiveth And pet take nien no kepe, But thilke loibe, whiche all maie kepe, To whom no counfeill maje be bio, Tipon the worlde, whiche is betide Amende that, wherof men plaine with trewe bertes and with plaine And reconcele loue againe : As be, whiche is ligninge fouerains Df all the worldes gouernance And of his bigb purulance Afferme peace betwene the londes, and take their caule in to bis bonbes, to that the world mate fant appealed. And his gobbeade also be pleased,

Quas coluit Mofes vet, aut nou ipfe loanes,
Hefternas leges vix colit ifta dies.
Sic prius Eccletia bina virtute polita,
Nunc magis inculta pallet viragi via.
Pacificam Perri vaginam mucro refumens
Horruit ad Christi verba cruoris iter.
Nunc tamé afsiduo gladiú de fanguine tincul
Vibrat auaricia lege repente facra.
Sic lup est pastor, pri hostis, mors miserator,
Prædóg largitor, pax & in orbe timor.

CDe flatu eteri St biennt, feenindum fpirituatia, Sibelicet tempose Roberti Sibonens Jia, qui nomen Clementia fostis tua eft fibi func Antipapa.

The life of clerkes to beholve, wen lega how that thei were tho Enfample, and rewle of all tho, whiche of wisome the vertue loughten, as to the substance of their schoole, That thei ne thuive not befoole Their witte byon none erthly werkes, whiche were apent the astate of clerkes. And that thei mighten see the vice, whiche dynamically in his office.

wherof be taketh golve in honde.
Ho; thilke time (I binderstonde)
The lumbarde made non eschange
The bishoppiches so; to change;
Ho; dignitee, ne so; prouende,
D; cured, o; without cure.
The churche late in adventure
Plarmes and of brigantaille
Goode no thong then boon battaille;
To sight or so; to make cheste
It thought them then not honeste.
What of simplicitee and pacience
Thei maden then no beforce.

The courte of worldly regalife
To them was then no bailite,
The baine honour was nought defired,
whiche bath the proude herte fired
The humilitee was tho withholde,
And pride was a bice bolde.

Df boly churche the largeffe, Pafe then and did great aimeffe To poure men, that had neede. Thei were ele chaft in word and beebe, wherof the people enfample toke, Their luft was all boon the boke, De for to preche or for to prate, To wife men the right wafe Of fuche as flode of trouth balered. Lo thus is Deters barge ffereb Of them, that thilke time were. And thus came firthe to mans ere The feith of Chaiffe and all good, Through them that then were good, And fobje, and chaffe, and large, and wife. And notice (men fepn) is other wife dimon the cause bath bubertake, The worldes fwerbe in bond is take. and that is wounder netbeles, whan Chaifte bim felfe bath bobe pees and let it in bis tellament.

Dow now that holy churche is went, sof that their lawe politife
Dath fet to make werre and Arife
Ho; wordli goodes, whiche mate not laft.
God wote the cause to the last
Of every right and wronge also.
But whyle the lawe is ruled to,

2.11.

PROLOGVS.

That clerkes to the werre intenbe. I not bowe that ther thall amende The wofull worlde in other thinges To make peace between hynges After the lawe of charitee, tipbiche is the propre betwee Belongeb bnto the prieftboob ! But as it thinketh to manbood. The beauen is far, the worlde is nigh, And baine glorie is the fo fligb, upbiche couerife bath now withholde, That thei none other thinge beholbe, Bat only that thei mighten winne. And thus the merres thet beginne. wherefthe boly churche is tareb, That in the point as it is areb, The biline goth to the battatle, As though Lhaife might not availe To bo them right by other waie: In to the fworde the churche hate Is turned and the boly bebe, In to curipage, and every febe, whiche thulbe frombe boon the feithe And to this caufe an eare leithe AConped is of the quarele, That thulbe be the worlden bele, Is nowe men fayn the pellilence, whiche bath expelled pacience Fro the clergie in Speciall, And that is theweb ouerall, In enery thong whan thei be greueb: But if Gregozie be beleueb, as it is in the bokes waitte, De poibe be sombele for to witte The caufe of thilhe prelacie nobere God is nought of companie. for every werke as it is founded Shall Canbe, og els be confounded. pobo that oncly for Thilles fake Defireth cure for to take, and nought for pribe of thilke affate To beare a name of a prelate, De thall by reason bo profite In boly Churche bpon the plite, That be that let bis confrience : But in the worldes reverence Ther be of fuche many glade, whan thei to thilke affate be mabe Dought for the mertte of the charge. Wut for thei wolbe bim felfe bifcharge Depouertee, and become grete, And thus for pompe and for behete The freibe and che the pharifee, Df Morles byon the fee. In the chaire on bigh ben fette, Wherof the feith is ofte lette, Whiche is betake them to kepe. In Chriftes cause all bate thei flepe But of the worlde is nought forpete Ho; well is him, that nowe maie gete Mice in court to be bonoured: The Gronge Coffee bath all benoured Ulnber the keie of anarice Che trefour of the benefice, wherof the poure thulben clothe, And ete, and brinke, and house bothe. The charitee goth all bulmowe. So; theino graine of pitee lowe, And flouthe kepeth the librarie, whiche longeth to the fantuarie. To flubie byon the worldes lose bufficeth nought to thout more Delicarie bis flucete toothe Dath liffred fo that it forboothe Df abitimence all that ther is: And for to loken ouer this If Othna beenne in the clergie Al openly to mans cie, at Auignon therperience Therof bath pouen an euidence, Dfthat men feen them fo benibeb, And pet the cause is nought becided. But it is faibe, and ever thall Betwene two fooles is the fall, Whan that men wenen bell to fitte.

In boly churche of fitthe a flitte
Is for to rewe but be aile,
God graunte it mote well befalle
Towardes him whiche bath the trouth.
What ofte is feen, that muche flouth,
whan men ben drunken of the cup
Doth muche harme, whan the fire is bp,
Wut if fom who the flame flanche:
And so to speke boon this branche,
whiche proud enuic hath made to spring
of schilme, causeth sor to bringe

This newe fecte of lollarbie, and alfo many an berefte Amonge the clerkes in them felue, It were better bille and belue, And frante byon the right feith, Than knowe all that the bible feith, And erre, as fome clerkes boo. Tipon an bande to weare a thoo, and fer byon the foote a cloue, grozbeth not to the behoue Df reasonable mans ble. a indiantinal twill If men bebelben the vertule That Chaffe in erthe taught bere, Thei Quibe not in luche manere Amonge them, that be bolbe wife The paparie fo beiguife, Tipon diners election, whiche frant after thaffettion Df fondite landes all aboute: But whan got woll, it thall weare out. Hoz trothe mote frande at lafte, But pet thei argumenten falte Cloon the pope and his affate, ubberof thei fallen in great bebate. This clerke faide pe, that other nate : And thus thei baine foorthe the baie, And eche of them bym felfe amendeth Of worldes good: but none entenbeth To that, whiche common profite were. Thei feien, that god is mighty there, and thall ordeine, what be well. There make thei none other fhell. where is the peruli of the feith. But every clerke bis berte lefeth To kepe his worlde inspeciall: And of the cause generall, upbiche unto wholy churche longeth, Is none of them that buberfongeth To thapen any relifence, And thus the right bath no befence : But there 3 loue, there 3 holde. Lo thus to broke is Thriffes folde, ubberof the flocke without guide Denourd is on enery lide, In lacke of them, that be bnivare Shepherbes, whiche their witt beware Whon the worlde in other balue, The tharpe pricke in frede of falue

They blen nowe, wherof the bele Thei burte of that thei fhulbe bele, what thepe, that is full of wille Clyon his backe thei tole and pulle twhyle ther is any thonge to pille, And though there be none other flille, But onely for thei wolde winne, Thei leaue nought, whan thei beginne Tipon their acte to procede, whiche is no good thepeberbes bebe. And byon this, alfo men fapn, That fro the leafe, whiche is plaine, In to the baeres thei forcatche, Dere of for that thei wolden lache with fuche bureffe, and fo bereue, That thal boon the thornes leue Df wooll, whiche the beere bath tore, Wherof the thepe ben all to toze, Df that the berbes make them lefe Lo bow thei feignen chalke foz chefe. for though thei fpeake and teche welle, Thei bone them felfe therof no bele. Ho; if the wolfe come in the wate Their goffip faffe is then alvaie, Wherof thei foulb their flocke befenbe. But if the poure thepe offenbe In any thonge, though it be lite, Thei ben all ready for to fmite. And thus bow ever that thei tale The Arones fall byon the smale: And byon other that bene greate Them lacketh berte for to beate Do that buber the clerkes lawe Men feen the merell all mifozawe, 3 woll not faie in generall. Mos there be fome in fpeciall, In whom that all bertue bwelleth, And the bene, as the Apolleti celleth Ouj vocantur a deo tanquam Aaron, That God of bis election Dath cleped to perfection, In the maner as Aaron was, Thei be nothpuge in thilke cas Of Apmon, whiche the foldes gate Dath lete : and goth in other gate : But thei gone in the right waie. There bene allo fomme (as men faie) That folowen dymon at beles, 110 bole A titi

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whose carte goth boon wheles Of couetife and worldes pribe, And holy churche goth belide: Whiche theweth outwarde a bilage Df that is nought in the courage. for if men loke in holy churche Betwene the worde, and that thei worthe. There is a full great difference. Thei prechen bs in audience, That no man thall his foule empetre. foz all is but a cherie feire This worldes good, fo as thei tell. Alfo thei faien, there is an bell, Whiche buto mans finne is due : And bidden be therfoze elchewe That wicked is, and bo the good, who that their wordes understode, It thinketh thei wolde bo the fame. But pet betwene ernelt and game, full oft ft tozneth other wife, with holy tales thei deuile, Dow meritory is thilke bebe Df charitee to clothe and febe The pooze folke, and for to parte The worldes good, but thei beparte De thinke nought fco that thei haue. Alfo thei fain good is to faue with penance, and with abitinence, Df chastitee the continence: But plainly for to fpelie of that I not bow thilke bodge fat, awbiche thei with beintie meates hepe, And laten it lofte for to flepe, Whan it bath elles of his will with chaffitee Chall fonde Bill: And netheles I can not fave In aunter that I millage Touchend of this, bow ever it fande 3 bere, and will nought bnoerstande. for therof have I nought to boone. But he that made first the moone, The high god of his goodnes. If ther be caufe, be it redzelle. But what that any man can accuse, This maie reason of trouthe ercuse, The vice of them that ben bngood

Is no repreefe buto the good.

for every man his owne werkes

Shall beare: and thus as of the clerkes
The good men ben to commende,
And all these other god amende.
For thei be to the worldes ete
The myrrour of examplarie,
To reulen and taken hede,
Betwene the men, and the godhede.

Vulgaris populus regali lege subactus
Dum iacet vt mitis digna subibit onus:
Si caput extollat, & lex sua frena relaxat,
Vt sibi velle iubet, tygridis instar habet.
Ignis aqua dominas duo sunt pietate carētes,
Ira tamen plebis est violenta magis.

De fatu plebis, St dicunt, fecuns dum accidentia mutabilia.

Dive foz to speke of the commune,
It is to deede of that fortune,
Which hath befalle in sondre lodes:
But ofte for defaute of bondes
All sodeinly, er it be wist,
A tunne, whan his lie arist
Tobreketh, and renneth all aboute,
whiche els shulde nought gone out.

And the full ofte a littell Chare Clpon a banke, er men be ware, Let in the areme, whiche with gret peine, If any man it hall retreine. tobere lawe failleth, errour groweth. De is not wife, who that ne troweth. for it bath proued oft er this. and thus the common clamour is In every londe, where people dwelleth: and eche in his complainte telleth, Dow that the worlde is milwent, And therbpon bis argument Beueth every man in Condate wife: 1But what man wolde him felfe auffe Dis conscience, and nought misuse. De maie well at the first erruse Dis god, whiche ener fant in one, In bim there is befaute none Do muft it fande bpon be felne, Dought only bpon ten ne twelue, But plenarly bpon bs all. So; man is cause of that thall fall.

E Dota confra Bor, quod afiqui fortem Sortus ne, afiqui influentia planetarum ponut, per quod

(St dicitur) vermy euenfue neceffatio confingit, fed potus dicendum eft, quod ea que nos pros spera et aduerfa in foc mundo Vocamus, secuns dum merita et demerita flominum, digno deitus dicio prouentunt.

Ab netbeles vet fome men write and fayn fortune is to wite: and fome men holde opinion, That it is constellacion, whiche caufeth all that a man boothe. Bod wote of bothe whiche is foothe, The worlde, as of his propre kinde was ener butrew, and as the blinde Improperly be bemeth fame : De blameth, that is nought to blame And preffeth, that is nought to preife Thus whan he thall the thinges peile Ther is deceit in his balance, And all is that the bariance Df bs, that shulde be better ausle, for after that we fall and rife The worlde ariffe, and falleth with all: So that the man is ouer all Dis owne cause of wele and wo,

That we fortune clepe fo, Dut of the man him felfe it groweth. and who that other wife troweth, Beholde the people of Ifrael, foz ener, while thet bibben well, fortune was them bebonaire : And when thei bibben the contraire, fortune was contrartende : so that it proueth wele at ende, riphy that the worlde is wonderfull, And maie no while fande full, Though that it feme wele befaper. for enery worldes thing is baine, And ener goth the whele aboute, And euer fant a man in boute, fortune fant no while ffill : So bath ther no man his will, Als far as any man maie knowe There lafteth nothing but a throwe. Boetiue.

D quam bulcedo hamane vite multa amaritus bine afperfa eft.

De worlde fante euer boon bebate,

Dow bere now there, noto to, now fro, Now by, now down, the world goth fo, and ever hath bone, and ever thall : Wherof I finde in Special A tale writen in the Bible, whiche mult nedes be credible, And that as in conclusion, Daith, that boon biution Stant, why no worldes thing maie lafte Mil it be baine to the lafte, And fro the first reigne of all Cinto this Daie how fo befall Df that the reignes be menable, The man bim felfe bath be culpable. 10 hiche of his gouernance Fortuneth all the worldes chance.

Prosper & aduersus obliquo tramite versus
Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
Mundus in euentu versatur, vtalea casu,
Quam celer in ludis iastat auara manus.
Sicut imago viri variantur tempora mundi,
Statep ushil firmum præter amare deum.

This in profogo tractat de fiatua Ma, qua repo Dabugodonofor Siderat in fomnia, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, Denter eneus, tibie ferree, pedum Bero quedam para ferrea, quedam fictitia Bidebatur: fub qua mebroquem diversutate fecundum Danielia eppositionem fluius mundi Bariatio figurabatur.

The bigb almighty purnetance, In iphole eterne remembrance from first was every thing prefent, De bath his prophecie fent (In luche a wife as thou thalt here) To Daniel of this matere. Dow that this world that torne and wends All it be falle buto bis ende : wherof the tale tell 3 thall. In whiche is betokened all. Tas Pabugonoloz Aepte A Gweuen bim toke, the whiche be kept Til on the mozowe be was arife. for therof he was lore agrife, Mil Daniel his ozeme be tolde, And praied him faire, that he wolde A rede what it token maie, And faide, a bedde where 3 laie, Me thought I leighe bpon a frage,

where

Where stoode a wonder strange image: Dis head with all the necke also They were of fine golde bothe two, Dis deaste, his shoulders, and his armes were all of silver, but tharmes, The wombe, and all downe to the knee Of beas thei were boon to see: Dis legges thei were made all of steele, So were his feete also somoele, and some other was take Of erthe, whiche men pottes make. The feble mengled was with the stronge So might it not stande longe.

1.61

E hic narrat Afterio de quoda l'apide gradi, qui St in dicto fomno Sidebatur ab epcelfo mos te super flatua corruens, ipsam quasi in nifilum penitus contriuit.

And the me thought, that I fighe A great if one from an hille on highe fell downe of sodeine auenture Alpon the feete of this figure: with whiche stone all to broke was Bolde, spluer, erthe, steele, and bras, That was in to powder brought, and so forthe torned in to nought.

Sic loquitur de interpretacione fomnil, ef pris mo dicit de fignificacione capitie aurei,

This was the sweven, whiche he had,
That Daniell anone arad,
And sated hym, that figure strange
Betokeneth how the worde shall change,
And war lasse worthe and lasse,
Till it to nought all over passe:
The necke, and head, that weren golde
De saied, howe that betoken sholde
A worthie worde, a noble a riche,
To whiche none after shall be liche.

De pectore argenteo.

De filuer that was over foozthe
shall ben a wozibe of latte woozthe.

De ventre eneo.

And after that the wombe of bras

Token of a wers worde it was,

The whiche freele he lawe afterwarde
a worde betokeneth more harde.

De tibeis ferreis.

But yet the werte of every beele Is late, that when of erth and feele De lawe the feete departed lo.
For that betokeneth muche wo.

De fignificatione pedum, que en dnabus mas terie discordantibus adinvicem dinifi eptiterunt.

Twhan that the worlde beuided is, It mot algate fare amis. Hor erthe, whiche mengled is with fele To giver maie not latte wele. But if that one that other watte, So mote it nedes fall at the latte.

The stone, whiche from that hilly stage the same downe fall on that ymage, and hath it in to poudze broke,
That sweven hath Daniell valoke
And saied, that it is gods might,
whiche whan men were moste bright
To stonde, shall them over caste:
And that is of this worlde the laste,
And than a newe shall begynne,
from whiche a man shall never twime,
Dra all to paine, or all to pees,
That worlde shall laste endes.

Dic feribit, qualifer fluins feculi regna variis mutationibus, prout in dicta flaina figuras batur, feculdum temporum diffinctiones fenfisibiter hactenus dinimuuntur.

The kynges sweuen faire and well In Babylone the citee, where that the wilest of Lalvee De couden witte what it mente, But he tolde all the whole entente As in the partie it is befalle De golde the first e reigne of all.

EDe feculo aureo, quod in capite flatux defis gnatum eft a tempoze ipfine Nagugodonofozie regie Caldee vic in regnil Epzi regie Perfarit.

Twas in that kynges tyme tho, And last many dates so There, whiles that the monarchie Dfall the worlde in that partie To Babplone was subgette

and

And helde him still in suche a pleght, All that the worlde began diverse, And that was, whan the kynge of Verse, whiche Lyans hight, agen the pees foothe with his sonne Lambyles Df Babylone all that Empire, Right as thei wolde them selfe before Put inder in subjection, And take it in possession, And slayne was Baltasar the kynge, whiche lost his reigne, and all his thynge

TDe fecuto argentes, quod in pectoze defignas tum eft a tempoze ipfine regie Cpzi Bfque in res gnum Alexandzi regie Bacedonie,

And thus whan thei had it wonne
The worlde of filuer was begonne
And that of golde was passed out
And in thus wise it goth aboute
In to the reigne of Darius
And than it felle to Berse thus
There Alexander put them buder
Whiche wroght of armes many a wonder
So that the monarchie lefte
And Bersiens gone buder soote
So suffre thei, that nedes mote.

TDe feculo eneo, quod in Sentre designatum eff a tempoze ipfins Alexandzi Isque in regnum gutu Romanozum imperatozia.

and the the worlde began of bras and that of filner ended was 2But for the time thus it latte Mill it befelle, that at laffe This kyng, whan that his baie was come 19 ith frength of bethe was onercome And netheles pet of he opde De thope his reigne to beuibe To knightes, whiche him had ferueb And after that thei have beferued Pafe the conqueffes, that he wanne wherof great werre tho beganne Amonge them, that the reignes had Ahzongh proud enup, whiche them lad Aill it befelle avene them thus The noble Cefar Julins pohiche tho was hynge of Rome londe

with great battalle, and Aronge honde
All Grere, Verle, and Chaldee
wan, and put under: so that he
Not all only of thoseent:
Aut all the marche of thosebent
Governeth under his Empire,
As he that was holle loode and sire
And helde through his chevalrie
Of all the worlde the monarchie
And was the first of that honour
whiche taketh name of Emperour.

The feculo ferreo, quod in tiblis defignatum ef, a tempore Julii Cefaris Bfque in regnum Cas roli magni regis Stancozum.

Twhere Kome than wolbe affaile. There might no thong contrenaile But every contrey must obepe, Tho goth the reigne of beas awepe, And comen is the worlde of freele. And fode aboue byon the wheele, As freele is bardeft in his kinde Aboue all other, that men finde Df metalles, suche was Rome tho The mightpeff, and lafte fo Longe time amonge the Romains, Till thet become so billains That the emperour Leo. with Londance his fonne alfo . The patrimonie, and the richeffe. whiche to Silnefter in pure almeffe. The firtt Confrantinus lefte, fro holy churche thei berefte. But Abatan, whiche pope was, And laws the milchefe of this cas, Bothe in to france for to plaine, And praieth the great Charlemaine. for Christes fake, and foule bele. That he wolde take the quarele Of holy churche in his defence. And Charles, for the renerence Df god, the cause bath bnbertake, And with his holfe the waie bath take Duer the mountes of Lumbardie Df Rome, and all the tyzannie meith blodie fwerde he ouercome. And the citee with Arength nome In luche a wile, and ther he woonght,

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That holy churche avene he brought Into franchile, and bothe reffoze The popes lufte, and paf him more. And thus whan he his god bath ferued, De toke, as he hath well deferued The biademe, and was cozonned Df Rome, and thus was abandoned Thempire, whiche came neuer againe In to the hande of no Romaine: But a longe time it fobe ftill Under the frenche kynges will, Till that fortune ber wheele fo lad, That afterwarde the Lumbardes it had, Not by the fluerd, but by the fuffrance Difhim, that tho was hvng of france, whiche Carle Caluns cleped was And he religned in this cas Thempire of Rome buto Lowis Dis Colin, whiche a lumbarde is: And lo it lafte in to the vere Dfalberte, and of Berengere.

De secuso nouissimis iam sempozibus ab simis kitubinem pedum in discozdiam tapso et diuiso, quod post decessium ipsius Caroli cum impertum Romanozum in manus Longobardozum perues nevat tepoze Arberti et Berengarii incepit. Nam ob eozum diuisionem estingit, Bt Atemani imperatoziam adepti sunt maiestatem: in culus sostium quendam pzincipem theutonicum Othonem nomine substuari pzimitus constituerunt.

But than boon discencion Thei fell, and in diuision Amonge them felfe, that were greate So that thei loft the bepete Df worthip, and of worldes pees. But in prouerbe netheles Men fame, full feldome is, that welthe Dan fuffre bis owne affate in belthe, And that was in the lumbardes fene, Suche common Grife was them betwene, Through couetife, and through enuie, That every man brough his partie, Whiche might lede am route, within bourgh and eke without. The common right hath no felawe, So that the governance of lawe was loft : and for neceffitee Dfthat thei ftobe in fuche begree, All only through bintfiort, Them neveth in conclusion Df frange londes belpe belide, And thus for thei them felfe biuide, And franden out of rewie bneuen, Df Almaine princes leuen Thei cholen in this condicion, That boon their election Thempire of Rome holde fronde: And thus thei left it out of bonde for lacke of grace, and it forfoke, That Almains byon them toke And to confermen their affate, Df that thei foden in debate Thei token the pollellion After the composicion Amonge them felfe, and ther byon Thei made an Emperour anon, whos name (the Cronicle telleth) was Dthes, and fo forth it bivelleth fro thilke daie pet buto this Thempire of Rome hath be and is To thalmains, and in this wife, As to fore ve baue berbe beutle Dow Daniel the livenen expouneth Df that image, on whom he foundeth The world, whiche afterward thold fall, Comen is the laft token of all alpon the feete of erthe and fele, So frant the worlde now enery bele. Departed, whiche began right tho, whan Rome was benided lo, And that is for to retve fore. for alwaie fith more and more The worlde empeireth euery baie, Wherof the footh thewe maie At Kome firft if we begin, The wall and all the citie within Stante in ruine, and in becaies. The felde is where was the valais, The towne is walf, and ouer thate, If we behold thilke affate nobiche whilom was of the Romains Df knighthod, and of citesens To peile nowe with that beforne, The chaffe is take from the come, And to to fpeke of Romes might Unnethes Cante ther ought bpright

Of worthip or of worldes good, As it before time fode. And why the worthip is awaie, Af that a man the foothe fall fafe : The cause hath ben deutsion, whiche moder of confusion 3s, where the cometh ouer all, Dought only of the tempozall, Wut of the spiritual also, The dede proueth it is fo And hath do many a date er this Through benim, whiche that medled is In holv thurche of erthely thonge. for Chaift him felfe maketh knowlageing, That no man maie togeber ferue God and the worlde, but if he fwerue frowarde that one, and fonde buffable: and Chriftes worde maie not be fable, The thonge to open is at the eye It neverh nought to specifie De fpeke ought moze in this matere. But in this wife a man maie lere Dow that the worlde is gone aboute, The whiche well nigh is wered out After the forme of that figure, whiche Daniell in his levipture Expoluned, as to fore is tolde, Df bras, of filner, and of golde The worlde is palled, and agone, And nowe byon his olde tone It frant of beutell erthe and ffele, The whiche acorden neuer a bele : So mote it nedes fwerue afibe As thynge, the whiche men feen divide.

Maic dicit, fecundum apostofam, quod nos fus mus, in quos fines feculi denencrunt.

And faieth, that byon be is fall
Thend of the worlde: so mate we knowe
This ymage is nighe overthrowe,
By whiche this worlde was signified,
That whilom was so magnified,
And nowe is olde, and feble, and vile,
full of mischyese, and of perille:
And stante divided eke also,
Lyke to the feete, that were so
As I tolde of the statue above.

And this men faint for lacke of lone, inhere as the londe binibed is, It mote algate face amis.

And now to loke on every five A man mate fee the worlde divide.
The warres bene so generall Amonge the Christen over all,
That every man nowe seketh wreche,
And yet these clerkes aldaie preche
And sayne, good dedes mate none bee,
Whiche stante nought byon charitee.

I not howe charitee thulve fronde, twhere deadly warre is taken on honde. But all this wo is cause of man, The whiche that witte and reason can, and that in token and in witnesse, That ilke ymage bare likenesse Dfman, and of none other beste.

For first buto the mans helte was energy creature ordeined. But afterwarde it was restreined, whan that he fell, thei fellen eke, whan he wer seke, thei weren seke. For as the man hath passion, De sekenes in comparison, So suffren other creatures, Lo firste, the henenly sigures.

This feriBit, quod en dinifionie paffione fingula creati detrimentum corruptibile patiuntur.

The fonne and moone eclypfen both, And bene with mans finne worth.

The purest appe for finne alofte, Dath ben and is corrupted full ofte. Right now the highe windes blowe: And anon after thei ben lowe . now cloudie, and now clere it is, So maie it prouen well by this A mans linne is for to bate, whiche maketh the welken to bebate, And for to fee the propertee Df enery thynge in his degree. Benethe foozthe amonge be bere All frante a like in this matere, The fea nowe ebbeth, and nowe it floweth. The lond now welketh, a now it groweth. pow benthe trees with leanes greene, Dow thei be bare and nothpuge feene.

Doine

PROLOGYS.

Dowe be there luftie fomer floures, Dowe be there Coamie winter Coures now be the daies, now be the nightes, Do fant there nothing all bpzightes. Dolve it is light, now it is berke, And thus frant all the worldes werke After the disposicion Df man and his condicion. for the gregorie in his mozall ell ter dith Saieth, that a man in Speriall The laste inorloe is properly, And that he proueth redily. for man of foule reasonable Is to an angell refemblable, And like to beaft be hath felyng, And like to tres be hath growing. The frones ben, and fo is bee, Thus of his propre qualitee The man (as telleth the Llergie) Is a worlde in his partie. And whan this littell worlde mifforneth The great worlde all ouertorneth, The londe, the fea, the firmament Thei alken all judgemebt Avene the man, and make bym water Ther while him felfe fant out of harre, The remenant fant out of acorde, And in this wife (as 3 recorde) The man is cause of all for why this worlde is divided fo.

3. fe T

Division (the gospell saieth)
Due house upon an other laieth
Till that the reigne all over throwe.
And thus may every man well knowe
Division above all
Is thing, whiche maketh the worke sail,
And ever hath do, lith it began,
It maie firste prove upon a man.

Duod ep fue complepionis maferia binifus Bomo mortafis epiffat .

The whiche for his completion
Is made byon dinition
Df colde, hotte, moiffe, and brie
De mote by verray kynde die.
If or the contrarie of his estate
Atant enermore in suche debate,
Tyll that a parte be overcome

There make no finall peas be nome is its otherwise if a man were make all togeder of one matere without interruption,
There shuld no corrupcion
Engendre byon that bustee:
Within him selse, he make not laste,
Within him selse, he make not laste,
Through whiche that he is ever in strife while that hym last any life.

Quod fomo ep corporis et anime condicions dinifus, ficut faluationis, ita dammatico nis aptitudinem ingredifur,

The bobte and the soule also Amonge them ben deuided so,
That what thying that the bodie hateth
The soule loueth and debateth:
But netheles full ofte is seene
Of werre, whiche is them betweene
The feble hath wome the biccozie,
And who so draweth in to memorie

CQualifer Aba a ftafu imocenfie blaifue a pas sabifo Botuptatie in terram labos rie pectator proiectue eff.

What hath befall of olde and newe, The mate that werre loze rewe, Whiche first began in paradis. For there was proved what it is, And what disease there it wrought. For thiske werre the foorthe brought The vice of all deadly sinne,

Duafifer populi per bniverfum ozbem a culs tura dei divifi, Doe cum fua fequeta duma tapat epceptis, diluvio inferierunt,

Amonge the men in erthe here,
And was the cause and the mattere
why god the great flodes sende,
Df all the worlde and made an ende:
Whiche only weren sanse by thyp,
And over that through since it come
That Nembroth suche price nome

Duall

EQualiter in edificatione Currie Bas

Bylonis, quam in dei contemptum

Dembzoth erevit, fingua prins

hebzatea in Varias fuguas

exclica Vindicta dinte

Twhan the toure Babylon on hight Lette make, as he that wolve fight Ayene the high goddes might, where of decided anon right was the language in suche entent Ahere with none what other ment, So that thei might nought procede And thus it stant of every dede, where sinne taketh the case on honde It mais byright not longe stonde. Hor sinne of hir condicion Is mother of division.

E Qualiter mundue, qui in ff.itu diuffionis quafi cotidiano prefenti espore Bepatur flagellis a las pide superveniente, id eff a divina poteria Blaz ad resolutionem omnis carnis subito conteretur.

Tand token whan the world thall faile for so saith Christe without saile That nigh byon the worldes ende Peace and accorde away shall wende and all charitee shall cease Amonge the men, and hate encrease And whan these tokens ben befall all sodeinly the stone shall fail as Daniell it hath beanowe whiche all this worlde shall overthrow and every man shall than arise To sove or elles to suise swhere that he shall for ever dwell Drieght to heuen, or streight to hell.

In heuen is peace and all accorde
But helle is full of suche discorde
That there maie be no love day
for thy good is whyle a man may
Echone to lette peace with other
And loven as his owne brother
So maie he wynne worldes welthe
And afterwarde his soule helthe.

A llaic narrat evemplum de concordia et Bnitafe inter hommes pronocanda ? Et dicit qualites quidam Arion nuper citharifta en fui cantus cis

thare que confona metodiam tante Victutis eptis terar. It ipfe non folum Virum cum Viro, fed etiam leonem cum cerua, lupum cum hagno, canem cum lepoze (ipfum audientes) Vnanimiter abfas Blla discozdia ad innicem pacificanis.

But wolde god that nowe were one An other fuche as Arione Whiche had an barpe of fuche tempeure And therto of lo good mealure De songe, that he the beaftes wilde Made of his note tame and milde The honde in peace with the loon The wolfe in peace with the motton The hare in peace Code with the hounds And enery man byon this grounde whiche Arion that time herde As well the lozde as the thepeherde 2)e brought them all in good accorde So that the common with the lozde And lozde with the common also De fette in loue bothe two and put awaie melancolie.

That was a luftie melodie Whan enery man with other lough And if there were luche one nowe 119 hiche coude harpe as he did. De might anaile in many a febe To make peace, where nowe is bate for whan men thinken to behate I not what other thrng is good But wher that wildome wareth wood And reason tourneth in to rage So that measure byon outrage Zhath let this worlde, it is to brebe for that bringeth in the common brebe pobiche fant at enery mannes boze But whan the tharpnes of the fpoze The boss libe fmiteth to fose It greueth ofte. and nowe no moze As for to speke of this mater whiche none, but onely god maie ffere So were it good at this tipe That every man byon his lide Belought, and prayed for the peace Whiche is the cause of all incresse Df worthippe, and of worldes welthe Df bertes reffe, and foules belthe without peace fronde nothing good

LIBER

For thi to Christ, which theo his blome For peace, byseketh all men. Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen. Explicit prologus.

Naturatus amor naturæ legibus orbem
Subdit, & vnanimes concitat esse feras.
Hui' enim mūdi princeps amore esse videtur,
Cuius eget diues pauper & omnis opes.
Sūt in agóne pares amor & fortunág cæcas,
Plebis ad insidias vertit vtérg rotas.
Est amor,ægra salus, vexata quies, pius error
Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suaue malum.

E Postquam in prologo tractatum factenus epsistit, qualiter hodierne conditionis diussio charistatis disectionem superauit, intendit et auctorab presens soum fibellum (cuius nomen Confessio Amantis nuncupatur) componere de i so amore, a quo non solam humanum genus sed et cuncta animantia naturaliter subiciunsur.

¶Incipit Liber primus.



Maie not Aretche by to the heuen Mynhonde ne let al in even This worlde whiche ever is in balance.

It fant not in my fuffilance So great thinges to compalle: But I mote lette it onerpalle, And treaten bpon other thinges. for thy the file of my writinges fro this date forth I thunke thange, And fpeake of thing is not fo frange. whiche every kinde bath bpon bonde, And wherepon the worlde mote fonde, and bath bone lith it began: And thall while there is any man: And that is love, of whiche 3 means To treate, as after that be fene, In whiche there can no man him rile. for loves lawe is out of reule That of to muche oz of to lite Well nigh is every man to wite And netheles there is no man In all this worlde fo wife, that can Df loue temper the meafure : But as it falleth in aventure. fo; witte ne Grength maie not helpe And whiche els wolde him velve, Is rathelf throwen buder foote, There can no wighte therof do boote. fo: pet was neuer luche couine, That couth ozdeine a medicine To thing, whiche god in law of kynde 2) ach let, for there mate no man finde The right falue for fuche a fore, It bath and thall be guermoze, That lone is maifter, where he will : There can no life make other fkille for where as him felfe lifte to fet There is no might, which him maie let. But what thall fallen at lafte, The foth can no wifedome caff, But as it falleth byon chance. For if there ever was balance, Whiche of fortune frant gouerned, 3 maie well leue as 3 am lerned, That lone bath that balance on bonde, whiche will no reason bnberffonde. for loue is blinde, and maie not fee. for the mate no certeintee Belette bpon bis ludgement But as the inbele about went De peueth his graces bideferued and fro that man, whiche bath him ferued, full ofte be taketh alvey his fees, As be that plaieth at the bies : And ther boon what Mall befall, De not, till that the chance fall ? Where he thall lefe or he thal wymte: And thus full ofte men begyn, That if thei wiffen what it ment Thei wolde change all their intent.

Theic quasi in persona associum, quos amor ale Azat, fingens se auctor esse amantem. Varias cos sum passiones Varias Huius Albri distinctionibus per singula scribere proponit.

And for to preue it is fo,
I am my felfe one of tho,
Whiche to this schole am underforge.
For it is fothe go not longe
As for to speake of this matere
I maie you tell, if you woll here,
A wonder happe, whiche me befelle
That was to me bothe harde and felle

Tour

Touchying of loue and his fortune, The whiche me liketh to commune, And pleynly for to tell it out NOTE THE To them that louers be aboute, fro poput to poput I woll declare, And waiten of my wofull care, My wofull day my wofull chance, That men mowe take remembrance Dfthat thei Mall bere after rebe . for in good feithe this wolde I rede, That enery man ensample take Df wifebome, whiche is hom betake: And that he wote of good appaple. To teche it forthe for luche emprile Is for to preple: And therfore I will write and thewe all openly, Dowe loue and I togebre mette, wherof the worlde ensample fette May after this, whan I am go Df thilke bulely iolife wo, pohole reule frant out of the wev, Dowe gladde, and nowe gladnes aweie: And pet it maie not be withfonde for ought that men maie bnderffonde .

Non ego Samfonis vires, non Herculis arma
Vinco, sum sed vt hij victus amore pari,
Vt discant alij docetexperiencia facti,
Rebus in ambiguis qua sunt habenda via,
Denius ordo ducit temata pericla sequetem,
Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.
Me quibe ergo Venus casus laqueauit amate,
Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.

Chic dectarat materia dicene quafiter Cupido quoda ignita iaculo, fui copdis memoriam grani Bleeve perforauit, quod Senna percipiene ipfum Bt dicit, quafi in mortia articulo fpafmatum, ad confitendil fe Genio facerdoti fuper amoria caus fa fic feminium fpecialiter commendant.

Talpon the popul that is befalle
Df love, in whiche that I am falle,
I thynke tell my matere:
Now herken who that woll it here
Of my fortune howe that it ferde
This endyrbate, as I forthe ferde
To walke, as I you tell maie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie,
whan enery brid hath those his make,
And thinketh his mirthes for to take

Perma

Dfloue, that he hath arbened : But fo was I nothing releued. for I was further fro my lone Than erthe is from the beanen aboue, And for to speake of any spede So wifte 3 me none other rebe, But as it were a man forlake. Unto the wood mp wate gan take Not for to lynge with the birdes. for whan I was the wood amiddes, I fonde a loote greene plaine, and there I gan my two complaine, willhying and wepping all mine one. foz other mirthes made 3 none. So harbe me was that ilke throwe Ahat ofte lithes overthzoine To grounde I was without breathe: And euer 3 wilhed after beath . whan I out of my peine awooke, And cafe up many a pitous looke Unto the beauen, and faied thus

D thou Lupide, D thou Tlenus Thou god of lone, and thou goddeffe where is pitee ? where is mekenelle ? Dowe bothe me plamely live oz bie for certes futhe a malabie As I now have, and longe have habbe It might make a wife man mabbe If that it thulde longe enture D Clenus queene of loues ture Thou life, thou lufte, thou mans bele Bebolde my cante, and my quarele And your me some parte of thy grace So that I maie finde in this place If thou be gracious of none. and with that worde I fawe anone The hynge of loue, and queene bothe 28ut he that konge with even worthe Dis chere aweiwarde fro me rafte And forthe he palled at the lafte But netheles of he forthe went A fyry barte me thought be fent and threwe it through mine herte roote In hym fonde I none other boote Soulenger loft hom note to owell But the, whiche is the fource and well DEwele and wo, that thall betibe To them that lonen at that tibe

Abode but for to tellen here:
She cast on me no goodly there.
Thus netheles to me the saide.

.2.104

What arte thou some: and I abzaive : Right as a man both out of stepe, And therof she toke right good kepe, And bad me nothing be adjadde.

1Sut for all that I was not gladde.

2 In a saw en canse why:

2 In ofte she asked, what was I.

3 saide a caitise, that lieth here.

2 What wolde ye my ladie dere:

2 Shall I be whelle, or elles die:

She faide, tell me thy maladie.
What is thy foze, of whiche thou pleineff ?
De hibe it nought, foz if thou feigneft,
I can bo the no medicine.

Mabame, 3 am a man of thone, That in thy courte have longe ferueb, And alke that I baue beferued, And the began to loure tho, And laide, there be many of you and Re faitours : and fo mate be that thou Art right luche one, and by feintile Bepfte, that thou hafte me bo fernice: And netheles the wife welenan wan E al My worde fooe on an other whele, without any feiterie. To panil manil 18ut algate of my maladie and acres to Ch She bad me tell, and fatebir trouthe. Madame, if pe wolde bane routhe orises (Duod 3) then twolde 3 tell pour and 6.12 Bei forth (quod the) and tell me hoto.

Shew me thy sekenes enery dele.
Madame, that can I do wele:
We so my lyse therto wall laste.
What his loke on me she caste,
And saide, in aunter if thou line,
My wyll is first, that thou be shrine.
And netheles how that it is.
I wote my selfe, but so all this
Unto my preess, whiche comety anone,
Moth of thy thought, and all thy werke.
D Benius mine owne clerke
Come sorth, and here this mans shrifte
(Duod Clems tho) and I dyliste

25 11

scoul D

My heade with that, and gan beholde The felfe preedle, whiche as the wolde, was redy there, and fet him doune To here my confession.

Confessus Genio si sit medicina salutis Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus. Lesa quide ferro medicantur membra saluti, Raro tamen medicu vulnus amoris habet,

This dicit quatiter Genio pao cofeffoge fedenti paou of utus amana ad confitendum fe flevis ges uibus incuruatur, supplicans tamen, Bt ad sui sen sus informationem confessor ute indicendis ops ponere sibi benignus dignaretur.

A This worthie preeft, this wholy man Ao me spekend thus began, Aud saide: Benedicite My some of the felicitee of some of the selicitee of some of the selicitee of some of the selicitee of some some of the selicitee of bothe sivo, what thouser this sor lones sake drafte felte, let nother se be sortake: Tell pleinly, as it is befall.

and with that worde 3 gan downe fall On knees with good benocion, and with full great contricion, Tairt than : Dominus, ob all mobile iV Myn holy fader Genius dans mi an Soas thou hafte erpertence obro zuin-C Df loue, for whole reuerence Thou thalt me thrine at this tyme, I praie the let me not millyme My thaifte . for 3 am dellembed In all myn berte, and fo conturbed, That 3 ne male my wittes gete ! so thail 3 muche thonge foggete destine 28ut if thon wolte my finne oppole 19 14 1 Aro pointe to pointe, than I luppole, There thall nothpinge be lefte behinde 28ut nowe um wittes be fo blynde, That I ne ean my felfe teche. Tho he beganne anone to prette, And with his wordes debonapre De fated to me fofte and fagre: In this place I am fet here

Dermo

E Sermo Benit facerbotie fupes confeffione ad amantem.

But netheles for certaine fkill I mote algate, and nedes wille Dought only make my fpekpnges Dfloue, but of other thinges, That touchen to the cause of vice for that belongeth to thoffice Df preffes, whole oroze that I bere: So that I wol nothing forbere, That I the bices one and one De thall the thewe cuery chone, wherof thou might take enibence To rewle with thy conscience. But of conclution finall Lonclube I wolde in Speciall for loue, whole fernant 3 am, And why the cause is that I am So thinke I to do bothe two. firfte that myn ordre longeth to The vices for to telle on rewe, But nerte aboue all other theine Of lone I wol the propretees Dow that thei Cande by degrees After the disposicion Df Menus, whole condicion 3 mult folowe as 3 am bolde. for I with love am all withholve So that the lette 3 am to wite Though I now can but a lite Df other thinges, that bene wife, 3 am not taught in luche a wife. for it is nought my comen ble No speke of vices, and vertule: But all of lone, and of his loze. Hoz Clenus bokes of nomoze Me techen, nether tert ne glofe: But for as muche as I suppose It fit a preeff to be well thewoe: And thame it is, if he be lewbe. Df mp prefthode after the forme I wol thy thatte fo enforme, That at the last thou thalte here The bices, and to thy matere Dflone I hall them fo remeue, That thou shalt know what thei mene. Hoz what a man thall are or feine Touchend of theifte, it mote be pleine

It neverth nought to make it quint.
For trouth his wordes wol not peints,
That I wol are of the for the
My some it thall be so pleinly
That thou shalt know and boverstance
The pointes of shrift how that thei stance.

Visus & auditus fragiles sunt oftia mentis,
Quæ vitiosa manus claudere nulla potest.
Est ibi larga via, gradit qua cordis ad antru,
Hostis & ingrediens fossa talenta rapit.
Hæc mihi cöfessor Genius primordia "pfert,
Dum sit in extremis vita remorsa malis.
Nunc tamë vi poterit sæmina loquela fateri,
Verba per os timide conscia mentis agam.

T hic confeffio amantis, cui de duobus precipus quinque fenfibus, foc eft de Bifu et auditu confefo for præ ceteris opponit,

DiBetwene the life and bethe I herve This prefes tale er I answerde: And than I praied him for to laie Dis will: and I it wolde obeis After the forme of his apprife. Tho spake he to me in suche wife, And bad me that I thulbe me thrine As thouchende of my wittes five, And thape, that thei were amended. Df that I had them milpended. Hoz tho be properly the gates Through which, as to the bert algates Cometh all thing buto the feire, Whiche maie the mannes foule empeire. And now is this matter brought in My some I thinke first e begynne To witte, bow that then eie bath france. The whiche is (as I bnderstande) The most principall of all Through whom that peril maie befall. And for to speke in loues kinde, full many luche a man maie finde, whiche euer caffe aboute their eie To loke, if that thei might afpie full oft thing, whiche them ne toucheth. But only that their bertes foucbeth In hyndryng of a nother wight. And thus ful many a worthy knight, And many a lufty laby bothe Dath be full ofte lithe wrothe: So that an eie is as a thefe

To love, and both full great melchiefe.
And also for his owne parte,
ful ofte thilke firie darte
Of lone, whiche that ever bremeth,
Through him in to the hert remeth,
And thus a mans ete first
Dim selfe greveth alder werst.
And many a time that he knoweth
Unto his owne harme it groweth.

My fome berken now for thy A tale, to be ware therby.
Then eie for to kepe and warde, So that it palle nought his warde.

This narrat Confesso epeplum de Bisa ab illis eitis presetuindo, dicens, qualiter Acteon Cade mei regis Thebarum nepos, dum in quadam sos sesta Benationis causa spaciarit, accidit. It ipse quendam sontem nemozosa arborum pulchritus dine circumuetum superuentes. Vidit isi Dianam cu suis Mimphis nuda in stumes balneatem, qua diigentius intuens ocusos suos a musiedri nudis eate nustatemus aurrere Volebat, und indignata Diana ipsum in cerui siguram transsozumants.

Duide telleth in his boke Enlample touchend of milloke, And laith, how whilome ther was one A worthy lorde, which Acteon was hote, and he was cominishe To him, that Thebes first on high Cliffet, which kying Ladme hight.

This Arteon, as he well might A bone all other cast his chere,
And vied it from yere to yere,
with houndes, and with great hornes
Amonge the woodes, and the thornes,
To make his huntyng, and his chare,
where him best thought in enery place
To finde game in his wate,
There robe he for to hunte and plate.

So him befelle voon a tive Dn his huntyng as he can rive,
In a fozelte a lone he was
De fawe voon the grene gras
The faire floures freshhe springe,
De herd among the leves singe
The throstel, with the nightyngale,
Thus (er he wisse) in to a bale
De came, wher was a litell plante

All rounde aboute, well befepne with bullbes areene, and redzes bie. And there within he calle his ete A middes the plaine, he fawe a welle So faire, there might no man telle, In whiche Diana naked floode To bathe and plate hir in the floode. with many nymphes, whiche bir ferneth: But be bis ete aweie ne fwerneth from hir, whiche was naked all: and the was wonder worth with all. And him, as the whiche was goodeffe, forthope anone, and the likenelle She made him taken of an berte, Whiche was tofoze his houndes sterte, That ronne belily aboute. with many an borne, and many a route That maden muche nople and crie. And at the laffe buhappilie This hert his owne boundes flough, And him for bengeance all to brough. E Lo nowe my fonne, what it is A man to calle bis eie amis: whiche Acteon bath bere abought! Beware for the, and bo it nought for ofte, who that hebe tohe, Better is to wonke than to loke. And for to prouen it is fo Duive the Borte alfo A tale (whiche to this matere Accordeth) latth, as thou thait here.

A hic ponit aliub epeplit de eode, Bil dicit, quod quidam pa ncepe nomine foicus, tres progenuit filias Gorgones a Tulgo nancupatas, que Bno partu exorte, deformit ate möstrorum serpentină obtinuerat, quidus cum in etatem peruenerat, tar lis destinata sucrit natura, quod quicungs in eas aspiceret, in lapide subito mutabatur, et su quas reures incaute respicientes, bisis illis perierunt, sed perseus munitus, eas eptra monte Assatica cos babitates, aio audaci abseptui pericuso interfecit.

In Methamoz. it telleth thus Zow that a lozde, whiche Fozcus was hote, had boughters three: Wut open their nativitee Suche was the confellacion, That out of mans nacion

Fro hynde thei be so missionet, That to the likenes of a serpent Thei were bothe, and that one Of them was cleped Stellybone, That other suffer Suryale, The thirde (as telleth in the tale) Medusa hight, and netheles Of comon name Bozgones (In enery countrey there about As monstres, which that men boute) Men clepen them, and but one eie Amonge them three in purpartie Thei had, of which thei might se.

Mow hath it this, now hath it the After that caufe and nebe it labbe 180 throwes eche of them it habbe. A wonder thing pet moze amis There was, wherof I teile all this What man on them his chere cafe, And them behelde, he was als fafte Dut of man in to a frone forthape, and thus full many one Deceined were, of that thei wolde Milloke, where thei ne holde. But Berleus, that worthte bnight, Whom Pallas, of hir great might Dalpe, and toke him a thelbe therto. and the the god Mercury allo Lent bim a fwerde : he as it fille Beyonde Athlans the highe bille Thefe monftres fought, and there he fonde Diuerfe men of thilke londe, Through light of them miltorned were Standing as fones here and there: But he (which wifebome and prowelle Dath of the god and the godelle) The fhelde of Ballas gan embrace, mith which he couereth laufe his face. and Mercurius fwerbe out be brough And to be bare him, that he flough Thefe deebfuil monfres all thee.

Confessor.

The now my some anise the,
That then thy sight not misse,
Last not thin eie voon Medule,
That then be tozned in to stone.
For so wise man was never none,
What if he woll his eie kepe

And take of foule delite no kepe, That he with lufte nis ofte name Through frengthe of love, and overcome.

Df millokung how it hath ferbe, As I have tolde, now haft thou berde. mp good fonne take good hede, And ouer this 3 the rede, That thou beware of thine hering, 119 hich to the herte the tibing Df many a banitee bath bzought To tarie with a mans thought. And netheles good is to here, Suche thing, wherof a man mate lere, That to bertue is accordant And towarde all the remenant Bood is to torne his ere fro. for elles but a man bo fo, Dim maie full ofte milbefalle. I rebe ensample amonges alle, wherof to kepe wel an care It ought put à man in feare.

E lbic confestor exertum narrat, Bi non ab aus vis exauditione fatua animus deceptus inuoluas tur. Et dicit quasiter ille serpens, qui aspie Bos catur, quedam preciosissimum sapide nomine cars buncus in sue frontis medio gestans, cotra bers ba incanatia aurem Boa terre assigedo vremit, et aliam sue caude stimulo sumissime obturat,

a ferpent, whiche that afpiois As cleved, of his kinde hath this, That he the fone nobleft of all, The whiche that men Carbuncle tall, Bereth in his beed abone on bigh, for whiche whan that a man by flight (The frone to wynne, and him to dante) with his carecte him wolde enchante, Anone as be perceiveth that, De leuth botone his one eare all plat Winto the grounde, and halt it fait: And eke that other eare als fafte De thoppeth with his taille fo foze, That he the woodes, laffe or more Dfhis enchantement ne bereth. And in this wife him felfe be fatereth, So that be hath the wordes warned, And thus his eare is nought beceined.

EAlind epeplik super code qualiser rey Stoffee cum a Betto Eroiano Versus Greciam nauigio semiares

vemiaret, et prope ula monfira mapima, Spres nes niscupata, angelica Boce canozane ipfum Bêtorum aduerfitate nauigare oporteret, omnium nautarum suorum aures obturari coegit.

Tn other thing who that recordeth. Like buto this fample accordeth, whiche in the tale of Troie 3 finde. Sprenes of a wonder kinde Ben monftres, as the bokes tellen. And in the great fea thei bwellen. Df boby bothe and of bilage Like buto women of ponge age Ulp fro the nantl on highe thei bee, and bowne benethe (as men maie fee) Thei beare of filbes the figure. And over this of fuche nature Thei ben, that with fo fweete a ffeuen Like to the melodie of heuen In womens boice thei finge, with notes of fo great likenge, Df fuche mealure, of fuche mufike, noberof the thippes thei belwike That pallen by the colles there. for wban the Chipmen laie an eare Minto the boice in there abuice, Thef wene it be a paraople : whiche after is to them an belle. for reason maie not with them owelle, whan thei the great luffes here, Thei can not their thippes fere, So befilp boon the note Thei berken, and in luche wife allote, That thei their right cours and weie forpete, and to their eare obeie, And lavlen, till it fo befalle, That thei in to the perille falle, 119here as the thippes ben to braine. And thei be with the monfres flaine. But fro this perfile netheles with his wiledome kinge. Allpffes Elcapeth, and it ouerpalleth. for he to fore the hande compateth, That no man of his companie 2) ath power buto that folie Dis eare for no lufte to catte. de ministe for he then ftopped als faffe, ald and and That non of them male bere them linge. So whan thei come forth faylinge, and

There was suche governance on honde, That the monstres have withstonde, And slough of them a great partie. Thus was he sause with his navie This wife kinge through governance.

Confessor. Derof my fonne in remembance Thou might enfample taken bere, As I have tolde, and what thou bere Be well ware, and vene no credence: But if thou fe moze euidence. for if thou wolveft take kepe, And wifely coutheft warde and kepe Thine eie and eare, as I baue fpoke : Than habit thou the gates foke fro luche folie, as cometh to wynne Thon bertes witte, whiche is within: wherof that now the love excedeth Mealure, and many a veine bredeth. But if thou couthelt fette in rewle Tho two, the thre were ethe to rewle. for the as of the wittes fine I woll as now no more thrine, But only of thefe plke two, Mel me therfoze if it be fo. 2) aft thou thene eie ought miffhaowet Amans.

My faver ye, I am beknowe,
I have them call boon Mednle,
Therof I may me nought errule,
Myn hert is growen in to frone,
So that my lady there byon
Dath suche a printe of love grave,
That I can nought my selfe save.

Opponit Confessor.

Twhat saisse thou some, as of thin ere?

My fader I am giltie there.

Ho; whan I my ladye here,

My witte with that hath losse his stere:

I do nought as Alipses dede,

But falle anon byon the stede,

where as I se my ladye stande:

And there I do you understande

I am to pulled in my thought,

So that of reason leueth nought,

where that I maie me desende.

Confessor.

CARy good fonne, god the amende.

for as me thinketh by the freche,
The wittes be right far to lethe,
As of then eare, and of thine eie
I woll no more specifie:
But I woll alken ouer this
Of other thenge howe that it is,

Celfior est aquilag leone forcior ille,
Quem rumor elari cordis ad alta mouet.
Sur species quing, quib" est superbia ductrix
Clamar & in multis mundus adherer eis.
Laruando faciem sicto pallore subornat
Fraudibus hypocriss mellea verba suis.
Sicig pios animos g sa peruit muliebres
Ex humili verbo sublatitante dolo.

MBic foquitur, quod feptem funt peccata moztas fia, quoqum caput fuperbia Farias fpecies Babet, a earli pzima Bepocrifis dicitur, cuius proprietate fecundum Bitum Confessor amanti declarat.

They some, as I shall the informe,
There ben yet of an other forme
Df bedly vices seuen applied,
wherof the herte is often plied
To thyng, whiche after shall hym greene:
The first of them thou shalt beleeve
Is pryde, whiche is principall,
and hath with hym in speciall,
Mynistres sque full dynerse:
Df whiche as I shall the reherce,
The first is saive hypotrisse,
If thou arte of his companie
Tell forth my some, and shrive the cleane

Amans

T wote not fabre what ye meane.

Buthis I wolve you beferhe,

That ye me by some wey terhe,

what is to ben an hypocrite,

and than if I be for to wite

woll beknowen, as it is

Confesior

My forme, an hypocrite is this:
A man, whiche feigneth conscience,
As though it were all innocence
without, and is not so within:
And both so for he wolde winne
De his velore the vaine assate:
Aud whan he cometh anone there at,
The come is torned in to graffe.

That was a Role, to than a thorne. And he that was a lambe before Is than a wolfe : and thus malice Ulnder the colour of juffice Is hid, and as the people telleth, Thele ordres witen where he owelleth, As he that of her counseptl is, had and And thilke worde, whiche thefer this forfoken, he braweth in avene. De clotheth riches (as men fevne) Under the simplest of pouerte, And both to feme of great beferte Thynge, whiche is littell worthe within, De feith in open, php, to finne, And in fecrete there is no vice, Df whiche that he nys a nozice: And ever his there is fobre and fofte, And where he goth he bleffeth ofte, Wherof the blynde worlde he drettheth. Wut pet all onely he ne fretcheth Dis rewle byon religion. Wut next to that condicion, In suche as cleve them holy churche. It theweth eke how he can worche Amonge the wide furred boobes To gete them the worldes goodes, and them felfe ben thilke fame, That fetten moffe the worlde in blame . 1But yet in contrarie of their loze A bere is nothing thei louen moze, So that feigning of light thei werke The bedes, whiche are inwarde berke. And thus this bouble hypocrifie, with his denoute apparancie A byler let bpon his face wherof towarde the worldes grace De femeth to be right well thewen: And yet his berte is all bethrewed. But netheles be frant beleueb. And hath his purpos ofte achenen Df worthip, and of worldes welthe. And taketh it, as who faith by felthe Through conerture of his fallas: And right fo in femblable cas This vice hath ete his officers Amonge thefe other fernlers Df great men, for of the fmale As for to accompte be let no tale.

15ut

But thei that pallen the commune, with fache hom loketh to commune, And where he faieth, he woll focoure The people, there he woll benoure. for nowe a bate is many one whiche weaketh of Peter and of John, And thonketh Judas in his berte, There hall no worldes good afferte Dis hande : and pet be geneth almelle, And falteth ofte, and hereth melle, with mea culpa, whiche he leith Thom his brette full ofte he leith Dis bande, and call bewarde his eie, As though Chailtes face be feie: So that it femeth at fight, As he alone all other might Refene with his holy dede: But pet his herte in other Cede Amonge bis beabes molte begoute, Both in the worldes cause aboute Dow that he might his warison Ancreale, and in comparison.

M. lol

E bic fractal confesso al amate luper illa Bypos erifia, que fus amozis facte frandutenter latitana bo mulieres ipsius ficticiis credulas fepissime bes cepit innocentes.

There ben louers of luche a lotte That feignen them an humble porte, And all is but hypocrilie, whiche with deceite and flatterie Dath many a worthy wife begileb. for whan he hath his tonge afiled with lofte fpeche, and with lefpnge, forthwith his falle pitons lokenge De toolde make a woman weene To gone upon the feire greene, whan that the fauleth in the myze. for if he maie have his defpre, Dow fo falleth of the remenant, De bolte no worde of couenant: allow here But er the time that he wede ... Sub talter There is no fleigthe at thilke nebe, mid mobiche any loues faitour maie, sing on ? That he ne put it in allaien dini and aid R as him belongeth for to boone. The colour of the reing Moone man 102 with medicine byon bis face on or of all

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De fet, and than be afketh grace, As be, whiche bath fekenes feigneb, whan his bilage is to biffeigned, with eie by cafte on her he liketh And many a countinance be piketh, To bringen hir in to beleue Df thing, whiche that he wolde acheue, Wherof he beareth the pale hewe. And foz be wolde feme trewe, De maketh bim ficke, whan he is beile, But whan he beareth lowelt feile, Than is he swiftest to begyle The woman, whiche that ilke whole Det bpon hom feith oz credence. My forme if thou thy confrience Entamed hafte in luche a wife, In thaifte thou the might aufle And tell it me, if it be fo.

amans | CMpn boly fabze certes no, As for to feigne luche lickenette It nebeth nought : for this witnelle I take of god, that my courage Dath ben moze licke than my bilage, and the this male I well anowe sodies So lowe couthe 3 neuer bowe To feigne humilitee without That me ne lifte better loute with all the thoughtes of mine berte. for that thynge hall me neuer afterte. 3 fpeke as to my lable bere To make hir any feigned chere God wote well there I lie nought, My chere hath ben fuch as my thought. for in good feithe this leueth wele, My wyll was better a thousande dele Than any there that I couthe. But lyze, if I have in my pouthe diller F Done other wife in other place, I put me therof in your grace. wirio with the for this errulen I ne thall, adaided amont ? That I have elles oner all a mid groot all To lone and to his companie and modings Be pleine without byportifier of thad on? But there is one, the whiche I ferne, All though I maie no thanke beferne, To whom pet mener into this date I fated only peop mate. when at smoot of R.

18nt if it lo were in my thought, as touchend other laie I nought, That I nam sombele for to wite, Of that pe clepe an hypocrite.

Confessor.

My sonne it sit well every wight To kepe his worde in trouth bpright Towardes loue in all wife. for who that wolde him well abuile, what hath befalle in this mattere, De Mulde nought with feigned chere Decepue loue in no degree Mo loue is euery hert free. But in deceite if that thou feignelle, And therbyon thy lufte atternefte, A hat thou halfe wonne with thy wile, Though it the like for a while, Abou thait it afterwarde repente. And for to prouen mone entente I finde ensample in a Lroniq;, Df them that love fo billibike.

A Quod hypocrifia sit in amoze pericutosa nars rat exemplum, qualiter sub regno Tiberil. impes ratozis quidam miles nomine Mundus, qui Ros manozum dup militie tunc presuit, domină Paus sinam pulcherrimă castitatisa famosissimam mes diantidus duobus fassis prespetts in Templo Blis domini sui se esse fing no sub ficte sanctutat tie hypocrifi nocturno tepoze Bitiaut, Inde idem dup in eputum, prespeteri in mortem ob sui crimi nis cnozmitatem damnati epiterant.

The befelle by olde baies thus whilome the emperour Tiberius The monarche of Rome labbe, There was a worthy Romain had wife, and the Paulina hight: whiche was to every mannis light Of all the citee the faireffe: And as men faiden eke the beffe.

It is and hath ben euer pet,
That so stronge is no mans witte,
whiche through beautee ne maie be brawe
To love, and stande bnoer the lawe
Of thiske bore freile kinde,
whiche maketh the hertes eies blinde,
where no reason maie be communed:
And in this wife stode sortuned
This tale, of whiche I woll meene.

This wife, whiche in hir luftes greene mas faire and frelibe and tender of age, She maie not let the courage Df him, that wol on hir allotte. There was a duke, and be was botte Mundus, whiche had in his baillie To leve the chinalrie Df Rome : and was a worthy knight. But pet he was nought of luche might The Arengthe of love to withfronde, That he ne was lo brought to honde, That maulgre whether be wol oz no. This ponge wife he loueth fo, That he hath put all his affaie To winne thing, which he ne mais Bette of hir grant in no maner 13p pefte of gold,ne by prafer. And whan he lawe, that by no mebe Toward hir love he might fpede 180 fleight feigned than he wought, And therbpon be him bethought. Dowe that there was in the cites A temple of fuche auctozitee, To whiche, with great benorion The noble women of the towns Motte comonly aptigrimage Bone, for to pray thilke image, whiche the goodeffe of childring is, And cleped was by name 36s: and in hir temple than were (Mo retole and to minifter there After the law, whiche was tho) Abouen all other preffes two.

A his duke, which thought his lone get Apon a date them two to mete Dath bede: and thei come at his helte, where then had a riche feste.
And after mete in preup place This lord, which wolde his thake purchace, To eche of them yase than a gifte, And spake so by wate of thrifte De drough them in to his couine To helpe and thape how Pauline After his luste veceine might:
And thei their trouthes bothe plight, That thei by night hir shulde winne Into the temple, and he therinne Shall have of hir all his intent.

Ant

And thus accorded forth thei wente.

Now life through whiche hypocrific Droeined was the trecherie,
whereof this lady was deceived.

LE LOT

Thefe prefes habben wel conceived,
That the was of great holynette,
And with a counterfeit fimplette,
whiche his was in a fals courage,
feigned an heuenly mellage.
Thei come, and faibe but her thus:

Paulpne, the God Anubus Dath fente be both prefente bere, And faith, be wol to the appere 13p nightes time him felfe alone Hoz love he hath to thy persone: And therbpon be hath bs bede That we in Ilis Temple a frede Zonestly for the puruepe, where thou by night as we the leve Dfbim thalt take a bifion. for byon thy condicion The whiche is chaffe and full of feithe Suche paice (as he bs tolbe) he leith, That he woll frande of thin accorde: And for to beare berof recorbe De fende bs hiber bothe two.

Glad was hir innocence tho
Df fuche wordes, as the herd.
With humble there, and thus antiwerde
And faide, that the gods will
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by hir houldondes leue,
She wolde in Ilis Temple at eue
Clyon hir gods grace abide,
To feruen him the nightes tide.

The prefes tho gon home agains.
And the goth to hir fouerains,
Df gods will, and as it was
The tolde him all the plaine cas:
Wherof he was deceived eke,
And badde, that the hir thulde meke
All hole but the gods heffe.
And thus the, whiche was all honests
To godwarde, after hir entent,
At night but the fals prefes were,
And their receiven hir there
With furbe a token of holynests,

As though thei leen a gobbelle, And all within in preup place A fofte bebbe of large fpace Thei habbe mabe, and encorteineb, where the was afterward engined. But the, whiche all honour supposeth, The fals preffes than opposeth And areth by what observance She might molte, to the plefance Df god, that nightes reule kepe. And thei hir bidden foz to flepe Lyggend boon the bedde a lofte. for fo thei faiden, ffill and foft God Anubus bir wolde awake. The counfeill in this wife take, The preftes fro this laby gone, And the that wife of gile none In the maner as'it was faibe To flepe opon the beobe, is laide In hope that the thulbe acheue Thing, whiche frobe than boon beleue, fulfilled of all holynelle. But the hath failed as 3 gelle. for in a closet fatte by The buke was his to prinely, That the him might not perceine And he that thought to deceive Bath luche araie opon nome, and design That whan be wolde buto bir come, It thulde femen at hir eie, As though the verily lete God anubus, and in fuche wife. This beporrite, of his queintile Awapteth euer till the Cept, And than out of his place he crept So Will, that the nothing berbe, And to the bedde falkping be ferbe : And fobenly, er the it wiffe Berlipt in armes he bir kille: wherof in womannyfthe brede She woke, and nife what to rebe. 3But be, with fofte wozdes milde Lomfozteth bir, and latth, with childe De wolde bir make in luche a kynde, That all the world thall have in minde The worthippe of that plke fonne. for he thall with the gods wone, And ben him felfe a god alfo.

meth fuche wordes, and with me. The whiche be feigneth in his fpeche : This lavies witte was all to ferhe, As the, whiche all trouthe weneth. But he, that all butrouth menetly, with blonde tales fo bir labbe, That all his will of hir he habbe. And whan him thought it was enough, Againe the date be him withdzough Do prinely, that the ne wifte where he become, but as hym lifte Dut of the temple be goth bis waie: And the beganne to bid and praie Ulpon the bare grounde knelende: And after that made bir offrende, And to the preftes peftes great She pafe, and homeward by the frete The buke bir mette, and faide thus:

The mightie god, whiche Anubus Is hote, he laue the Bauline.
For thou arte of his discipline So holy, that no mans might Maie do, that he hath do to night Of thyng, whiche thou hast ever eschued: But I his grace have so pursued, That I was made his leutenant.
For thy by wate of covenant from this daie foorth I am all thyne, and if the like to be myne,
That stoute byon thyn owne well:

She heroe this tale, and bare it figll, and home the went as it befill Into hir chambre, and there the fill Alpon hir bedde to wepe and crie, And faide, D berke hypocrifie, Through whose vistimulation D falle imagination, 3 am thus wickedly bifcetued : But that I haue it apperceined, I thanke buto the gods all . for though it ones be befall, I hall neuer efte while that I line: And thilke anowe to god I yeue . And thus wepende the complaineth, Dir faire face and all diffeineth notth wofull teares bir ele, So that byon this agonie Dir hulbonde is in come, And fawe how the twas overcome with Sozow, a albeth hir what hir eileth. And the with that hir felfe beweileth well moze than the vid afoze, And faide, alas wifehode is loze In me, whiche whilom was honelf, I am none other than a beafte:

Nowe I defouled am of two.

And as the might speake tho
Ashamed with a pitous onde
She tolde but his husbonde
The sothe of all the hole tale,
And in his speche, dead and pale
She swoweth well nigh to the last,
And he his sumes faste
Alphelde, and ofte swoze his othe,
That he with his is nothenge worth.
For well he wote the maie there nought.
But netheles within his thought
This herte stode in a swie plite,
And saide, he wolde of that despite
We avenged, howe so ever it fall,
And sent but o his frendes all.

And whan thei were comen in fere,
The tolde them byon this matere,
And afketh them, what was to done.
And thei anifed were foone,
And faid: It thought them for the beff,
To fette firste his wife in reste:
And after plaine to the hynge.
Cloon the matter of this thunge.

Tho was his wofull wife comforted 18 p all wates, and bisported, and and Tyll that the was fomebele amended: And thus thei a baie og two bilpenbeb. The thirde date the goth to plaine denie with many a worthie citeraine and he with many a citegeme . In con me moban the emperour it berbe feine ad an And kneive the fallehead of the bire, De latte, be wolde bo Juffre : mated sob And firthe be let the preftes take, want ach and for thei thulbe it not forlake, as ont De put them in to question: But thei of the luggestion will andio mich De coube not a worde refule : altique a R But for thei wolde them felfe ercufe The blame bpon the buke thet late!

But there avene the countaile faine That thet be nought erruled fo. for be is one, and thei be two ! And two baue more witte than one, Do thilke erculement was none. and over that was faide them eke, That whan men wolde bertue feke, Men thulbe it in the preftes fynde, Their order is of lo bighe a bombe, That thei be dinifers of the weie. for thy if any man fortwey Through them, thei be not exculable. And thus by lawe reasonable Amonge the wife judges there, The prefes both bamned were, So that the privite trecherie, Did bider the falle hiporrille, 119 as than all openly the web, That many a man them bath belbzewed.

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And whan the prefes weren debe The temple of thilke horrible bede Thei thoughten purge, and thilke image, whole cause was the pilgremage Thei pronen out, and allo fafte farre into the Tober thei it call, where the river it bath beffeb: And thus the temple purified, Thei bane of thilke boarible finne, uphiche was that time bo therin Df this point futhe was the bentle. But of the buke was otherwife. for he with loue was beffabbe, Dis dome was nought lo harde ladde. for lone put reasone awaie, And can nought fee the right wate. And by this cause be was respited So that the death bim was acquited. 2But foz all that he was eriled. for he his tone had to begiled, That be fall neuer come apene, for he that is to trouth bupleine 2)e maie not failen of bengeance.

And the to take remembrance

Of that hipocrifie hath wrought,
On other halue men thulben nought
To lightly leue all that thei here:
18ut than fluide a wife man flere
The thip, whan fuche wonnes blowe.

For first though thei beginne lowe At ende thei be nought menable, 28 ut all to broke mass and cable, So that the thip with sodaine blasse (Whan men lesse were) is overrall. As nowe full often a man mate see. And of olde tyme howe it hath bee, I since a great experience, where to take an entoence Good is, and to beware also Pf the perill or him be wo.

E Bic Afterine ponit exemplam de Ma efiam Bie poccifia, que inter Sirum et virum decipiens pes siculo siffima consustit. Et narrat qualiter Greed in obsidione ciuitatis Croie, cum ipsam Vi appres Bendere nullatenus poccerut, fallaci animo cum Crotanis pacem At dicunt pro perpetuo siatues Bant: et super hoc quend am equum mire grossos nis de ere fabricatum ad facrificandum in temple Phierne confingentes.

De them that ben so berke within, At Trois also is we beginne Dypocrifie it hath betraied. For whan the grekes had all assated, And some, that by no batalle, he by no siege it might auaile. The towne to winne through prowelle, This vice seigned of simplesse. Through sleight of Lalcas and of Leyle, It wante by such a maner wose.

An bogle of braffe thei lette bo forme Of fuche entaile, and of fuche a forge, That in this worlde was never man That fuche an other werke began. The craftie werkeman Epius It mabe, and for to tell thus, The grekes that thoughten to begile The kynge of Troie in thilke while, with Antenoz, and with Ance, That were bothe of the citee, And of the counfell the wifeft The richelf, and the mightleff, In printe place to thei treate with faire bebelles and veftes greate Df golde, that thei than bane engined To gether, and whan thei be conined, Thei feignen for to make peace, And biber that never the leffe

Thei hopen the delleuction 18 other of the king, and of the towne. And thus the fals peace was take Of them of Grece, and bubertake and therbpon thei fonde a loap mobere frength might not awep, 180 117 That fleight thulbe belpe than. And of an puche a large fpanne, an mill 15y colour of the peace thei made, as 100 And tolben bow thei were glabbe Df that thei fonben in accoabe. And fog it thall ben of recorbe, Cinto the hyng the grekes laiben 38p wate of loue, and thus thei praiden, As thei that wolde his thanke beletue, A facrifice buto Minerue near of only (The peace to kepe in good intent) Thei mult offre, er that thei went .

The hynge countailed in the rafe 1By Anteno; and Eneas, Therto hath ponenhis allent. So was the plaine trouthe blene Through counterfete bypocrifie Df that thei hulben facrifie. The grekes bnber the holynes Anone with all beanette Enterth mod R Their bogs of braffe lette faire bight, 110 hich was to lene a wonder light, for it was trapped of him felne, war and And had of fmale wheles twelne, Alpon the which men enough with craft toward the towne it drough, And goth gliffrende avend the fonne. Tho was there tope enough begonne. for Trois in great Denocion Came allo with procellion Apenit this noble facrifice woith great honour, and in this wife Minto the gates thei it brought. 1But of their entree whan thei fought, The gates weren all to fmale, And therbpon was many a tale. But for the worthippe of Minerue, To whom thei comen for to fernesthing Thefof the towne, which buberflobe, That all this thing was bone for good, for peace, toberof that thet be glabbe, The gates, that Deptunus made

A thousande winter ther to fore,
Thei have anone to broke and core.
The stronge walles downe thei bete,
So that in to the large strete
This horse with great solemnitee
was brought within the citee,
And offered with great reverence,
which was to Arote an embence
Of love and peace sty everyo.

The grekes token leane tho, with all the hole felanthippe And foozth thei wenten in to thippe, And croffen faile, and mabe bem pare, Anone as though thei wolven fare. But whan the blacke winter nighte (wafthout moone of ferre lighte) Bederked hath the water fronde, 2000 All princly thei gone to lombe full armed out of the naute, Aymon, which was made their efpie Within Aroie, as was confpired, whan tyme was, a token fired, And bath with that their wate bolden, And comen right as thet wolben, There as the gate was to broke. The purpose was full take and spoke Er any man maie take kepe. while that the citee was a flepe, Thei Cowen all that was within, And token what thei mighten wenne Of furbe good as was luffiant, and brenden by the rememant.

And thus come out the trecherie
which buder falle hypocritie
was hid, and thei that wened peace
Tho mighten finde no release
Of thithe swerde, which all denoureth:
full ofte and thus the swete soureth
what it is know to the taste:
De spilleth many a worde in waste,
That shall with suche a people trees.
For whan he weneth most beyete,
Than is he shape most to less.
And right so it a woman chele
supon the wordes, that she hereth,
Som man when he most true appereth,
Than is he forthest fro the trouth:
But yet full ofte, and that is routh

Thei speden, that he most outrue, and he and louen enery vaie a newe:
Wherof the life is after lothe,
And lone hath eause to be wrothe.
But what man his luste desireth
Of loue, and therbpon conspireth
With wordes feigned to decrine,
The shall not faile to receive
This peine, as it is ofte sene.

TIME TOR

Confessor. Charge all cares T for the my fonne, as I the mene, It litte the well to take bebe, in dhoud on ?? That thou esthewe of the manhede in and Dopocrifie, and his femblant, and assort That thou ne nought be beceinant, To make a moman to beleue a modilical Thing, which is not in the beleue. for in fache feint hypocrifie Df loue, is all the tretherie: Through which Loue is deceined ofte. for feigned femblant is fo lofte Thmethes love maie beware, and and at for the forme, as I well bare, had once I charge the to flee that bicey That many a woman bath made nice ? But loke thou deale not with all the Amans. det sie de l'autre de la

Now fon kepe, that thou half fmoze.

For this that thou halfe herbe before
Is faid, the first point of pride:
And nert byon that other five
To thrine and speake over this
Touchande of pride yet there is
The pointe seconde I the behote,
Whiche Inobedience is hote.

Flectere qua frangi melius reputatur, & ollæ
Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.
Quem neig lex hoim, neig lex diuina valebit
Flectere, multotiens corde reflectit amor.
Que no flectit amor, no elt flectedus ab vllo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.
Dedignaf amor, poterit quos scire rebelles.
Et rudibus sortem præstat habere rudem.
Sed qui sponte sui subscitse cordis amore,
Frangitin aduersis omnia fata pius.

C hie Coquitur de secunda specie superbie, que Fnobediëtia dicitur. Et primo Uline Vicii naturā

fimpliciter declarat. Et fractaf cofequeter faper MainoBedietia, qua in curia Cupidinis. epofa as mozis caufa ep fua iBecillitate fepiffune retardat,

This bice of inobedience and made 10: (Againe the reule of conscience) All that is humble be vilaloweth; and as That he towarde his god ne boweth After the lawes of his helte, Dot as a man, but as a beafte, andion ... which goth boon bis laftes wilder So goth this proude vice bruntlbe, That he disdesigneth all laive, De not what is to be felawe, And ferue mate be not for pribe: So is he ledde on enery fide : And is that felue, of whom men fpeake, which woll not bowe, or that he breke. I not, if love might him plie, for els for to infifie Dis berte, I not what might avalle. Hoz thy me forme of fuche entaile If that then herte be disposed, Telle out and let it nought be gloled. Hoz if that thou buburome bee To lone, I not in what degree Thou shalte thy good worde acheue. IMp father ye thall well belene The ponge whelpe, which is affaited, Dath not his maifter better awaited To couche, whan he faith go lowe Than I anone, as I maie knowe My ladie will me bowe moze: But other while I grutche foze Of fome thinges, that the dooth, noberof that I woll tell footh. For of two pointer I am bethought, That though I wolve, I might nought Dbeve onto my ladies beff. But I dare make this beheff, Saufe only of that ylke two 3 am buburome ofno mo.

Confessor.
What hen the two, tell on quod heer
My sather this is one, that thee
Commandeth me my mouthe to close,
And that I shulde hir nought appose
In lone, of which I ofte preache,
And plenarly of suche a speache

Sozbere,

forbere, and fuffre hir in peace. BALLETT BRIDE But that ne might I netheles for all this worlde obey I wis. for whan 3 am there, as the is, Though the my tales mought alowe at 12 Apene hir will, pet mote 3 boipe To leche, if that I might haue grace ! and But that thinge maie I not embrace god for ought that I can fpeake or bo: and pet full ofte 3 fpeake lo, That the is worth, and faith be Will. 3f 3 that beff thall fulfill, graf art : 22 onfa and therto ben obedient: Than is my cause fully thent. for fpecheles maie no man fpebe, So wote I not what is to rede. But certes 3 maie nought obeit, That I ne mote algates faie Some what, of that I wolde mene. for ener it is a liche grene The great loue, whiche 3 haue, wherof I can not bothe faue Mp fpeche, and this obedience. And thus full ofte my filence I breke : and is the first point, noherof that 3 am out of point In this, and pet it is no pribe.

Nowe then boon that other fide To tell my bilobeilance full foze it frant to my greuance, and only And mate not linke in to my witte, manille full ofte time the me bitte gen rich and it To leuen bir, and chele a newe, doublice and faith, if 3 the fothe kneiwe, Dowe farre I fonde from bir grace, 3 Mulbe loue in an other place. Hand dette But therof woll 3 difobeie. foz allo well the might leie, Bo take the moone, there it fitte, if and a As bayinge that into my witte, for there was never rooted tree, colo on That Croobe lo faste in his vegree, and That I ne ftanbe moze faite met ad to Tipon bir loue, and maie not caffe Mon berte awey, all though I wolbe. for god wote though I never thulbe Sene bir with eie after this baie: pet front it fo, that I ne maie

disens.

Dir lone out of my break remue.

This is a wonder retenue,

That maulgre where the woll or none,

Myn herte is evermo in one,

So that I can none other chefe,

But whether that I winne or lefe.

I mote hir loven till I veye.

And thus I breke as by that wey

Thir heftes, and hir commandynges;

But truly in none other thynges.

Hot thymp father what is more

Touchande buto this ilke lore
I pou befethe, after the forme,
That ye plainly me wolde enforme,
So that I maternine herte rule
In loues cause after the rule.

Murmur in aduerfis ita cocipit ille superbus, Poena quod ex bina sorte purget eum. O bina fortunæ cum spes in amore resistit, Non sine metali murmure plangit amans,

This loquitur de murmure et planetu, qui fus per omnes alios inobedientie fecretiques, St mis niftri iti deferniant,

Towarde this bice, of which we trete, There ben pet tweie of thilke effrete, Dir name is murmure and compleint, There can no man hir chere peint, To fette a glad femblant therin. for though fortune make them winne, Pet grutchen thei : and if thet lefe, There is no wate for to chefe: Wherof thei might flombe appealeb. so ben thei commonly bilealed. There maie no welth ne ponerte Attempren them to the beferte Df buromnes by no wife. Foz oftetyme thei befpile The good fortune as the bat, As thei no mans reasone bab Through prive, wherof thei ben blinde: And right of luche a maner konde Ther be louers, that though thei haue Dflone all that thei wolde craue: Fet woll thei grutchen by fome wete. That thei wolde not to lone obeie Ulpon the trouth, as thei bo thulbe. And if them lacketh, that thei wolbe,

A in

Anone

Anone thei falle in furthe a peine,
That ever buburounly thei pleine
Thom fortune, and curie and crie,
That thei woll not her hertes plie
To fuffre, tyll it better fall.
How they, if thou amonges all
Daft bled this condition
My forme, in thy confession
Amans.

VX LA

EMp father, 3 beknowe a parte So as pe tolden here about a admid mio ? Df murmure, and complaint of lout, That for I fee no fpede commende, Against fortune complainende 3 am (as who faith) euermo: nat hand in And eke full ofte time allo, Whan fo as that I fee and here Ofheny worde, or heny there Dfiny lady, I grutche anone . and now But wordes bare I fpeke none, wherofthe might be displeased : But in myne berte 3 am bilealeb with many a murmour, goo it wote. Thus drinke I in myn owne fwote. and though I make no femblant, Myn berte is all dilobeilant And in this wife I me confesse Df that ye clepe buburomnes. Noive tell what your counsaile is.

Confesior.

TMy some as I the rede this, what so befall of other weie,
That thou to loves helt obeie,
As far as thou it might suffice.
If of ofte lith in suche a wise
Obedience in love availeth,
where all a mans strength fasteth.
The rediction liste to witte,
In a cronicle as it is writte,
A great ensample thou maiste sinke,
which nowe cometh to my minke.

This confra amozi inobedientes ad comendatis onem obedientie. confessor super edem evemptil ponit, whi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Sectie filia in sue innentutie stozibus putcherrime ep eius Pouerce incantationibus in Betulam turpils simam transformata eptitit, Stozencius tune uns

perafozis Claudii nepos, miles in armis firens nuiffimus amozofifaz legibus intendens, ep fus obedientia in pulchzitudinem pziftină refozmanile

There was whylom by dates olde A worthy hnight, as men tolde: De was nenew to the emperour, it was And of his courte a courteour . weyfeles he was, florent he hight, De was a man, that morhell might: Df armes be was befgrous, Chinalrous, and amozous, And for the fame of worldes freche Strange auentures wolde be ferbe. De robe the marrhes all aboute. And fell atome, as be was out, fortune, whiche maie euery threbe To breke and knitte of mans fpede Shope, as this knight rove in a pale That he by Arength taken was, and to a caffell thei him labbe, " and take where that he fewe frembes happe. for fo it fell that fike Courte. That he hath with a deadly wounde (fightende) his otone hande flaine Branchus, whiche to the Capitaine was sonne and beire, wherof ben wroth The father and the mother bothe. That hught 182 anchus was of his bonde The worthielt of all his londe: And faine thei wolde bo bengeance alpon Mozene, but reniembance, That thei toke of his worthines Of hnighthode, and of gentilines, And how be flobe of colmage To themperour, made them affnage, and durft not flaine hom for feare. In great desputeson thei were Amonge them felfe, what was the beff. There was a ladie (the theft Df all that men knewe tho Do olde) the might brinethes go: and was grandame buto the debe. and the with that began to rede : And the faire, the wolde bring him in That the thall him to beath winne, All onely of his owne grante, Through Arength of veray covenant without blame of any wight. 16年18年

Anone

Anone the lent for this knight, And of hir fonne the aleide The beath, and thus to him the faibe flozent howe fo thou be to wite Df Banchus Deathe, men thall respite As nowe to take avengement, which was 13e lo thou Conde in judgement Ulpon certaine condition, That thou bento a queffion, his mode is die whiche I shall afke, thalt answer. And ouer this thou shalt eke Swere, That if thou of the lothe faile, There thall none other thonge anatle, That thou ne thait thy bethe receine. And for men thail the not beceine, That thou therof mightelt ben abuiled, Thou thalt bane baie and time afficed, And leue, fafelp for to wende. 3Be fo that at the bates ende Thou come ageine with thine auile.

This knight, whiche worthy was a wife. This lady praieth, that he maie witte, And have it buder leales waitte, what question it shulbe bee, for whiche he thall in that begree Stonde of his life in icopardie. with that the freggneth companie And laith flozent, on lone it hongeth All that to myn alkyng longeth, what all women most velyze: This woll I aske, and in thempire where thou half most knowlagering Make comfeile of this alkynge.

flozent this thonge bath bibertake. The tyme was lette, and baie take: Ulnder his feale he wrote his othe In luche a tople, and foothe be gothe Pome to his emes courte againe, To whome his aventure plaine De tolde, of that is hom befall. And bpon that thei were all The wilest of the londe affent. But netheles of one allent Thei might not accorde plat. Dne fayde this, an other that After the disposicion on dividitionard in Df naturall complexion. To lome woman it is plesance,

Main:

That to an other is greuente lo aid offilis But luche a thonge in speciall, whiche to them all in generalland all dails Is most plefant, and moste befred Abone all other, and most conspiced, Suche one can thef not finde lead anni oni? 18y confellacion, ne by kinde. And thus flozent without cure Multe Conde bpon bis auenture, and E And is all thape onto his lieve, And as in befaulte of his answere This knight hath leaver for to vie Than breke his trouth and for to lie In place where he was fwoze. And thapeth him gone avene therfore, Twhan time come be toke his leane, That lenger wolde he not beleue, And praieth his eme he be not wroth : For that is a point of his othe De faith, that no man thall bint weeke, Though afterwarde men bere fpeke, That he peranenture bele : And thus he went forth his weig Alone, as a knight anenturous. And in his thought was curious To witte, what was belt to bo. And as he robe alone to, and alone and a And cam nigh there he wolbe bee, In a fozeft there buber a tree De faive, where fatte a creature, A lothly womannillhe figure, That for to speake of fielthe and bone Do foule pet fatte 3 neuer none. This knight behelve hir reotly, And as he wolbe have patter by, She cleped hym, and bab him abibe. And be his hors bead afine Tho topned, and to hir he robe, And there he honed, and above To wit what the wolde mene. And the began him to bemene And laide: Flozent by thy name, Thou halte on honde fuche a game, That if thou be not better auifed, Thy beth thapen is, and beuiled, That all the woolbe ne maie the laue, 3But if that thou my comfeill hane, flozent whan he this tale herve,

And of his counfaile he his praide.

Foll XVI

Florent, if I for the to thape, in the That thou through me thy beath escape, and take worthippe of thy bede, what thall I have to my mede from wold are,

I bid never a better tare Duod the: but firste er thou be speade, Thou shalt me leave suche a wedde, That I woll have thy troth on honde, That thou shalt be myn husbonde.

Day (laide flozent) that maie not bee, Rive than foozth thy wey, quod thee : And if thou go forth without reade, Thou Chalt be Cherly Deade. Taging in flozent bebight bir good enough, Mflonde, of rent, of parke, of plough: But all that counteth the at nought. Tho fell this knight in muche thought. Now goth he forth, now cometh agene, De wote not what is belte to legne : and thought, as be robe to and fro, That chole be mote one of the two, D2 fo2 to take bir to bis wife, De elles for to lefe bis life. And than be caffe his anantage, man and That the was of fo great an age, That the male line but a while, and thought to put bir in an 3le, where that no man bir thulbe knowe, Till the with beath were onertheowe.

And thus this yonge luftle knight.

Tho faid: If that none other chance wate make my deliverance, which can be forether, which can be forether, which can thou feiff) thou that me teche, have here min honde, I that the wedde: And thus his trouth he leyth to wedde.

This covenant woll I alowe this covenant woll I alowe. She faith, if any other thynge, which that thou half of my teaching, fro deth thy body maie respite, I woll the of thy trouth acquite:

And elles by none other weige

Dow berken me, what I fhall fete. Two ban thou art come into the place, where nowe thei maken great manace, And boon the comeng abide : Thei woll anone the fame tibe Dppole the of thine answere. I wote thou wolt nothinge forbere Df that thou weneft be the befte. And if thou mightelt to fonde refte, well is, for than is ther no more: And elles this thall be my loze, Abat thou Chalt fair boon this molbe, That all momen levelt wolde 1Be foueraine of mans lone. for what woman is to about, She bath as who faith, all hir will, And elles maie the nought fulfill what thinge were hir leueft haue. with this answer thou thalt saus The felfe, and other wife nought. And whan thou ball the ende wought,

And let notheng out of the mende.
De goth hem foorthe with heur chere,
As he that not in what manere
De may this worldes is atteine.
For if he die, he hath a peine:
And if he line, he mote him bende
To furthe one, whiche of all kende
Of women is the volemeliefte:
Thus wote he not, what is the beffe.
But be him liefe, or be him loth,
Unto the castell foorth he goth,
Disfull answere for to yene
Of for to bie, or for to line.

Come here agene thou thalt me fonde,

Foorth with his counseile came the lorde,
The thynges stoden of recorde,
De sent by for the ladie some:
And foorth the came that olde moone
In presence of the remenant.
The strengthe of all the couenant
Tho was rehersed openly,
And to florent the bad for thy,
That he shall tellen his ausse,
As he that wote, what is the price.

flozent faieth all that ever be touth . But fuche woode cam ther none to mouth, That he for pefte, or for behelfe

Might

Might any wife his beth areffe to another and thus he tarieth longe and late.

Till this labie bad algate,

That he thall for the bome finall peue his answere in speciall,

Of that the had him first opposed.

And than he hath truly supposed,
That he him maie of nothing pelpe,
But if so be the wordes helpe,
which as the woman hath him taught,
wheref he hath an hope raught,
That he thall be excused so,
And tolde out plaine his will the.

And whan that this matron herde.
The maner how this knight answerde,
She saide, ha treson wo the bee,
That haste thus tolde the privitee,
which all women most desire:
I wolde that thou were a fire.
But netheles in suche a plite
florent of his answere is quite.
And the began his sorowe newe.
For he mote gone, or be butrewe,
To hir, which his trouthe had.
But he, which all shame drad,
Both south foorth in stede of his penance,
And taketh the fortume of his chance,
As be, that was with trouth assaited.

flozent his wofull beed by lifte, and fawe this becke, where that the fle, nohich was the lothest wighte That euer man cafte on bis eie: Dir nofe baas, bir bzowes bie, Dir eies fmall, and bepe fette, Dir chekes ben with teres wette, and rinclyn, as an empty fkyn, Dangeng bowne buto the chen, Dir lippes thonken ben for age, There was no grace in bir bilage. Dir front was narowe, bir lockes boze, She loketh foozth, as both a moze: Dir necke is thoat, bir thulbers courbe, Abat might a mans lufte biffourbe: Dir bobie great, and no thong fmall, And thostly to deferine hir all, She bath no lith without a lacke

But like buto the woll lacke.

She profereth hir buto this knight,
And bad him, as he hath behight
(So as the hath bene his warrant)

That he hir held covenant:
And by the bridell the him fealeth:
But god wot how that the him pleafeth,
Of suche wordes, as the speketh,
Thin thinketh wel nye his hert breketh
for lorow, that he maie not see,
Wut if he wolde butrewe bee.

Loke how a licke man, for his bele Taketh balbemovn with the canele. And with the more taketh the fugre: Right bpon luche a maner lucre Stant flozent, as in this biete. De deinketh the bitter with the swete, De medleth forowe with likenge, And lineth lo, as who faieth, dipnge : His youth thall be cast awey Thon fuche one, whiche as the wey Is olde, and lothely ouerall : But nebe be mot, that nebe fhall-De wolde algate his trouth holde, As every knight therto is holde, mebat hap fo euer him is befall, Though the be the foulefte of all, pet to bonour of woman bead Dim thought be Chulve taken bead : Do that for pure gentilnelle, As be bir couth best abreste In ragges, as the was to tore, De fet hir on his boss tofose, And foozth be taketh his wey lofte.

No wonder though he ligheth ofte 18ut as an oule fleeth by night Dut of all other byzdes light:
Right so this knight on daies bydde In close him helde, and shope his rode On nightes tyme, till the tide That he come there, he wolde abide And prively, without noyse De byzngeth this soule great cople To his castell, in suche a wise,
That no man might hir shape ausse,
That no man might hir shape ausse,
Where he his preup counseille name
Of suche men as he most truste.

And told them, that be nedes multe date profit This beafte webbe to his wife. for els bab be lofte bis life. The printe women were allent, That thulben ben of his affent, Dir ragges thei anone of braine, And as it was that tome lawe, She hab bathe, the hab reffe, Ind was arraied to the beffe. But with m craft of combes brobe Thei might hir hoze lockes thode. And the ne wolde not be those for no comfaill, and thei therfore with fuche a tyze, as tho was bleb, Debennen,that it was erculed, and had fo craftely about That no man might feen them out.

Tol.XXVIII

But whan the was fully arraied, And bir a tree was all affaied, Tho was the fouler buto fee. But pet it maie none other bee. Thei were wedded in the night : to wo begone was never knight, As be was than of martage. And the bygan to plate and rage, As who faith, 3 am well enough. But he therof nothing ne lough. for the toke than there on honde, And clepeth him bir bufbonbe, And faith : My lorde, go we to bebbe. for I to that entent the webbe, That thou thalt be my wooldes bliffe, And profereth him with that to kille, As the a lufty lady were. Dis bodge might well be there, But as of thought, and of memorie Dis herte was in purgatozie. But pet for Arengthe of matrimonie De might make non effonie, That he ne mote algates plie To go to bed of companie.

And when thei were a bed naked,
with oute slepe he was awaked.
De to; neth on that other side,
fo; that he wolde his even hide
fro lokunge of that foull wight.
The chamber was all full of light,
The courteins were of sendal then.

This newe brive, which late within,
Though it be nought with his acorde,
In armes the beclept hir lorde,
And praied, as he was torned fro,
De wolde him torne agenward the.
Hor now (the fatth) we be both one.

But he laie ftill as any fone And ever in one the spake and praide, And bad him thynke on that he saide, When that he toke hir by the honde.

De berd, and binder fode the bonde, Dow he was let to his penance: And as it were a man in trance, De tozneth bim all fobenly, And fawe a laby laie bim by Df eightene wynter age, whiche was the faireft of bifage That euer in all this worlde be fighe: And as be wolde bane take bir nigbe She put hir honde, and by his leue Belought him, that he wolde leue, And faith, for to wonne or lefe De mot one of two thonges chele, where he woll have hir luche on night, Da els bpon baies light . for he thall not have both two. and be began to lozowe tho In many a wife, and caffe his thought, 1But for all that pet roude be nought Deuile bim felfe, which was the beffe. And the that wolde his bert refte, Bateth, that be thulbe chele algate. Mill at the lafte longe and late De latte : D pe mp lines bele, Daie what pe lifte in my quarele. I not what answere I thall yene: But euer while that I maie line 3 woll, that pe be my maiffreffe. for I can not my felle gelle, whiche is the beste buto my chopce. Thus grante I pow myn boll bopce. Thele for be both, I poto praie: And what as ener that ve fate, Right as pe woll, fo woll 3. T Mp lozde, the faibe, grant mercy for of this worde, that pe now laine That pe haue made me foueraine My dellinge is overpalled,

That never bere after thall be laffed My beautee whiche that I nowe haue. Toll I be take in to my graue. Both night and baie, as 3 am nowe, 3 thall alwey be fuche to you . The kynges boughter of Lettle 3 am, and fell but fith a while, As I was with my father late, That my frepmother fog an hate, whiche towarde me the hath begonne, forfbove me, till I had wonne The loue, and the foueraintee Df what knight, that in his begree All other paffeth of good name: And as men faine, pe ben the fame. The deed proueth it is fo. Thus am I yours for enermo.

Tho was plefance and tope enough, Echone with other plated and lough.
Thei live longe, and well thei ferde,
And clerkes, that this chance herde,
Thei witten it in evidence,
To teche, howe that obedience,
Maie well fortune a man to love,
And fette hym in his lufte above,
As it befell buto this knight.

Confessor.

For thy my lonne, if thou do right, Thou thalt buto thy love obete, And folowe hir will by all wete.

Myne holy father to I wyll,
for ye have tolde me fuche a flyth
Of this enfample nowe tofore,
That I shall evermo therfore
Here afterwarde mine observance
To love, and to his obetsance
The better kepe. And over this
Of price, if there ought elles is
where that I me shrive shall,
what thyng it is inspeciall
My father asketh I you praise.

Confessor.

Nowe lift my fonne, and I thall faie.
for yet there is surquedrie,
whiche stant with prive of companie
where f that thou shalt here anone:
To knowe if thou have gift or none
Ulpon the forme as thou shalt here

Dowe bnberffonde well the matene.

Omnia scire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,
Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.
Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
In laqueos Veneris forcius ipse cadit.
Sepe (cupido virú, sibi qui presumit, amantê
Fallit, & in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.

A Bic loquitur de fercia fpecies fuBerBie, que paes fumpcio dicitur, cuius naturam paimo fecundum Bitium confeffog fimplicites declarat.

Surquedafe is thilke bice Df paide, whiche the thirde office Dath in his courte, and will not knowe The trouth, till it ouerthzowe Elpon his fortune and his grace Cometh, Had I wifte, full ofte a place. for he both all his thonge by gelle, And boideth all fikernelle. Mone other counsell good hym semeth But luche, as him felfe bemeth . for in luche wife as he compatteth Dis witte alone all other paffeth, And is with pribe fo through fought, That he all other fet at nought, And weneth of him feluen fo: That luche as he is, there be no mo. And thus he wolde beare a price Do faire, fo femely, noz fo wife Abouen all other, and nought for thy De faith not ones graunt mercy Mo god, whehe all grace fendeth: So that his wittes be befrenbeth alpon him felfe as though there were no god, whiche might anaile there: But all boon his owne witte De Clant, till he fall in the pitte Do ferre, that be maie not arile .

This tractat confessor cum amante super illa sattem presumptione, ep cuius supersite quem plures fatui amantes, cum maioris certitudinis in amore spem sissipromittuut in eppediti citius destituuntur.

And right thus in the lame wife The vice voon the cause of lone So proudely set the herte abone, And both him pleinly sor to wene, That he to lonen any quene

Dath

Dath worthines, and fuffilance : And to without purueiance, Mull ofte be beweth bp fo bie, That chips fallen in his eie. And ehe full ofte be weneth this, There as be nought beloued is Zo be beloued all there beite . Dowe forme telleth what fo the leffe Of this, that I have tolde the bere.

Amans.

Da father be nought in a were, I troive there be no man leffe Of any maner worthinette, That halt him latte worthy than 3 To be beloued, and not for thy, I fate in exculping of me. To all men, that lone to fre. and certes that male no man werne. for love is of bim felfe fo berne, At luteth in a mans berte : But that ne thall not me afferte, To wene for to be worthy To loue, but in bir mercy. But are, of that pe molbe mene, That 3 Quibe otherwife wene To be beloued, than I was : 3 am beknowe, as in this cafe.

Confessor. My good forme tell me botoe. Amans.

Mowe lifte, and I woll tell you Mp good father bowe it is . full ofte it bath befall er this Throngb bope, that was not certaine My wenging bath be fet in baine, To truft in thing, that belpe me nought But onely of mine owne thought for as it femeth, that a bell, Lyke to the worden that men tell Anfwereth : ryght fo no mose ne leffe, To you my father I confelle, Suche will my witte bath ouer fette, That what to bope me bebete, Anll many a time 3 wene it footh. But finally no fpebe it booth . Thus maie 3 tellen, as 3 can, wenyng begyleth many a man : Do bath it me, right well 3 wote. for if a man wolbe in a bote (webiche is without botome) rolpe, De muft nebes ouerthaowe. Right fo wennig bath farbe by mes. for whan 3 wende nert haue bee (As I by my wenyng cafte) Than was I forthelte at lafte : And as a foole my bowe bubende, when all was failed, that I wende, for the my faber, as of this, That my wenyng bath gone amis Tochend to Burquebate, Peue me my penance er 3 bie . But if ye wolde in any forme Ofthis matter a tale enforme, robiche were apene this bice fet, 3 thulbe fare well the bet.

Cliste ponit confeffos epemplum contra illos, qui fuis Biribus psefumentes beblioses efficiuns fur, Et narrat qualiter ifte Campanene mitee in armie probatifimus de fua prefumens auda-cia inuocationem ad fuperos fempore neceffitatio ep Secozdia ta et non alites primitus proneniffe affreuit, unde in obfidione ciuitatis Chebarum, cum ipfe quodam die coram fuis hoffibus ab des Bellandum (e obtulit, ignis de ceto fubito fuper beniene ipfil armatil totaliter in cineres cobuffil.

My forme in all maner wife Durquebale is to belpile : wherof I fynbe wite thus . The proud linight Campaneus, De was of luche Burquebrie, That be through bis chiualrie Thon bem felfe fo mochell truffe, That to the gods bim ne lufte In no quarell to belerbe, But faide, it was an ybell speche, whiche cause was of pure brebe Hos lacke of berte, and for no nede: And bpon luche prelumption De belbe this proube opinion, Myll at the latte byon a bais About Thebes, where be late, whan it of liege was beleine, This knight, as the Cronike feine, In all mans light there, whan be was proudeft in his gere, and thought nothing might bim bere,

Full

full armed with his thelbe and fpere, as be the citee wolbe affaile, God toke bym felfe the battaile Apenit his pride, and fro the faie A firie thonder lobeinly De fende, and hom to pouder finote. and thus the pride, whiche was hote, usban be most in his strength wende was beent, and loft withouten ende. Do that it proneth well therfore, The Arength of man is fone loze. But if that be it well gouerne. And over this a man maie lerne, That che full ofte tyme it greueth, what that a man bim felfe beleueth. As though it thulbe him well befeme, That be all other men can beme, And bath forpete bis owne bice, A tale of them that be fo nice, And feignen them felfe to be fo wife, 3 thall the tell in fuche a wife: wherof thou falte enfample take, That thou no fuche thonge onbertake.

Tibic foquitur confesso contra istos, qui de sua scientia presumentes asionum eddiciones disudis cantes indiserete redarguunt, Et narrat epems plum de quodam principe regis hungarie gers mano, qui cum fratrem suum pauperidus in pus blico Vidit humitiatum, spsum redarguendo in contrarium edocere presumedat, sed rep ommi sapiencia prepostens, infum sie incause presus mentem ad humitiatia memoriam teribisi prouis dentia missus cassignants.

I fynde bpon Burquedzie, Bowe that whilom of Bungarie
By olde dates was a hynge,
wife, and house in all thynge.
And to befelle dpon a date
(And that was in the moneth of Mate)
As thilke tyme it was diance
This hynge, with noble purnetance
Dath for him felfe his chare araied,
wherin he wolde ride amated,
Dut of the citee for to plate,
with lordes, and with great noblate,
Of luftie folke that were ponge,
where some platde, and some songe,

And fome gone, and fome ride, And fome pricke ber borfe fibe, And briblen them nowe in nowe out. The hynge bis eie caffe aboute, Mill be was at last ware And faw compng ageine bis chare, Two pilgremes of fo great age, That like buto a bale image That weren pale and fabe beweb, And as a bullbe, whiche is believed, Their berbes weren boze and white : There was of hynde but a lite That thei ne femen fully beabe . Thei come to the kynge, and bede Come of his good pur charitee. Ind be with great bumilitee Dut of his chare to grounde lepte. and them in both bis armes clepte. And hift them both foote and bonde Before the lordes of his londe, And pafe them of his good therto. And whan be bath this bede bo, De goth into bis chare ageine. Tho was murmour, tho was difbeigne.

Tho was complaint on every fibe.
Thei fathen of their owne price
Echone till other, what is this?
Our kynge hath bo this thing amille
to to abelle his rotaltee,
That every man it might fee,
And humbled him in fuche a wife
To them that were of none emprile.

Thus was it spoken to and fro Of them, that were with bem tho All prinely behinde bis bache. But to bim felfe no man fpake. The hynges boother in prefence was thilke time, and great offence De toke therof, and was the fame Aboue all other, whiche moffe blame Tyon bis liege lozbe bath laybe, And bath buto the lordes farbe Anon, as be maie time finde : There thall nothinge be lefte bebinde, That be woll fpeke buto the lignige . nowe life what fell boon this thing. Thei were merie, and faire enough, Achone with other plaine and longh

and

And fellen into tales newe,
Dowe that the freshe floures grewe,
And howe the greene leaves spronge,
And howe that love amonge the yonge,
Beganne the herces than wake,
And every birde hath chose his make.
And thus the Maies date to thende
Thei leade, and home agene thei wende.

The kynge was not so some come,
That whan he had his chamble nome,
Dis brother ne was redie there,
And brought a tale but his eare
Of that he did suche a shame,
In hindryng of his owne name:
whan he him selse so wolde dretche,
That to so vile a powre wretche
Dim deigneth shewe suche simplesse
Against the state of his noblesse,
And saith, he shall it no more vie,
And that he mote him selse ercuse
Towarde his lordes enerichone.

The honge fode ftill as any fone, and to bis tale an eare be laibe, And thought moze than be faibe. But netheles to that be berbe well curtoilly the honge answerde And tolbe, it thulbe ben amenbeb . And thus whan that their tale is enbed, All redy was the boobe and clothe: The honge buto bis fouver goth Amonge the loabes, to the ball . and toban thei babben fomet all. Thei token leue, and forth thei go. The kynge bethought him felfe tho, Dowe be bis brother maie chaffie, That be through his furquebrie Toke bpon bonde, and to bipzeile Dumilitee, whiche is to preife: And therbpon pale luche counfeile Towarde his king, whiche was unbeile noberof to be the better lered De thinketh to maken bom afereb.

It fell fo, that in thilke bawe
There was opheined by the lawe
A Trompe, with a fterne breath,
whiche was cleped the trompe of beath:
And in the Lourt, where the hyng was
A certaine man, this trompe of braffe

Zath in kepping, and therof ferueth That whan a loade his death descrueth. De hall this decluil trumpe blowe Tofoze his gate, and make it knowe, Dow that the jugement is youe De deathe, whiche thall not be forpeve.

The kynge whan it was night anone This man affent, and bad him gone To trumpen at his bothers gate.
And he, whiche mote bone algate, Goth footh, and both the kynges beffe.

This loste, whiche herve of this tempet,
That he tofose his gate blewe,
Tho will be by the lawe, and hnewe,
That he was scherly beade,
And as of helpe he will no reve:
What sende for his frendes all,
And tolde them bow it is befall

And thei bym afte cause why.
But he the soothe not, so; thy
De wist, and there was so; owe tho.
Fo; it stode thithe time so,
This trompe was of suche sentence,
That there agene no resistence
Thei coude ordeine by no weis,
That he ne mote algate beis:
But if so that he mais purchace
To gette his liege lordes grate:
Their wittes therupon thei call,
And ben appointed at lass.

This loade a worthie lable had Elnto his wife, whiche also dad The loades beath, and children fine Wetwene hem two thei had aline, That weren younge, and tember of age, and of flature, and of vilage.

Right faire and luftie on to fee.

Aho callen thei, that he and thee, foozthe with their children on the morotoe, as thei that were full of lozowe, all naked but of finoche and therte, To tendre with the kunges berte, His grace thuld go to feche, and pardon of the death befethe.

Thus pallen thet that wofull night. And erly whan thet lawe it light, Thet gone them footh in luche a wife, As thou tologe half herbe bluife, All naked, but their thertes one
Thei wepte, and made muche more.
Their brare hanged about their eares,
with fobbynge, and with forge teares
This lorde goth then an humble pas,
That whilom proude and noble was:
wherof the citee fore a flight,
Of them that fawen thilke fight.
And nethelesse all openly
with suche wepping, and with suche crie,
foorth with his children, and his wife
De goth to prace for his life.

And men therin have hied nome. There was no wight, if he them fle From water might kepe his eie for for force, whiche thei maden tho.

The kying supposeth of this wo, and seigneth as be nought ne wift. Wit netheles at his duriffe Men tolde him, howe it ferde. And whan that he this wonder herde, and whan that he this wonder herde, and all at ones downe thei saile; and all at ones downe thei saile, as hyng, which seeth the go to grounde, Dath asked them what is the fere, why thei be so disposed there.

Dis brother faibe, A lorde mercy, I wote none other cause why, what onely that this night full late. The trompe of deathe was at my gate, In token that I shulde die.

Thus we be come for to preye,
That ye my worldes deathe resulte.

Da foole, how thou art for to wite,
The hynge but bis brother laide,
That thou arte of lo litell fraide,
That onely for a trompes fowne
Dath gone disposed through the towne.
Thou, and thy wife in suche manere,
foorthe with thy children that ben here
In light of all men aboute:
for that thou lays, thou art in boubt
Of beath, whiche stant wider the laine
Of man, and man male it withdraide,
ho that it mais perchance faile.
Dowe shalt thou not for thy meruals

That I bowne from my chare alight, mban I bebelbe to fore my fight, In them that were of fo great age, Morn owne bethe through their pmage, whiche god bath fet by lawe of kynde, wherof 3 maie no boote finbe. for well T wote, fuche as thei bee, Right fuche am I in my begree, Df fleffbe, and bloub, and fo thall befe. And thus though I that lawe obete, Df wbiche that honges be put biber, It ought be well the leffe wonber Than thou, whiche arte without nebe for lawe of londe in luche a brebe: ubliche for to accompte is but a lape, As thing, which thou might ouerfcape. Hoz thy my brother after this I rebe, that fethen, that fo is, That thou cantt brebe a man fo fore. Deebe gob with all then berte mote. for all thall bie, and all thall patte. As well a lyon as an affe : As well a begger as a loabe Towardes beathe in one accorde Thei thall Conve, and in this wife The horig with his woodes wife, Dis brother taught, and all forpeue.

Confessor.

The the my some if then welt live In vertue, then must vice eschewe, And with lowe berte humbleste sewe, So that then be not surquebous.

Amans.

TMy father I am amozous, twherof I wolve you befeche, That ye me by some wate teache, whiche might in lones cause stands.

Confessor.

EMP some thou shalte buderstands,
In love, and other thynges all
If that surquedry fall,
It maie to him not well betide,
twhiche bleth thiske bice of pride,
twhiche tourneth wiseboune to wenying,
And sothfastnes into lesyinge
Through soule imagination.
And so, then enformation,
That thou this bice (as I the rede)
D. ii. Esthetue

Bichewe thate, a tale 3 rebe, whiche felle whilom by bates olbe, Bo as the clerke Duide tolbe.

This in speciali tractal Consesso cum Amante contra illos, qui depapopaia soamositate passus mentes amorem multeris dedignantur. Et nara vat epemplum, qualiter enius dam paincipis situs Nomine Narcissus estiuo tempope, cum ipse Ses nationis causa quendam ceruum solus cum suis canibus epagitaret, in gravem sitim incurrens necessis epagitaret. Sti ipse faciem sui meurens fonte paonne inclinanti: Bit ipse faciem sui pula eservimam in aqua percipiens putabat se per socitam Nimpsam, quam poete Seso Vocant in stus mine cozam suis osulis conspenife, de cuina as more confessin faqueatus, si ipsam ab se de sonte extraseret, pluribus Blandiciis adulabatur, sed cum illud nultatenus persiere potuit, pax nimio languore desciens contra lapides ibidem adias centes caput epuerberans cerebrum effudit.

Exbere was whilom a loobes forme, whiche of his prive a vice wonne Bath caught, that worthie to his liche, To feeben all the worldes riche Abere was no woman for to love, So high he fet him felfe above Of Cature, and of beautee bothe, That him thought all women lothe. So was there no comparison, as towards his condicion.

This ponge loade Marcillus bight, no Arength of love bowe might Dis berte, whiche is bnaffled. But at laffe be was begileb. for of the gobbes purueiance It felle bim on a bate perchance, That he in all his proude fare, Unto the forest gan to fare Amonge other, that there were. To bunt, and bilporte bim there. And whan be came in to the place, where that he wolbe make his chace, The houndes were within a throws Wincompled, and the bornes blome. The great berte anone was founde, with fwifte feete let on the grounde; And be with spoze in bogle fibe, m tol dmil Dim halteth falle for to rive,

All all men be lefte behynde. And as he rode under a lynde Belide a roche, as I the tell, De fawe where spronge a lustie well.

The bate was wonde botte withall, Ind fuche a thurffe was on him fall, That be muft other bie og bainke. And botone belight, and by the brinke De tibe bis bors buto a branche And laine bim lowe for to fanche. Dis thurft : And as be caft bis loke Into the well, and bebe toke, De lawe the like of his bilage, And wende there were an pmage Of fuche a nymphe, as the was tage: wherof that love his berte affage Began, as it was after fene Df bis fotie, and made bim wene It were a woman, that be figbe. The moze that be came the well nigh. The nere came the to bint ageine : Do will be neuer what to feine. for whan be wepte, be fawe bir wepe, And whan he cried, he toke good hepe, The fame worde the cried alfo. And thus began the newe wo. That whilem was to bim fo ffrange. Tho made bim love and barbe eftbange To let bis berte, and to begynne Thong, whiche be might neuer wonne. And ever amonge be gan to loute, And praieth, that the to him come out. And other while be goth a ferre, And other tubile be bratveth nerre: And ever be fonde bir in o place. De weveth, be crieth, be afteth grace, There as be might gette none. Do that avene a roche of fone, As he that knewe none other reade De fmote bim felfe till be was beabe : wherof the Aymphes of the welles, And other that there weren els Unto the wodes belongende, The bodie, whiche was beabe loggenbe. for pure pitee, that thei baue, Under grane thei begrane. And than out of his fepulture There fpronge anone perauenture

Deficiers liche a wonder fight,

That men ensample take might
Upon the dedes, whiche he dede.

And the was sene in other fede:

fo; in the wynter freshe and faire

The floures bene, whiche is contraire

To kynde, and so was the folic,

whiche sell of his surquedie.

Thus be, whiche love had in dibeigne werft of all other was befeine.
And as he fet his price most hie, he was lest worthe in loves eie, and most be taped in his witte, whereof the remembrance is pet:
So that thou might ensample take, and ehe all other for his fake.

Amans, sing denoft quantille

My father, as tourbenbe of mee, This bice I thinke for to flee, that ad san I nobiche of his wrining ever trolpeth. And namelich of thing, whiche groweth In loues caufe, og well of two : and and the Pet pilbeb in me netier to , to den min a ... But wolbe gob that grace fenbe, That rowarde me my laby wende, " dit As 3 towardes bir wene, lana sanakata My love thulbe to be fene, and in the land There Chulve go no pribe a place. But 3 am farre fro thille grace. And for to speake of tyme nother and only Do mote 3 fuffre, 3 panie you, That pe woll afte on other five, If there be any point of pathe : A stant one wherof it nebethme to be flytue."

Confessor.

My sonne, god it the forpene,
pf thou have any thynge mysbo

Lourhend of this: but evermo

Ther is another pet of prive,
whiche never couve his wordes hive,
That he ne wolve hym selse anaunt:
There mais nothings his tonge daunt,
That he ne clappeth as a belle,
wherof if thou wolt that I telle,
It is behovely for to here,
So that thou might the tonge flere

Toward the worlde, and stande in grace:
Whiche lacketh ofte in many a place

To bym that can not litte ftill, upbiche els thulbe baue all bis will.

Magniloque propris minuir iactărie lingue, Famam quam stabile firmat honore filens, Ipse sui laudem meriti non percipit, vnde Se sua per verba iactat in orbe palam, Est ip viri culpa iactauria, que rubifactas In muliere reas causat habere genas.

This toquitur be quarta specie superbie, que iastantia dicitur, en cuino natura cansatur. Be somo de se ipso testimonium persisens, suara Siratum merita de saude in cuspam transsert et suam famam cil entostere vellet, stam posto ose subvertit. Dedet Denne in amosia causa de isto vicio macusatos a sua curia super omnes años absorvens expertit, et cosum mutusoquium ves recundia detestatur, unde Confesso Amansi opponens materiam prenius declarat.

The vice eleped auantance,
with prive bath take his acqueintance.
So that his owne price be lasteth,
when he suche meture overpasseth,
That he his owne beraulde is,
That sirt was well, is than amiste,
That was thanke worther, is than blame i
And thus the worthippe of his name,
Thiough prive of his auantrie,
De tourneth into vilonie.

I rebe, bowe that this proude bice Darb thilke bunt in his office, Through whiche f blattes that be blowerh The mans fame be overthroweth Dibertue, whiche finibe els fpapinge. Winto the worldes knowlegging : But be fogbothe it all to foge . And right of fuche maner lose There ben louers, for thy if thou Arte one of hem, tell and fate bowe, whan thou ball taken any thyinge Of loues pefte, or ouche, or rynge, Da toke boon the for the coloe Some goodly worde that the was tolbe Offrendly chere, og token, og letter, wherof then herte was the better. Of that the lent the gretyng Haft thou for prive of thy lykying Mabe then auaunt, where as the lifte ?

Amans.

3 wolbe father that pe will, My confeience lyeth not bete ! ... Bet bab I neuer fuche mattere, wberof myn berte myght amende, 14 Dot of fo muche as the fenbe By mouth, and faibe, Grete bim well. And thus for that there is no bele, poberofto make mine anaunt, It is to reafon accordaunt, That I maje neuer, but I le, Of lone make anauntrie. I wote not what I thulbe batte bo. If that I had enthefon fo. As ye baue faibe bere many one: But I fond caule neuer none But baunger, whiche me welnte flough : Therof I couth tell enough. And of none other auantaunce : Thus neverb me no repentaunce. notive aftert forther of my life : for berof am Inot giltife. TMP fonne, I am well paid with all. for wite it well in speciall, That loue of his beraie tuftice, Aboue all other agente this bice, at all times moft bebateth is made and mofth all bis berte : and moft it bateth. and the in all maner wife Anauntrie is to befpife, As by enfample thou might witte, aphiche 3 fonbe in the boltes witte.

JEEK . lot

Albie ponit confesso epemplum contea istor, qui vet de sua in armie probitate, Ret de suo in amorie causa desiderio completo se lactant. Et navrat qualiter Albimus primus vep Longo Barrdorm cum ipse quendam asimm regem nomine Guermundum in Besto morientem triumphasset, testam capitie defuncti auserens ciphum ep ca gemmis et auro circumsigatum in sue bictorie mermoris fadricari constigatum in sue bictorie mermoris fadricari constigatum in sue ve splum Europa sul social sus en coniugem sibi copisauit. Onde ipso Alebimo postea coram sui regni nobsibue in suo rea gasi conninio sedente dicti Gurmundiciphum ina sus coniugem successi destre institut, quem sumptum social sue regine porrepti dicens. Wise cum patve tuo, quod et ipsa suiusmodi operia ignara secti. quo sacto rep statim super sia que p prina gesta fuerant cunctie audistibus per sina gusa se iactanit. Regina Bero cum sasta andisci

animo celato factil obborene in mortem bil ful regie circumspecta industria conspirauit. Ipsium iy aupitiantibus Blodesida et Belmege Breni sub secuto tempore interfecit, cuius mortem dup ras venensia tam in corpus regius quam suorum faus torum posten Bindicauit.

Df them, that we lumbardes now call, Albinus was the firste ofall, which bare crowne of Lumbardie, And was of great chiualrie to the hart great In warre ageinft biners honges . to felle amonge other thenges, That be that time a warre bab ! Romana with Gurmund, which the Genten lan. and was a mightle kynge alfo: But netbeles it fell bom fo, and the and self Albinus flough bem in the felbe, Ther balve him nother fpere ne thelbe. That be ne fmote bis bead of than, and the upherof be toke away the panne: De whiche be faibe be wolbe mahe A cuppe, fo; Burmunbes falte, To kepe and brawe in to memorie Of his batatle the victorie. And thus when he the felbe had worme. The londe anon was overrome, 2 And feifed in his owne bonde, where be Burnunbes boughter fonde, whiche maibe Rolamunde bigbt, a said and was in enery mans light der tol ou? A faire, freithe, a luftie one. Dis berte fill to bir anone, in land and a and fuche a lone on bir be caft, ad analis And after that longe time in reffe with bir be bwelleth, and to the belle They loue eche other wonder wele: But the, whiche kepeth the bipnb whele, Clenus, when thei be mofte aboue In allthe bottteft of ber lone, Dir whele the torneth, and thei fell In the maner as 3 Chall tell. This hynge, whiche fobe in all his welch, Dipers, of worthip, and of belth, and felt bem on no fibe greueb, add al As be that bath bis worlbe arbeneb : Tho thought be wolbe a feat make, And that was for his wines fake,

That the the lozbes of the feffe That were obeilant to bis beffe, Male linoive: and fo footh there bpon De let ozbeine, and fent anon By letters, and by mellengers, And warned all bis officers, That enery thonge be well araibe ? The great flebes were affaibe for inflynge and for tornament. And many a perled garnement Embroubed was againe the bate, The lozbes in their beffe arate Be comen at the time fette . Dne infeth well an other bet, And other while thei toznei : And thus thei call care awer. And token luftes byon bonbe. And after thou falt bnberffonbe, To mete into the lunges balle Thei comen, ag thet be bibben all. and whan thet were fette and ferued, Than after, as it was beferued, To them, that worthie linightes were, Do as thet letten bere and there, The paice was pourn, and fpolien out Amonge the beraudes all about . And thus benethe, and the about all was of armes and of love, usberof about at bourbes Men had many fondaie wordes. That of the mirthe, whiche thei mabe, The lignige bim feife began to glabe within his berte, and toke a pribe: And fame the cuppe fonde afide, nobiche made was of Gurmundes bead, As pe baue berbe toban be was beab : And was with golde and riche frones Befet and bounde for the nones, And Stade byon a foote on highte Diborned golde, and with great dight Df werlimenthip it was begrave Df fuche toothe, as it thulbe bane: And politibed was the fo clene, What no figne of the fculle was fene, Mat as it were a grips eie .

The hing babbe beare his cuppe aweie, uphiche fobe befoze him on the bozoe, and fette thilke boon his worde.

The fruile is fette, and toine therm. wher of be babbe bis wife beginne, Dainke with the father, bame be faibe. And the to bis bybbpng obeibe, And toke the fcuile, and what hir lifte the bainkerb, as the , whiche nothing will pobat cup it was sand than all out The hynge in aubience about Dath tolde, it was bir fathers fculle, that the lordes knowe that Di bis bataile a footh witnette. And made anant through what prowes De bath bis wines loue wonne, whiche of the fruile bath fo begonne . Tho was there mochell pride alofte, Thei fpeaken all, and the was fofte, Thinkenbe on thilke bukpinbe pribe, Of that bir lozbe, fo nigh bir fibe Auanteth bem, that be bath flaine, And piked out bir fathers braine, And of the feuile bath made a cuppe. Dbe fuffered all till thet were bppe, And the the bath feheneffe feigneby And goth to chambee, and bath completned Cinto a maine, whiche the truft. Do that none other wighte it wull. This maibe Globelibe is bote. To whome this lable bath bybote. Of labithip all that the can. To avengen bir byon this man. pobiche bib bir brinke in fuche a plite Amonge them all for befrite Ofbir, and of hir father bothe, wheref hir thoughtes ben fo wrothe, be faith, that the thall not be glab, Till that the fe bem fo beftab, That be no more make augunt. And thus thet fell in covenaunt. That thei acorden at the lafte with liche wiles, as thei caffe, That thei woll gette of their acrozbe Dome opped hnight to fle this lorbe. And with this fleight thei begrine Dotve thet Belmege might wenne, whiche was the hynges bottler, A proude and a luftle bachiller: And Blobefibe be loueth bote. And the to make bym moze affote.

Dir lone graunteth, and by night Thet thape bowe thet to geder might A bedde mete: and done it was.

The fame night, and in this cas The queene bir felfe, the night feconbe went in bir febe, and there the fonde A chaumber berke without light, and goth to bende to this linight. And be to kepe bis observance To loue, both bis obeilance, And weneth it be Blobelibe And the than after late a fibe, and areth hom, what he bath bo. and tobo the was, the tolde bom tho, And faibe Delmege, 3 am the queeue. Dowe thall thy lone well befene Of that thou ball the will wrought, Da it thall loze ben abought, Da thou thait worche, as 3 the faie, And if thou wolt by luche a wate Do my plefance, and belbe it ftill, for euer 3 hall ben at the will Both I, and all mine beritage. Anone the wilbe loues rage, In whiche no man him can gonerne, Mabe bym, that be can not werne, But fell all bolle to bir affent . And thus the whele is all milwent, The whiche fortune bath byon bonde Ho; bowe that ever it after fonde, Thei hope amonge them luche a wile, The hynge was bead within a tobile, Do flily came it not aboute, That thei ne ben bilrouered out, to that it thought them for the bell To flee, for there was no refte. and thus the trelour of the lipinge Thei truffe, and muche other thonge, and with a certaine felowihip Thei fied, and went awey by thip, and beloe their night cours from then Mill that thei comen to Rauerine, pobere thet the bukes belpe fought. and be, lo as thet bim belought, A place graunteth for to bivell. But after, wben be berb tell Dfthe maner, bowe thei baue bo, The buke let thape for them fo,

And all this made anant of pride.
Good is therfore a man to hive
Dis owne price. for if he speake,
De maie lighteliche his thanke breake.
In armes speth none avantance
To him, which thinketh his name avance,
And he renomed of his dede.
And also who that thinketh to spede
Of love, he maie not him avanute.
Hor what man thiske vice haunte,
Dis purpose shall full ofte faile:
In armes he that woll transile,
Drelles loves grace atteine,
Dris lose tonge he mote restreine,
whiche beareth of his honour the keie.

For the my forme in all weie

Take right good bede of this mattere.

I thanke you my father dere,

This fithole is of a gentell lore:

And if there be ought elles more

Of price, whithe I hall esthewe,

Nowe areth forth, and I woll thewe

what thenge, that re me woll enforme.

Confessor.

My some pet in other forme
There is a vice of prives lose,
whiche like an bawke, whan he will sore,
fleech up on bigh in his vices,
And woll no mans reason knowe.
Till he bowne fall, and overthrowe.
This vice Claimplorie is hote,
where my some I the byhote
To trete and speke in suche a wife,
That thou the might better ause.

Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores, Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupit. Eius amicitiam, quem gloria tollit inanis, Non sine blandicijs pianus habebit homo. Verbis compositis qui scit strigila re fauelli, Scandere fallata iura valebit eques. Sic in amore magis qui blada subornat in ore Verba, per hoc brauis q nequit, alter habet, Et tamen ornatos cantus, varios ip paratus, Lesa ip corda suis legibus optat amor.

Abic foquitur be quinta fpecic fuperdie, que gname gfozia Socatur. Et einfdem Sicii naturam prime poimo deferibena fuper codem in amosia caufa Confessos amanti confequenter opponit.

The proube bice of bainglorie Kemembreth nought of purgatorie Dis worlbes topes ben fo great Dim thinheth of benen no bepete. This lives pompe is all his pes, per fall be beie nethelese was and tech out? and therof thinketh be but a lite. for all bis luft is to belite, war and a date In newe thonges, proude and baine, as farfoorth as be maie attaine I troive, if that be might make Dis bobte newe, be wolbe tahe A newe forme, and leave bis olde. for what theng, that be male beholbe, The tobiche to comon ble is frange, Anone bis olbe guife change De woll, and falle therbpon, Like buto the Camelion whiche byon enery fondate beine, That he beholt, be mote newe Dis colour: and thus bnaufed full ofte tyme be fant bilguiled Mose toplife than the bysbe in Male: De maketh bim euer frefthe and gaie, And both all bis arate bilguple, to that of bom the news gunte Dflufty folke all other take, And the be can carolles make, Roundel, balabe, and berelate. And with all this, if that be mais Df loue gete bim auantage. Anone be wart of bis corage, Do ouer glab, that of bis enbe De thinketh there is no beth comende. for be bath than at all tibe Oftour luche maner palde, Dim thinketh bis top is enbeles.

Confessor.

Dow thine the some in gobbes pees,
and of thy lone telle me plaine,
pf that the glorie bath be so baine.

Amans.

The father as touchend of all,
I mate not well, ne noughten thall,
Of batne gloste ercufe mee,
That I ne have for love bee

The better abjetly and araive:
And allo I have ofte allaive
Roundel, balades, and verelais
for hir, on whom myn bert lais,
To make, and also for to peinte
Larollis with my wordes queints
To fee my purpose alofte.
And thus I lange them forth full ofte
In balls, and she in chambre abouts,
And made mery amongs the routs.

But yet ne feede I not the bet:
Thus was my glozie in baine befet Df all the toy that I made.
For when I wolve with hir glade,
And of hir love longes make:
Dhe laive, it was not for hir lake,
And lifte not my longes bere,
The witen, what the wordes were.
Do for to speke of myn arraie
Pet coude I never be so gaie,
The so well make a longe of love,
wherof I might ben above,
And have encheson to be glade:
But rather I am ofte adjable
For soon, that the saith me naie.

And netbeles I woll not fate. That I nam glabbe on other fibe. for fame, that can nothing bibe. All bate woll bring buto mpu ere Of that men fpeken bere and there, Dow that my laby beareth the paice, bow the is faire, bow the is wife, Dow the is womanliche of chere: Dfall this thing whan I male bere, what wonder is though I be fained And the toben I maje bere faine Tibunges of my labies bele, all though I maie not with bir bele : pet am I wonber glab of that. fo; when I wote bir good effate, As for that trine I bare well fwere, Done other fogothe male me bere, Thus am I glaved in this wife. But father of your loses wife, Df whiche pe be fully taught, Dowe telle me if pe thinke ought That I therofam to wite.

Dethat there is, I the acquite

My forme, he faibe: and for the good
I woll that thou biderstode,
for I thinke byon this mattere
To tell a tale, as thou halt here,
Dowe that ageine this proud vice
The high god, of his tustice,
Is wrothe, and great bengeance booth,
how berken a tale, whiche is sooth,
Though it be nought of lones kinde,
a great ensample thou shalt sinde
This baine glorie for to see,
which is so full of banitee.

Humani generis cum fit tibi gloria maior, Sarpe fubeffe folet proximis ille dolor, Mens elata graues defcenfus farpe fubibit Mens humilis stabile molle'og firmat iter. Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbë, Cum magis alta petis inferiora time.

ar lib ic ponit confesso exemplum contra Bitium inanie glozie, narrans quasice Dabugodonosos eco Caldeogum cum ipse in omni sue maiestatio glozia celsios exitisset, deus cias supersid cassis gare Bolens, ipsum extra formam sommiein ses stiam farnum comedentem transmutauit. Et sie per septennium pentens cum ipse potentiorem se agnouit, misertus deus ipsum in sui regni solum restituta santate emedatu graciosus collocauit,

There was a kynge, that much might, upbich Dabugobonoloz bight: Df whom that I fpake bere tofore, pet in the Bible this name is boje. for all the worlde in thorient was bole at his commandement, As than of hynges to his liche was none fo mighty, ne fo riche. To his empire, and to his lawes, As who faith, all in thilke bawes mere obeifant, and tribute bere, As though be god of erthe were. with frength be put hynges bnber. And injought of pride many a wonder. De was fo full of baingloste, That be ne bab no memorie, That there was any god but bee, Hoz paide of his paolperitee : Till that the high hing of hinges. wobich feeth and knoweth all thenges, uphofe eie maie notheng afferte

The privilees of mans berce,
Thei speken and sowne in his ere,
As though thei loude wyndes were.
De toke bengeance of his prive.
But so; he wolde a while abide
To loke, if he wolde him amende,
To him asore token he sende,
And that was in his stepe by night.

This prome hing a wonder light
Dad in his sweven, there he late,
Dim thought doon a mery date,
As he behelde the world about,
I tre full growe he sawe there out,
Which stode in the world amiddes even,
Whos beight stranght by to the beven:
The leves weren saire and large,
Of frute it bere so ripe a charge,
That all men it might fede.
De sawe also the bowes sprede
A bove all erth, in whiche were
The kinde of all byrdes there.

And the him thought be fate also The hinde of all beffes go Under the tre about rounde, And fedden them boon the grounde,

As be this biberfobe and figh Dim thought be berde a voice on high Treende, and faibe abouen all: Dewe downe this tree, and let it fall. The leues lette befoule in baff, And bo the frute beffrote and walf, And let of threben enery branche, But at rote be let it ffanche. whan all his pribe is call to grounde The rote thall be faff boumbe, And thall no mans berte bere, But every luft be thall forbere Of man, and like an ore his mete Degraffe be thall purchace and ete, Till at the water of the beuen Dath walthen bim by tymes feuen, so that he thorough know aright, what is the benentpebe might, And be made humble to the wille Di bim, which mate all laue and fuille.

This hyng out of his fweuen absaide, And he byon the mosowe it faide Unto the clerkes, which he had But none of them the footh arab.
was none his sweven couth undo:
And it stode thiske time so,
This kynge had in subjection
Jude, and of assection
Aboven all other one Daniell
De loveth, so, he couth well
Durine, that none other couthe,
To hym were all thynges couthe,
As he it had of gods grace:
De was before the kynges face
Assection the point the kynge of tolde
The sortume of his sweven expounde,
As it shulde afterwarde be sounde.

whan Daniell this fweuen berbe. The flobe longe tyme, er be answerbe, And made a wonder beup there .

The kyinge toke hebe of his manere, And bad hyin tell that he wulfe, As he, to whom he morbell truffe, And faide, he wolde not be wooth.

But Daniel was wonder loth, And faibe, byon the fo men all dops konge the fweuen mote fall. And netheles touchend of this I woll the tellen, bow it is. And what difeate is to the thave. Boo wote if thou it thalt elcape. The bigbe eree, whiche thou balt fene, with lette and fruite fo well befene. The whiche flobe in the worlde amfoben, So that the belles and the birdes Bouerned were of bim alone : Doy kinge betokeneth the perfone, whiche fronte aboue all ertbely thonges: Thus reignen buber the, the lunges, and all the people buto the louteth. and all the worlde the perfon bouteth : to that with baine bonour bereineb Thou baffe the renerence weined from byun, whiche is the honge about, That thou for brebe ne for loue wolt nothinge knowen of the god, whiche nowe for the bath mabe a rob. The baine glosie, and the folie with great prines to chaffie And of the boice thou bernett fpeke,

mobiche bab the bowes for to breke. And beive and fell bowne the tree. That worde belongeth buto thee . The reigne thall be ouer throwe, and thou bispotled for a throwe. But that the roote foulbe fonbe. Aby that thou thalt well unberffonbe There thall abide of the reigne . A time ageine whan thou thait reigne . And eke of that thon berbeft fate To take a mans berte awete and fet there a beffiall, that be like an ore thall Maffure, and that be be byreinen By tymes fenen, and foze peined, Till that be knowe bis gods mightes. Than thall be Cond againe byzightes . All this betokeneth thine effate, upbiche nowe with god is in bebate. Thy mans forme thall be laffed, Tyll feuen pere ben ouer paffed, and in the likenes of a beaffe Df gras thall be the rotall featle. The wether thall boon the raine: And binber fronte, that all this paine, whiche thou thait fuffre thille tibe, Is thape all onely for the pathe

Whiche thou hast longe Aonden in.

So byon this condicion,

Thy swevene bath exposicion.

But er this thyinge befalle in dede
Amende the, this wolde I rede.

Peuc and departe thyn almeste,

Do mercy forth with rightwisenes,

Beseche and praie the bighe grace,

for so thou might thy peas purchace

with god, and Konden in good accorde.

Df baine glosie, and of the finne,

But prive is loth to lefe his lorde, and woll not fuffre humilitee with hym to fronce in no degree. And whan a thip hath lofte his ffere Is none so wise, that mate hym flere Ageine the waves in a rage.

This proude hynge in his courage Dumilitee hath so forlore,
That for no swenen (he saw tofore) he yet so, all that Daniell

Dyn

Dim bath counfeiled every dele,
The lette it palle out of his minde
Through vainglorie, and as the blinde
The feeth no weie, er him be two,
And fell within a time fo.
As he in Wabplone wente
The vanitee of prive him bente,
This berte aros of vaine glorie,
So that he drough into memorie
This lordhip and his regalie,
twith twoordes of furquedrie.

And whan that he him moste anaunteth,
That look, whiche vainglosie daunteth,
All soberly, as who faith trets,
twhere that he stode in his palets,
The toke him from the mens sight,
was none of them so ware, that might.
Het cie, where he become.
And thus was he from his hyngdome
Into the wilde societe drawe:
where that the mighty gods lawe,
Through his power did him transforme
fro man in to a beastes some:
And like an ore under the sote
To getten him his lives sode.

Tho thought bim cold gras goode, That whilome ete the bote fpices: Thus was be torned from belices. The ippne, inbiche be was wonte biinhe De toke then of the welles bainke. Da of the pit, og of the flough, It thought bim then good enough. In febe of chambres well arated, De mas than of a buffhe well apaled. The barbe grounde be late bpon, fo; other pilowes had be non . The Comes, and the rames fall, The wendes blowe been bim all, De foas tourmented bate and night, Duche was the bigh gobs might, Toll feuen pere an enbe toke : Alpon bym felfe tho gan be loke . In febe of meate, gras and freps, In flebe of hanbes, longe cleve, In frebe of man, a beaffe like De fawe, and than be gan to like. fo; cloth of golde and of perrie

whiche him was wonte to magnifie, when he beheld his cote of heares. He wepte, and with full wofull teares who to the beuen he cast his chere whepend, and thought in this manere, whough he no workes might winne, who said his herte, and spake within.

mightie god, that all half wought, And all might baring agains to nought: Dowe knowe 3, but all of thee, This worlde bath no profperitee . In then afpecte ben all aliche, The pour man and the the riche, mothout the there mate no wight : and thou aboue all other might. D mighty losbe toward my bice Thy mercy medle with fulfice, and 3 woll make a couenant, Abat of my life the remenant 3 thatl it by thy grace amende, And in thy lawe to bifpende, That bainglosie 3 thall eftbewe, and bowe buto thin beffe, and fewe Dumilitee, and that I bowe. And fo thinkend be gan botone botoe. And though bym lacke boice of fpeche, De gan by with his feete areche, And wailend in bis beffip ftenen De mabe bis plaint bnto the beuen. De lmeleth in bis wife, and bateth, To feche mercy, and affaieth Dis gob, which made bim nothing arage, whan that be faire bis pribe change. Anone as be was bumble and tame De fonde towarde bis god the fame : And in a twinkelpinge of a loke Dis mans forme ageine be tohe, And was reformed to the reigne, In whiche that be was wonte to reigne: to that the paide of baine gloate Quer afterwarbe out of memorie De let paffe, and thus is fbeweb, what is to ben of pathe butheweb, Ageine the high gobs laive : To tohome no man maie be felate. for the my fonne take good bebe to for to lebe thy manbebe, That thou ne be not like a beffe.

But if thy life thall ben boneffe, Thou muft bumbleffe take on bonbe. for than might thou fiker fonde. And for to fpelie it other wife A proude man can no loue affife. for though a woman wolve bim pleafe, Dis paibe can not ben at cafe. There male no man to morbel blame A bice, whiche is for to blame. for the men thulben nothing bibe. That might fall in blame of paibe, whiche is the worlt vice of all; wherof, to as it was befall. The tale I thinke of a crontke To telle, if that it maie the like: Do that thou might humblelle fewe, And the the bice of pathe elcheine, subberof the glosie is faile and baine, whiche god bim felle bath in difaine ! That though it mount for a throwe. It thall botone fall and overthrowe.

Est virtus humilis, per qua deus aleus ad ima Se tulit, & nostræ viscera carnis habet. Sic humilis superest, & amor sibi subdit ols, Cuius habet nulla sorte superbus opem, Odit eum terra, cœlum delecit & ipsum, Sedibus inferni statop receptus ibi.

Ellele navrat confesso epemplum confra supersiam. Et bicit, quob nuper quidam rep famosa paudencie cuidam missit suo super stisus questios misus. It inde certitudinis responsionem daret sus pena capitalis sententie terminum pressive. Drimo quid minopis indigentie as infastitantidus ordem aupitum maius obtinuit. Accumdo quid maioris meriti continens minopis expense repriss sas epiguit. Eertio quid omnia sona diminuens em sui proprietate nisis penitus Valuis. Quarum Bero questionum quedam Virgo dicti mistis sistia nosmine patris solutionem aggredide taster regi respondis. Ad primam divit, quod terra nustius indiget, qua tamé adiuave cotidiamis sasoribus omnes intendunt. Ad secundam divit, que samen mistius prodigastitatis expensis mensuram epocedit. Ad tertiam divit que suaster, que tamen mustus prodigastitatis expensis mensuram epocedit. Ad tertiam divit que suasten maiorum epocedit. Ad tertiam divit que suastans maiorum epocedit. Ad tertiam divit que suastans maiorum epocedit quam anime sona devastans maiorum epocedit.

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support of the state of course and

Diping was whilem pong and wife. The which of his wit fet great piles Of bepr imaginations, And Grange interpretacions, Bablemes and bemaundes ele Dis wifebome was to finbe and fele : wherof be wolbe in fondale wife Oppolen them, that weren wife. But none of them it might bears Alpon his worde to yeur antwere, Dut taken one, whiche was a linight, To bim was every thong to light, That alfo foone as be them berbe, The hynges wordes be answerbe. what theng the lipnge bim afte wolde, There anone the trouth be tolbe. The hynge fombele bab an enuie, And thought be wolde his wittes plie To fet fome conclusion. nobiche fhulbe be confusion Winto this bright, fo that the name, And of wifebome the bigh fame, Towarde bim felfe be wolbe wonne. and thus of all his witte within This tipinge began to fluble and mule, what Grange matter be migbt vie, The linightes wittes to confounde: And at laft be bath it founde. And for the lunght anon be fent, That be Call tell , what be ment Alpon the pointes of the matters Di queffions, as thou fhalte bere.

The first e point of all the was this : what thing in his begree Of all this worlde bath nebe left, And pet men beloe it all their mest.

The feconde is : what moffe is worth, And of coffage is left put foorth.

The thirde is : whiche is of most cost, And lest is worthe, and gothe to lost.

The lynge thefe thre bemandes areth,
To the lunight this lawe be tareth,
That he chall gone and come ageins
The thirde weke, and tell him pleins
To every point, what it amounteth.
And if so be, that he iniscounteth,
To make in his answere a faile,
There hall none other thyng avails

The honge fairly, but he thall be beabe, and lefe his goodes, and his head.

Fol XXV.

This knight was forte of this thing, and wolbe ercufe bim to the hong. Wat be ne wolde bim not fogbere. And thus the lunight of his answere Goth bome to take aufement. But after bis entenbement, The moze be caft bis witte about The mose be fant therof in boubte. Tho will be well the kunges berte, That be the beath ne thulbe afferte : and fuche a forome bath to bim take, That gladibippe be bath all foglake. De thought firfte bpon bis life, And after that bpon bis wife, Ulpon bis childre elle alfo, Df whiche be bad boughters two. The pongeft of them bab of age Sourtene pere, and of bilage bbe was right faire, and of frature Liche to an benenly figure, And of maner, and of goodly fpeche, Though men wolde all londes feche, Thet foulde not baue founde bir like. be faive bir father forothe and file, And will not the cause why : Do came the to bim patiely, And that was, wher he made bis mone Within a garbeine all bim one. Alpon bir knees the can bowne fall with bumble berte, and to bim call And faibe : D good father bere, noby make pe thus beny chere ? And I wote nothing bowe it is. And well pe knowe father this, apphat auenture that you felle, De might it laufly to me telle. for 3 baue ofte berbe pou faibe, That pe fuche trufte baue on me laibe. That to my filer, ne to my brother, In all this worlde ne to none other, pe burft telle a primetee Do well my father as to mee. Ho; the my father I pou praie, De caffeth nought that bert awaie. for 3 am the, that wolbe hepe Pour honour : and with that to wepe

Dir eie maie not be forbore.

The willbeth for to ben bubore,
Er that hir father so mistryst.

To tellen hir, of that he wyst.

And ever amonge mercy she cribe,
That he ne shulde his counselle hibe
From hir, that so wolde him good,
And was so nigh sellhe and bloud.
So that with weppinge at last
Dis chere boon his childe he caste,
And so cowfully, to that she praide,
De tolde his tale, and thus be saide.

The foroive boughter, which I make,
Is not all onely for my fake,
But for the bothe, and for you all.
For fuche a chance is me befalle,
That I hall er this thirde date
Lefe all that ever I lefe mate,
Mylife, and all my good therto.
Therfore it is, I foroive fo.

What is the cause alas, quod thee, My father, that pe thuben bee Dead, and diffroied in suche a wife ?

And he began the pointes beuile, whiche as the hyng tolde him by mouth, And faid hir plainly, that he couthe Antwere to no point of this.

And thee, that bereth boto it is, Dir countaile pale, and faib tho. My father, fpn tt is fo, That pe can fee none other wele. But that pe mult nedes beie. I wolde pray you of o thying, Lette me go with you to the hyng, and pe thati make bim bnberffonbe. Dowe pe my wittes for to fonde, Dane laide pour answere buon mee : And telleth bim in fuche begree, Alpon my worde pe wol abibe To life or beth what fo betibe. for pet perchance I male purchace woith fome good word the hynges grace, pour life and eke pour good to faue. for ofte thall a woman bane Thong, whiche a man mate not areche.

The faber berd his boughters fpeche, And thought there was no reason in, And sawe, his owne life to wynne De couthe bone bym felfe no cure: Go better be thought in auenture To put his life, and all his good, That in the maner as it flobe, Dis life incerteine for to lefe . and thus thinkend be gan to chefe, To bo the counfeile of this maide, And toke the purpole, whiche the faibe. The bate was come, and foorth thei gone, Winto the courte thei come anone, where as the livinge in his lugement was lette, and bath this lunght affent, Arrafed in ber belt wife . This maiden with hir wordes wife Dir father ledde by the bonde In to the place, where be fonde The hynge, with other whiche be wolbe: And to the livinge tinelende be tolbe, As be enfourmed was to fore, And praieth the hynge, that be therfore Dis boughters wordes wolde take, and faith, that be well undertake Cloon bir wordes for to fronde.

Tho was ther great meruaile on honde,
That he, whiche was to wife a lunght,
Dis lyfe boon to ponge a wight
Welette wolde in teopardie:
And many it helden to; folte.
But at latte neuertheles
The hynge commaundeth ben in peace,
And to this maide he call his there,
And faide, he wolde hir tale here,
And badde hir freake: and the began.

My liege lotbe, So as I can, Quod the, the pointes, whiche I berbe, Thei thall of reason ben answerde.

The first I understonde is this, what thenge of all the worlde it is, which even most beloe, and bath lest nede: My liege look this wolde I rede, The erthe it is, which evermo twith mans labour is bego, As well in winter as in Maie, The mans honde both what he maie.

To beloe it footh, and make it riche: And for the men it belue and biche, and eren it with strength of plough, where it hath of hym selfe enough:

Do that bis nebe is at lefte : for every man, bythe, and beaffe, Df floure, and graffe, and roote, and rinbe, And every thonge by wep of kinde Shall fferne, and erthe it fhall become, As it was out of erthe nome It hall to earth tourne ageine, And thus I may by reason seine, That therthe is mott nebeles . And most men belpe it netbeles. Do that my lozbe, thouchende ofthis. I baue answerve bowe that it is . That other point I buberfobe, uphichemost is worth, and most is good, And coffeth leaft a man to kepe : My lozde, if ye woll take kepe, 3 fate it is Dumilitee, Through whiche the bigh Trinitee, As for beferte of pure loue, Winto Marie from about Of that be knewe bir bumble entent. Dis owne forme abotune he fent Aboue all other, and bir bechefe, for that bertu, whiche that bobeth pes. so that I male by reason call Dumilitee molt worthe of all, And left it cofferb to mainteine In all the worlde, as it is feine. for who that bath bumbleffe on bonde, De bapageth no warres in to londe. Hoz be befyzeth for the best To letten every man in refte. Thus with your bigh reverence, Me thinkerb that this enibence, As to this point, is fuffilant. And touchende of the remenant, whiche is the thirde of pour alkenges, nobat left is worth of all thringes, And coffeth molt, 3 tell it 12:De. pobiche may not in the benen abibe. for Lucifer, with them that felle Bare Paide with bym into belle. There was pribe of to great cofte, noban be for pribe bath benen lofte. And after that in Barabile Abam for pribe loft bis price In mpodell erth . And ehe alfo Drive is the cause of all wo

That all the worlde ne male fulfile To Canche of pride the reprile.

whiche is the head of all finne,
whiche wasteth all, and maie not winne.
Prive is of enery mille the pricke,
Prive is the worse of all wicke,
And costeth most, and lest is woorth,
In place where he bath his foorth.

Thus baur 3 faibe, that 3 woll faie Of myn antwere, and to you prate My liege losbe of pour office, That ve luche grace, and luche tuffice Dabeine for my father bere, That after this, when men it bere, The worlbe therof maie fpeake goob . The honge, which reason buderstode, And bath all berbe bowe the bath faib, was inly glabbe, and fo well paide, That all his weath is ouer go, And be beganne to loke tho Cloon this maiben in the face: In whiche be fonde fo mochel grace, That all his price on hir be leive, In audience, and thus be laibe .

My faire maiben well ye bee,
Df thyn answere, and the of thee
Me liketh well, and as thou wilte
Hoppene be thy fathers gilte.
And if thou were of suche lignage,
That thou to me were of parage,
And that thy father were a pere,
As be is nowe a bachilere:
Ho sher as I have a life,
Thou thubest than be my wife.
What this I sate netheles,
That I well shape thine encrease,
what worldes good that thou wolf trave
Are of my pete and thou shalt bave.

And the the ligning with wordes wife Dinelyings charmeth in this wife.

My liege loode god mote you quite,
My father here bath but a lite
Of warfon, and that he wende
Dad all be loft, but nowe amende
De mate well through your noble grace.

Unith that the livinge right in bis place. Anon foosthe in that freithe bete. An Arlevoure, whiche than of elchete. twas late falle into his honde, Tinto this knight, with rente and londe, Dath youe, and with his chartre feased. And thus was all the notic appealed.

This maiben, whiche fate on bir knees Tofoze the honges charitees Commendeth, and faith enermoze, My liege lozbe right nowe tofoze De faibe, and it is of recorbe. That if my father were a lozbe. And pere bnto thefe other great, pe wolben for nought elles lette, That I ne thulbe be your wife. And thus wote enery worthy life, A kunges worde mote nebe be bolde. Hoz thy my losde, if that ye wolde Do great a charitee fulfill, God mote it were well my will . for be whiche was a bachilere, My father is nowe made a pere, bo whenfe as ever that I cam An erles boughter now 3 am .

This ponge hynge, whiche peiled all Hir beautee, and hir witte withall, As he, whiche was with lone hence, Anone therto pafe his affente.
De might not the place afferte,
That the nis ladie of his herce,
ho that he toke hir to his wife,
To holde, while that he bath life.

And thus the honge towarde his huight Accordeth him, as it is right.

And over this good is to wite, In the cronike as it is write This noble kynge, of whom I tolde, Of Spayne by the baies olde The kyngedome had in governance. And as the boke maketh remembrance, Alphons was his propre name.

The knight also, if I thail name. Dom Wetro hight, and as men tell, Dis boughter wife Wetronell twas cleped, whiche was full of grace, And that was fene in thilke place, twhere the hir father out of tene Dath brought, and made hir felfe a quene, Of that the hath so well disclosed The pointes where the was opposed.

Confessor.

Confesior.

Lo now my fonne, as thou might bere Df all this thing to my mattere: But one I take, and that is pribe, To whom no grace male betibe. In beuen be felle out of his ftebe, and Warabile bim was forbebe. The good men in erthe bim bate, to that to belle be mote algate, where enery bertue thall be weined, And euery bice be refceineb. But Dumbleffe is all other wife. whiche most is worth, and no reprise It taketh agein, but fofte and faire If ony thing Cant in contraire, with bumble fpeche it is rebreffeb.

Thus was this yonge maine bleffed, The whiche I spake of nowe tofoze: Dir fathers life the gatte therfoze, and wanne with all the konges loue. for thy my fonne, if thou wolt love, It fitte the well to leaue paibe, and take Dumbleffe on the libe. The moze of grace thou thalt gete.

Amans.

My father I woll not forvete Df this that ye baue tolbe me bere, And if that any fuche manere Of bumble poste male loue appage, Dere afterwarbe 3 thinke allage. But nowe footh ouer 3 befeche. That ye more of my thatte feche.

Confessor. They good forme it thall be bo. Dotte berken and lay an eare to. for as touchende of prides fare Als ferforth as I can beclare In cause of bice, in cause of lone, That half thou plainly berbe aboue ! so that there is no moze to fair Touchende of that, but other wate Mouchende enuie 3 thinke telle. mobiche bath the propre kinde of belle wethout cause to miso Towarde bim felfe, and other alfo Dere afterwarde as biderfande

Thou halte the fpices, as thei frame.

Explicit Liber primus,

Inuidiæ culpa magis est arriva dolore, Nam sua mens nullo tempore læta manet. Quo gaudet ali, dolet ille, nec ynus amicus Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit. Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, & ofs Eft fibi lætitia fic aliena dolor,

Hoc etenim visium qua læpe repugnar amari, Non fibi, led reliquis, da fauetipla Venus. Est amor ex propria mou fantasticus, & quæ Gaudia fert alifs credit obelle fibi.

Moie in fecundo fibro tractat de inuidia, et elua fpeciebus , quarum bolos afferius gandil psima nuncupatur, cuius conditione, fecundil Bitill Cons feffoz pzimitue beferibene amati,quatenue amos rem concernit, fuper cobe confequentes opponit.

Incipit Liber Secundus.



Dive after pribe the feronde There is , whiche many a wofull founde Towardes other beareth aboute

within bim felfe, and not without. for in bis thought be bremeth euer whan that be wote an other lever, Da moze vertuos than bee: whiche paffeth bim in his begree, Therof be taketh bis malable, That bice is cleped botte enuie. for the me forme if it be fo, Thou arte, 03 baff ben one of tho, as for to fpeke in lones ens, If euer pet then bert was Ocche of an other mans bele ? Tho gob anance my quarele My father yea thoulande lith, woban 3 baue fene another blithe Of loue, and bab a goodly chere, Othna, whiche brenneth yere by yere was than nought fo bote as 3 Of thilke fore : for whiche prinely Myne bertes thought within brenneth, The thip, whiche on the watves renneth, And is forfformed and forblowe Is not more peined for a throwe Aban I am than, whan I fee A nother, whiche that paffeth mee In that fortune of loues pefte.

But father, this 3 tell in fhifte, That no where but in a place.

Pol XXVIII.

for two thatlefe or finbe grace las willed In other Rebeilt mate nought greue. But thus pe mate right well beleue Tawarbe my labie, that I ferue, Though that I welle for to fferue, Men bert is full of furbe folfe. That I mp felfe mate not chafte rioban I the court fee of Lupide Approche buto mp lable libe Of bem, that lufty ben and frefthe, Though it availe them not a refthe : But onely that thei ben of fpecbe, de cont My forome is than not to feche. Wut wban thei rownen in bir eare. Than growerb all my moft feare. and namely wban thei talen longe. My forowes than be fo fronge, Ditbat T fee them well at cale, 3 can not tell my bifeafe. Wat fire, as of my lady felne Though the bane wowers. r. o; twelue, Hos no millrufte 3 baue of bir Me greueth nought : for certes ftr, I trowe in all this worlbe to feche Ols woman, that in bebe and fpeche woll better aufe bir, tohat the booth, De better, for to faie a foothe, There bir bonour at all tibe : And pet gette bir a thanke belibe. But netheles 3 am belmowe, That whan I fee at any throwe, D; els if I maie it bere, That the make any man good chere: Though 3 therof baue not to boone, My thought woll entermete bim focne. for though I be mp feluen frange, Enute maketh mpn bert change, That 3 am forolofully bestabbe Df that I fee another glabbe with bir, but of other all disputation suggested De loue what fo mate befall, De that be falle, og that be fpebe, and and Therof tale I but litell bebe. Dowe baue I faibe my father all, As of this pointe in Specially des gadien & As ferforthly as I baue wife. nowe areth forber what you lifte. Canp fonne, er 3 after any mose,

A thinke fombele for the lose, ')

Well an example of this mattere

Touchenbe enuie, as thou thalt bees.

Though it be not the houndes kinde
To cate chaste, pet woll be werne
An ore, whiche content to the berne
Therof to taken any foode:
And thus who that it understode
It thant of love in many a place,
who that is out of loves grare,
And mate him seise not availe,
De wolde an other shulde faile.
And if he mate put any lette,
De both al that he mate to lette:
twherof I sinde, as thou shalt witte
The this purpose a tale writte.

Elidie ponit confesso epemplum cotra istoa fats fem, qui in amozia causa asiozum gaudiis inuides tea nequagi per poc sibi ipsis proficiunt. Et nars rat qualifer quidam inuenia milea nomine Acia, quem Gasathea Limpha pul'eperrima toto corde peramaille, cum ipsi sub quadam supe inpsa titue maris colloquium adminicem, habucrunt, potpa phemus gigas consussa rupe magnam inde para tem super caput Acia ab atto prolicies, ipsum per inuidiam interfecis. Et cum ipse super poc dictam Basatheam sapere Botniffes, Arptunus gigasem obsistem, ipsam inuidatam fatus custodia prefere usuit. Sed et dismiserti corpus Acia defuncti in sontem aque discossime subito transmutarunt.

There ben offuche mothan twelue, That be not able as of them felue To get lone, and for enuie Alpon all other thei afpie: and for them lacketh, that thei molpe, Thei hepe that none other foulde Touchend of lone bis cause spede: twberofa great enfample 3 rebe, and the twhiche buto this matter accordeth. as Dufb in bis boke recoabeth Dow Bolyphennis, whilem wrought weben that be Balathe befought Df loue, whiche be mate not latche, That made bim for to waite and watche 13p all wepes bowe it ferbe, Till at the latte be lineive and berbe, Dowe that an other bab leue To loue there, as be mote leur.

As to to speake of any speke.

So that he knewe none other rede,
What for to waiten upon all,
Till he maie fee the chance fall,
That he bir love might greve,
Whiche he bim selse maie not acheve.

This Balathe, faith the poete, Aboue all other was buntete. Debeautee, that men than hnewe, And bad a lufty lone and trewe, A bachpler in his begree, Right fuche an other as was thee, Dn tobom the bath bir bert fet, to that it might nought be let for pelt ne for no bybelte, That the ne was all at his best. This ponge lunight Acia was bote, upbiche bir ageinwarde alfo bote all only loneth, and no mo. Derof was Wolpphemus wo. Through pure enule, and ener afpibe, And watterh byon every fibe, when be to geber might fee This ponge Acis with Galathee.

Do longe be waiteth to and fro, Mill at the lafte be founde bem two In prine place, where thei Robe To fpeke and have hir wordes good. The place, where as be them fighe, It was biber a banke, nighe The great fee, and be about Stode and behelve the lufty loue, whiche eche of them till other mabe, woith goodly there and wordes glade. That all bis bert bath fette a fire Dipure ennie, and as a bire, whiche flieth out of a mighty bowe, Swey be Rebbe for a throwe to the set show As be that was for love woode, noban that be fawe bowe it floobe.

This Polypheme a geant was,
And whan he lawe the footh cas,
Dowe Galathe him bath forlake,
And Acis to hir love take,
Dis herte male it not forbeare,
That he ne rozeth as a beare,
And as it were a wilbe heaff,
In whom no reason might arefte.

De ranne Athna the bille about, twhere never pet the fire was out, sfulfilled of forow and great difeale, That he fawe Acis well at eafe:

Till at the last he him bethought As he, whiche all enuie fought, And tourneth to the banke ageine, twhere he with Galathe bath feine That Acis, whom he thought greue.

Though he him felfe maie not releve.

This graunt with his rube might, Wart of the banke be thofe powne right, The tobiche enen byon Acis files So that with falling of this bille, This Polpphemus Aris flough. wherof the made forothe enough. And as the flebbe from the londs Deptunus toke bir by the bonbe, and hepte bir in fo fatte a place. fro Bolppheme, and his manace, That be with falle bis enute De might atteine bir compante. This Balathe, of whom 3 fpete, That of bir felle maie not be tozeke, mothout any femblant feigned men sale ... She bath ber tones beath completneb, And with hir fogowe, and with hir wo Dhe bath the gobs mourd fo, That thei of pitee and of grace Dane Acis in the fame place There he late bead, in to a well Transformed, as the bokes tell, with freffhe fremes, and with clere, as be whilom with lufte chere mas freffbe, bis loue for to queme; And with this rube Wolppheme, for his enuie, and for his bate Thei were woth. And thus algate

My forme, thou might biberkande,
That if thou wolte in grace frande
twith love, thou must leve envie,
And as thou wite for the partie,
Towards the love frande free:
Do must then luster a nother bee,
twhat so befalle bean the chance.
Hor it is a brivile bengeance,
the birds to none other man is left,
And is but bum felse grefe.

Amans

Amans,

My fader, this enfample is good.
Whit howe to ever that it floode
with Polyphemus love as tho,
It shall not flande with me fo,
To worthen any felonie
In love, for no futbe envie.
for thy if there ought elles bee,
Mowe affect foorth, in what begree
It is, and I me shall confesse
with shifte but pour bolynesse.

Vita fibi foliso mentalia gaudia liuor
Dum videt alterius danna doloris agle.
Inuidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
Fletus cui proprios craftina fata parent.
Sic in amore part ftar forre locofus amantes,
Cum vidit illufos inuidus ille quafi.
Sic licet in vacuum fperet tamé ipfe leuamen
Alterius cafu lapfus & ipfe fimul.

This foquitus confeffos de fermda fpecie imile de, que gaubium afferius bofosis bicifus, est paimo ciufdem Sicil materiam tractans amantis confeientiam fuper codem Efferius inuefligat.

Mpgood forme pet there is A bice revers buto this, pobliche enulous taketh bis glabnes Df that be feeth the beumelle Of other men. for bis welfare Is, whan be wote another care. Of that an other bath a falle De thynheth bim felfe ariff with all. buche is the gladifippe of enuie In worldes thing, and in partie full ofte tymes ette alfo In lours caufe it fant right fo. If thou my forme batte tope bab. uphan thou an other fawe buglan Shaine the therof, My faber pis, 3 am byknowen bnto pou this, Df thefe louers that louen freite, And for that point, whiche thei coneite Ben purfuantes from pere to gere las uniz In loues court, when 3 maie bere, Dow that thei clymbe bpon the tobele, And whan thet were all thall be wele. Thei ben bowne throws at lafe Than am I fed of that fafte, image And laugh, of that 3 fee them loure.

And thus of that thei brewe foure

3 brinke fwete, and am well eafen

2Df that I wote thei ben difeafen.

But this, whiche I you tell bere Is onely for my lable bere, That for none other, that I knowe Me recheth not who overthrowe, De who that Canbe in lone bpright. But be be fquier, be be linight rebiche to my labre warbe purfueth, The moze be lefeth of that be feweth, The more me thinketh that I wynne, And am the more glad within, Df that I wote bim forowe enbure. for ever byon fuche aventure It is a comforte as men feine To bim, the whiche is two befeine, To fene an other in his peine: so that thei bothe male complaine, wobere 3 mp felfe mate not anaile, To fene an other mans tranafle, 3 am right glab if be be lette. And though I fare not the bet. Dis forotve is to mon berte a game. poban that I knowe it to the fame, wobiche to mp labte fant inclineb, And bath bis love not termined. 3 am right loyfull in my thought : If fuche enuie greueth ought, As 3 behnowe me culpable. Pe that be wife and refonable My faber telleth your abuile. Confessor.

May forme, emuie in to no prife
Of suche a sorme I understande
De might by no reason stonde.
For this enuie bath suche a kinde,
That he woll set him selse behinde,
To hinder with a nother wight,
And gladly lese his owne right,
To make another lese his.
And so, to knowe howe it so is
A tale liche to his matere
I thinke telle, if thou wiste here,
To shewe properly the vice
Of this enuie, and the malice.

Clisic ponit Confeffoz epemplum confea illum,

qui sponte suipsue detrimentum in atterine pes nam maiozem patitur, Et nareat, quod cum gupiter angetum suum in sozma hominia, It hos minum condiciones exploraret ab excesso in terram mist, consigit, quod ipse angetus duos homines, quodum knus cupidus et alter inuidus erat, isinerando spacio quasi knius diei commitas batur. Et cum sero factum esse Angelus eozum noticie se ipsum tune manifestans divis, quid quid after comm ab ipso donari sissi pecierit, istuditatim obtinebit, q et socio suo securi comitanti affirmat dupsteandum. Auper quo cupidus impeditus ausricia, sperans sisi dinicias carpere dupsicatas primo petere recusani st. Quod cum innidus animi adverteret naturam sui kici conservenes isa di socio sum ficei conservenes isa di socio sum ficei conservenes isa di socio sum ficei constante primus ab Angeso possumas at set si sonius innidia atterius au aristam inacusanis.

De Impiter thus I fynde pwitte, Low whilom that he wolde wite Thom the pleintes, whiche he herde Amongs the men, howe that it ferde, As of her wrongs condicion To be infificacion. And for that cause before he sent An Lungell, whiche aboute went, That he the sooth knows mais.

So it befell byon a bale,
This angell, whiche him thulb enforme,
was clothed in a mans forme,
And onercole, I biderstonde,
Two men, that wenten over londer
Through whiche he thought to aspie
Dis cause, and goth in companie.

This Aungell with his wordes wife, Dppoleth bent in landay wile, Nowe lowbe wordes and now fofte, That made bem to belputen ofte: And eche of hem bis reason babbe, And thus with tales be bem labbe with good eraminacion, Tyll be tinewe the condicion. usbat men thei were bothe two: And fame well at latte tho, That one of hem was couetous, And his felowe was enulous. And thus, whan be bath knowlaching Anone be feigneb bepartpnge, And faibe be mote algate wende. But berken now what fell at ende. Mo; than he made hem unberstonde, That he was there of gods sonde, And sayd them so; the hyndship, That thei have done him felowship, The wolde do some grace againe, And had that one of hem shuld saine, what thynge is him levest to crave, And he it shall of peste have. And over that ehe south with all The saith, that other have shall The bouble of that his selowe areth. And thus to them his grace be tareth.

The couctous was wonder gladde, And to that other man be badde, And feith, that be firste are shulde, For he supposeth, that he wolde Make his aring of worldes good. For than he lineive well, howe it stood, If that hym selfe by bomble weight Shall after take, and thus by sleight, Wecause that he wolde wynne, De badde his selowe firste begynne.

Abis envious, though it be late, awhan that he fawe he mote algate Make his aringe firste, he thought Is he worthip or profite soughts It shall be bouble to his fere, Abut wolve he chese in no manere. Wut than he sheweth what he was Towarde envie, and in this cas Elnto this angell thus he saide, and so his yeste this he praide, To make hym blynde on his one ese, So that his selowe no thynge se.

This worde was not to toone spoke,
That his one ete anone was loke:
And his felowe foorth with allowas blynde on both his etes two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
De set his one ete at no cost,
wherof that other two bath lost,
Of this ensample, whiche fell tho
Men tell nowe full ofte so:
The worlde empeyreth commonly,
And yet wote none the cause whie.
For it accordeth nought to hynde
Myn owne harme to sethe and synde.

Df that 3 thall my bother greue 3 might neuer well acheue .

what feift thou sonne of this folie?
My father, but I shulve lie
Thou the point, whiche ye have laive,
Pet was myn hert never laive:
18ut in this wyle, as I you tolde,
18ut evermoze if that ye wolve
Dught els to my shrift laie
Touchand enuie, I wolve praie.
My sonne that shall well be do.

Dow barken and lay then care to.

Inuidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem
Quæ magis infamem slatibus oris agit.
Lingua venenato sermone repercutit auris,
Sic vt in alterius scandala fama volat.
Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa sideles,
Vulneris ignoti se falute carent.
Sed generosus amor lingua coseruar, vt elus

Sed generolus amor lingua coleruar, ve elus Verbum, quod loquitur nulla finiltra gerat. E fic tractat Confesso de tercia specie inuidie, que detractio dicitur, cuius morfus vipereos le sa sepe fama deplangit.

Touchend as of enuious brood I wote not one of all good. But netheles fuche as thei bee, pet there is one, and that is bee, mobiche cleped is Detraction, And to confirme bis action, De bath withholde Malebourbe, pobole tonge nother pill ne crouche Maie bire, fo that be pronounce a pleine good worde without frounce: where behynde a mans backe for though be prette, be fint fome lacke, pobiche of his tale is ay the lafte, That all the price thall overrafte. And though there be no cause why, pet woll be langle, not for the As he whiche bath the berauloie Df bem, that blen foz to lie.

For as the nettle, whiche by renneth, The freshe red rose brenneth, And maketh him sade, and pale of heive: Right so this sale envious betwe In energ place, where he dwelleth, with sale wordes, whiche he telleth, De tourneth pleasing into blame, and worthip into worldes shame. De fuche lefenge, as he compatieth, Is none to good, that he ne patieth, Betwene his tethe: and is backbited, And through his fals tonge endited.

Like to the Sharnebubes kynde,
Df whole nature this I fynde:
That in the hottest of the date,
whan comen is the mery Male,
De speet his winge, and by he steeth,
And under all aboute he secth
The sayre lustic floures springe:
But therof bath he no lykynge,
where he seeth of any beaste
The filthe, there he maketh his seaste.
And there byon he woll alighte,
There lyketh him none other sighte.

Right fo this langler emilous, Though be a man le bertuous And full of good condicion, Therof maketh be no mencion: But els be it not so lite wherof that be maie fette a wite, There renneth be with open mouth Bebynde a man, and maketh it couth. But all the bertue, whiche be can, That woll be bide of enery man, And openly the bice telle, As be, whiche of the schole of belle Is taught, and follred by with emule Df householde and of companie where that he bath his pro pre office To fette on every man a bice, Dowe so his mouthe be comely Dis worde fitte enermoze a wate, and faith the woalte that be maie .

And in this wife nowe a date
In loves court a man mate here
Ault ofte pleine of this matere:
That many envious tale is stered,
where that it mate not be answered.
But yet full ofte it is beleved,
And many a worthy love is greved
Through backbityng of fals envie.
If thou have made suche ianglarie
In loves courte my sonne er this,
hhive the therof. My sather yis.
But wite ye howe: not openly,
Wut otherwhile prively

weban

Mohan I my bere laby mete,
And thinke howe that I am not mete
Unto hir highe weethinelle
And eke I fee the belinelle
Of all this yonge luftic route,
Whiche all date preasen hir aboute,
And ethe of them his tyme awaiteth,
And ethe of them his tale affaiteth
All to deceive an innocent,
Whiche woll not be of her allent.

And for men faine buknowe bukiffe, Dir thome the holt in hir fifte Do clofe within bir owne bonde. That there wynneth no man londe: She leueth not all that the bereth : And thus ful ofte ber felfe the Chiereth, And is all ware of HAD I VYIST. But foz all that myn bert artite, uphan I thele common louers fee, That toolbe not holde bem to the: But wellnpe louen ouer all. Mon bert is enuions with all, And euer 3 am abrabbe of gile, In aunter if with any wile Thei might bir innocence enchaunte. for the me wordes ofte I baunte Bebonben bem, fo as I bare, noberof my labie mate beware. I fay what ever cometh to mouth, and wers 3 wolde, if that 3 couth. for whan I come buto bir fpeche, All that I maie enquere and leche Dfluche beceite, 3 telle it all : And av the worlf in speciall so faine I wolve that the will, Dowe litell thei ben for to triff, And what thet wold, and what thei ment, Do as thei be of double entent. Thus toward bem, that wicke mene, My wicked worde was ever grene.

And netheles the looth to telle, In certaine if it so befelle, That alber trewell man phose, To chese amonge a thosand score, whiche were all fully for to trist, My lady loved, and I it wist, Pet rather than he chulde spede, I wolde suche tales spede

To my lable, if that I might, That I thuld all his love buright. And therto wolde 3 bo my peine, for certes though I thulbe feire, And telle, that was neuer thought. for all this worlde 3 might nought To fuffre an other fully wynne, There as 3 am pet to begynne. for be thei good, or be thei bab, I wolde none my lady had. And that me maketh full ofte afpie, And blen wordes of enuie, And for to make them beare a blame ! And that is but of thilhe fame, The whiche buto my labie brawe. for euer on them I rounge and gnawe, And bymber bem all that euer 3 maie. And that is fothly for to fate, But onely to my laby felue, 3 telle it nought to. r. ne twelne. Therof 3 woll me well autle, To fpeke or langle in any wife, That toucheth to my labie name, The whiche in ernell and in gams I wolde fauen to my beath. for me had lever to lacke breath, Than fpele of hir name amis.

Dowe hane pe berd touchend of this My father in Confession, And therfore of betraction In loue, that I baue milpohe, Telle bowe pe will it thall be worke, 3 am all reop for to beare Mp peine, and allo to forbeare pobat thing that pe woll allowe. Hoz who is bourden, he must bowe, Do wolle 3 botte buto pour beff. for I bare make this bebeff, That I to you have nothing bib, But tolbe right as it is betibe, And otherwife of no milpeche My confrience for to feche I can not ofemnie finbe, That I milpoke haue, ought behynde, wherofloue ought be milpaide. Dowe have pe berbe, and I have faibe. uphat woll pe faber, that 3 bo & TMy forme bo no more fo.

But euer kepe thy tonge fill. Thou might the more have the will. Thy lady is of furbe manere Lo wife; fo ware in all theng, " . allat and du aidi ila soit It neverth of no babbitrong That thou the lade mis enforme. for whan the knoweth all the forme Dowe that the felfe art enuious, die sale Thou thalt not be fo gracious As thou parauenture Quibeff be elles : There wol no man brinke of the welles, nobiche (as he toote) is poplon print, And ofte luche as men begynne Towardes other, fuche thei finge. Abat fet bem ofte fer bebonbe. when that thet wenen be before.

My good forme and thou therfore Be ware, and leue thy wirke fpeche, wherof hath fallen ofte weeche To many a man before this time. for who fo will his handes lime, Thei mufte be themioze burlene: for many a mote that! be fene. Station ! That woll not cleue elles there, And that tholbe every wife man fere. dend D for who lo will another blame, De feherh ofte bis otone thame, whiche els might be right Will. for the if that it be the will To fande bpon amendement, autodation A tale of great entenbement ggarlin me u 3 thinke telle for the fake, Wherofthon might enlample take.

E leic foquifut confesso contra istos in amozis causa detrasentes, qui suis obsoquis altena son taxia perturbant, et narrat epemplum de Conssistia Ciberii Rome Imperatozis filia omnium Birtutum famolissima, ob eine amozem Dosdaz nus tile Bersie, Stram in Hoozem duceve posses, eszistianii se ficei promisit, cuius accepta caucior ne concido Pesagii func pape dicta silia Ina cum duodus Cardinalibus, alisque Rome proceribus in Bersiam maritagii rausa nausgio Gonorisce destinata suit, que tamen obsoquentimy postea detractionibus Paris modia absqui sui cuspa dos socosa fata multipsiciter passa est.

Ca worthy bnight in Chriftes laive

The fceptre had for to right. Tibery Constantin be hight, whos wife was rleped Italie: But thei to geber of progenie no childre had but a maide, And the the god fo well apaybe, That al the wide worldes fame Spake worthip of hir good name: Conftance, as the Cronike faith, bhe hight: and was fo full of faith. That the greatest of Barbarie Of hem, whiche ble marchanbie She hath connerted, as thei come To hir boon a tyme in Rome, To thewen fuch thing, as thei brought. whiche worthely of hem the bought. And oner that in fuche a ipile She hath bem with hir wordes wife Df Chriftes feith fo full enformed, That thei therto ben all conformed, so that baptilme thei receinen: and all bir fals goodes weynen. Twhan thei ben of the feith certaine Thei gone to Barbarie apene, And there the Soudan for hem lent, And afketh hem to what entent Thei bane ber arft feith forlate.

and thei, whiche had unbertake The right feith to kepe and bolbe. The matter of ber tale tolbe, with all the bole circumstance. and when the Soudan of Conffance (Clpon the point that thei answerbe) The beautee and the grace herde, as be, whiche than was to webbe, In all baft bis caufe fpebbe To fende for the mariage: and ferthermoze with good courage De faich, be fo be mafe bir baue, That Chrift, that came this worlde to laus, De woll beleue, and thus recorded Thei ben on either fibe acrozbeb: And there byon to make an ende The Soudan his boffage fende To Rome, of princes formes tivelue. Wherof the faber in him felne was glabbe, and with the Bope aufled Two Cardinalles be bath affiled,

With other lordes many mo.

That with his doughter thei hulo go.

To fee the foudan be connerted.

Dualiter adueniente Conftantia in Barbarid mater foldani hunfmodi nupfiae perfurbare volens, filium fuum vna cum dieta Conftantia, cardinalibus et asis Romanis prima die ad conuntum innitaut. Et convescentibus illis in mensa, ipsum soldanum omnea quisidem preter Constantiam Bomanos ab insidius Latitantibus subdote detractione interfeci procurauit, ipsamin Constantiam in quadam naut absquadernaculo positam per altum mare ventorii statibus agis sandam in epitum dieigi solum constituit.

CiBut that, whiche never was wel herted, Ennie tho beganne to travaile, In disturbance of this sposaile, So prively, that none was ware.

The mother whiche the southan bare, was than alive, and thought this Cinto hir selfe: If it so is My some bym webbe in this manere, Than have I lost my sopes here.

For mynestate shall so be lasted.

Thinkend thus the hath compatted
189 fleight, howe that the maie beggle
Dir fonne, and fille within a while,
18etwene hem two whan that thet were,
She feigned wordes in his eare,
And in this wife gan to fate:

My forme, I am by bomble wate with all myn herte glavoe and blithe, Hoz that my felfe haue ofte lithe Delvzed, thou wolte (as men fayth) Receive and take a neive feith, whiche thall be forthrynge of thy life, And eke lo worthipfull a wife. The doughter of an emperour To webbe, it thall be great honour. for thy my forme I pou befeche, That I luche grace might areche, ushan that my doughter come thall, That I maie than in Speciall, Do as me thouketh honefte, 38y thilke, whiche the firste feste Shall make buto bir welcommpuge,

The Souldan graunteth hir alkenge. And the therofiwas glad enough.

for binder that anone the broughed mail with falle wordes that the fpake, and and Count of beathe behande bis barise, il mick and therbyon bir ozbinance many midnig She mabe lo, that whan Londance ad ank was comen forth with the Romaines, we Df clerkes and of citeseins, mad adrider A riche feathe the hem mabe: the and only And moffe whan thei weren glabe, bet ini with falle coupn, whiche the had no and D Dir clofe enuie tho the fprat: mindaging And all tho, that hadden bee man atth let Da in apperte or in printe mant afte solla Df counfeile to the mariage, wildowi D She flough them in a fodeine rage Endelonge the borde as thei ben fet, So that it moght not be lette. Dir owne fonne was not quite, But died boon the fame plice. Watte ald The

But what the high god woll spare, It maie not so; the perill missare. This worthie maiden, whiche was there Atode whan, as who saith, dead so; seee, To see the feast, how that it stode, whiche all was towned into blood. The disthe forth with the cuppe and all Bebled thei weren oner all. She sawe hem die on enery side, No wonder though the wepte and cribe, Makpag many a wosall mone what all was saine but the alone.

This olde fende, this Sarazon,
Let take anone this Constanton,
with all the good the theder brought,
and hath orderned as the thought
a naked thip without stere,
In whiche the good, and hir in fere,
Clitaled full for peres sine,
where that the wonde it wolde brine,
She put boon the waves wilde.

Dualifer nauis cil Confantia in partee Ans gfie, que func pagana fuit prope humber fub quo dam Caftesto regis, qui tunc Affee Vocabatur post triennium applicuit, quam quidam milea nomine Etda dicti caftesti tunc custos et naui lete suscipiens, Sporisus hermpngptde in custodiam Bonorifice commendanit.

20,6 of both his bound top, and praide

Thre yere, til that the cometh to londe
Thre yere, til that the cometh to londe
Dir shippe to stere hath take on honde:
And in Morthumberlonde arriveth,
And happeth than, that the dryueth
Under a castell with the stoode,
whiche boon Dumber banke stoode,
And was the kynges owne also,
The whiche Allee was cleped tho,
A Saron, and a worthy knight,
But he beleueth not aright.

Fol. XXXX

De this castell was castellayne, Elda the kynges chamberlaine, A knightly man after his lawe.

And whan he sawe byon the waws

The thip drivend alone so,

De bad anone men thusben go

To see, what it be token maie.

This was byon a sommer date,

The shippe was loked, and the sounde.

Cloa within a littell founde Te wift, and with his wife anone Towarde this yonge laby gone, nobere that thef fonde great richeffe, abor the bir ipoloenot confelle, noban thei bir aiken, what the was, And netheles bpon the cas appendant and a control Dut of the thip with great worthip Thei toke bir in to felowihip, As thei that weren of bir glabe. 1But the no maner ioie made: But lozoweth loze, of that the fonde Do chaiftendome in thilke londe : die told But els the bath all bir will And thus with them the dwelleth fill. Dame Bermegyld, whiche was the wife Df Bloa, liche bir owne life Constance loueth, and it fell fo, Spekende all date betwene hem two Through grace of gods puruelance Abis maiden taught the creance Unto this wife to perfectly, Elpon a bate that faffe by, In prefence of bir bulbonde, nobere thei go walkende on the frome, A blonde man, whiche came ther labbe, Winto this wife criende be babbe with both his honder bp, and praide

To hir, and in this wife he fairer

D Bermegylor, whiche Christes feith
Enformed, as Constance feith,
Received halt: yeur me my light.
Thom this worde hir berte aflight,
Thynkende what was beste to boone.
But netheles the berde his boone,
And faire, in truste of Christes laive.

whiche done was on the croffe and flatoe,

Thou blynde man beholde and fee.
With that to god boon his knee
Thankende he toke his fight anone,
Wherof thei meruaile every chone,
Wat Cla wonderth most of all
This open thynge whiche is befalle,
Loncladeth hym by furbe a wey,
That he the feith most enebes obey.

Dualiter quibam innenis mites in amozen Conftancie epardefcens, poo eo quipfa fibi consfentire nofuit, eam de mozte hermegyede, quam ipfe noctanter interfecit, Berbis detractozile acs cafanit, fed angelus domini ipfu fic detrafentem in mavilla subito percutiens, non folum poo mens daci composant, fed ictu moztali poft ipfins confessionem penitus interfecit.

Moive lifte what fell opon this thenge.
This Elva foozthe onto the kenge.
A mozowe toke his wey and rove,
And Bermegylde at home above
Hozth with Londrance well at eafe.

Elda, whiche thought his ligning to plefe, As he, that than unwedded was, Of Constance all the pleine cas, As goodly as he couth, tolde.

The kyng was glad, and faid he wolde Come thither in fuche a wife, That he bym might of hir auife.

The tyme appointed footh withall This Gloa truffe in speciall Olpon a knight, whom from childhode De had vpozawe into manhode To hym he tolde all that he thought t wheref that after him foothought. And netheles at thilke tide Olnto his wife he had hym ride To make redy all thynge Ageinst the compage of the kynge. And saith, that he hym selfe tofoze

Thyn

Thinketh for to come, and bod therfore, That he bim kepe, and tolbe bim whan.

This knight robe forth his wey than. And forh was, that of time palled De had in all his witte compalled, Dowe be Constance might wynne, But he lawe tho no fpede therin, moherof his luft beganne to bate, and that was love, is than hate. Of hir honour he had enuie, So that bpon his trecherie, A lefinge in his berte be call, Til he come home, be higheth falt, And doth his lady to buderfrande The meffage of hir bulbande. And therbpon the longe bate Thei letten thinges in arraie, That all was as it Chulde bee Dfeuery thing in his begree. And whan it came into the night, This wife hir hath to bedde dight, where that this maiden with hir late.

This falle knight boon delaie Dath taried till thei were aflepe, As he that woll time kepe deliber will const Dis beably werkes to fulfille, And to the bedde he ftalketh ffille, where that he will was the wife, And in his bande a rasour knife De bare, with whiche bir throte be cut, And princip the knife he put Alnder that diere beddes lide, 17000 00 Where that Constance laie beside.

Elpa come home the fame night : And Wille with a previe tight, As he that wolde not awake Dis wife, he hath his weve take In to the chambre : and there liggende De fonde his deade wife blebende, where that Constance faste by was falle aflepe: and fabeinip a hand Co De cried aloude, and the atoute . 300 11 07% and foorth withall raft a loke will is to lack And fate this last blede there many had noheroffwonned beabe for feare and and She was : and fille as any from a story & She late, and Cloa therboom In to the Laffell clepeth out, uma , ald well

And by ferte enery man about. In to the chambre foorth thei went.

But be whiche all butrouth ment, This faile knight amonge them all, Alpon the thing, whiche is befall Seith : that Lonfrance hath bo this bede, And to the beobe with that he vede After the fallebead of bis fpecbe. And made bim there for to feche, And fonde the mife, where he it laide: And than be cried, and thus he faide:

Lo fee the unife all bloop here, what neveth moze in this matere To alke and thus hir innocence De sclaumozeth there in audience with falle wordes, whiche he feigneth, But pet foz al that ever be pleineth,

Bloa no full crebence toke, And happed that there lay a boke, Ulpon the whiche, whan he it lighe, This knight hath fwoze: and faid on highe. That all men might it wite: Dow by this boke, whiche is here write, Lonfrance is giltife well 3 wote. with that the hande of heuen him lmote, In token of that he hath fortwore There he bothe his even loze, Dut of his head the fame founde Thei ffert, and to thei were founde.

A voice was herve, whan that thei fel, whiche laide : D banmed man to bell, Lo thus bath god thy fclaunder wroke, That thou agent Confrance bath fooke. Beknowe the lothe er that thou vie, And be tolde out his felonie: And starte forth with his tale anone. In to the grounde, where al gone This dead lady was begrave.

Elva, whiche thought his honour fane, All that he maie, retreineth forowe.

Analifer rep Affee ab fibem Chaiffi comers fue baptifmum recepiteet Conftantiam fuper bor teto animo defpefault que tamen qualle pet onde fuit alicuj nulle modo fatebatur. Er eum infra baeve poftea a domino fuo impregnata fuiffet, ipfe ad defelandum cum feotis ide carional ad debellandum enm feotis ifer arriput, et iBide [uper guerras aliquandin permanfit..... marer Bicoutians guare & Caproce

The kyng came, as thei were accorded.

And whan it was to him recorded,
what god hath wrought vpon this chance,
We toke it in to remembrance,
And thought more than he faide.
For all his hole herte he laide
Ulpon Constance: and saide he shulde,
For love of hir, if that the wolde,
Baptisme take, and Christes faith
Beleve: and over that he saith,
We wolde hir wedde: and byon this
Assured ethe to other is.

Followers

And for to make thorte tales,
There came a bilihop out of wales
fro Bangor: and Lucye he hight,
which throughe the grace of god almight,
The king, with many other mo,
The christined: and between hem two
The hath fulfilled the mariage:
But for no lust, ne for no rage
She tolde him never what the was.

And netheles boon this cas

The kinge was glad, howe fo it flode.

How well be wiff and underflode,

She was anoble creature.

The high maker of nature
Dir hath bilited in a theower
That it was openliche knowe,
The was with childe by the kynge,
Wherof abouen all other thynge
De thanked god, and was right glad.
And fell that tyme he was belfad
Ulpon a werre, and must rive:
And while he thuld there abide,
De lesse at home to kepe his wife,

Elva forth with the billhop eke, dant A and A and he with power go to feke and a day MR Apene the Scottes for to fonder a land MR The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

Dualiter regina Coffantia infante masculung quem in Saptismo Baurdinny Bocant ; vege abstente cupa est. Sed innida mater regie Domitog superasto facto condotene, mendacidus regi certificaut , q Noos sua demontaci er non humani generis quaddam monstruosum fantasma loco geniture adostum produpit, huiusmodic detras

etozibus adnerfus Conftantia procuranit, qu'ipfa in navem, qua prine Renerat, iterum ad epitium Bno cum fuo partu rem ffa defolabatur.

The tyme fette of kinde is come, This lady bath hir chambre nome, And of a forme borne full: wher of that the was toyfull. The was delivered faufe and foone.

The billhop, as it was to boone, Pafe him baptilme, and Mozis calleth: And therbpon as it befalleth, With letters weiten of recorde Thei fent bnto ber liege loabe, That kepers weren of the queene. And he, that thulbe go betweene, The mellanger to Iknarefbourgh, whiche towne be foulbe paffe through. Mydende came the first baie. The konges mother there laie, whole right name was Domiloe, Whiche after all the cause spiloe. for be, whiche thanke beferue wolbe. Unto this laby gothe and tolde Df his mellage, howe it ferbe. And the with feigned tope it herbe, And vafe bim veftes largely. But in the night al prinely She toke the letters, whiche he had, fro point to point and ouer rad, As the, that was through out butrue: And let do waite other newe In flede of beir : and thus thei fpetie.

E Prima littera in commendationem Conffans sie all episcopo Regi miffa per Domitoam in constrarium falfata.

That thou with be be not wroth,
Though we fuche though, as is the loth
Though we fuche though, as is the loth
Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,
Df fuche a childe believed is,
fro kinde, whiche frant all amis.
But for it shulbe not be fair,
we have it kepte out of the wate
for drede of pure worldes shame.
A poore childe, and in the name
Of thiske, whiche is so missore,
we toke, and therto we be swore,

That none, but onely thou and wee Shall knowe of this privatee.
Moris it hatte, and thus men wene That it was borne of the queene,
And of thene owne bodie gete.

But this thenge maienot be forgete,
That thou me sende de worde anone
what is the will thermoon.
This letter, as thou halfe herde deuise
was counterfete in suche a wise,
That no man shulde it apperceive.
And the, whiche thought to deceive.
It letth, where the that other toke.

This mellanger, whan he awoke, And will nothunge howe it was, and and Arole and rove the great pas and and the And take his letters to the kynge. Man Sun and whan he fawe this wonder thinge, De maketh the mellanger no there : But netheles in wile manere De waote againe, and pale bym charge, That thei ne fuffre not at large Dis wife rogo, but kepe hir Will, Toll thei have herve moze of his will. This mellanger was yeftles: But with his letter netheles and all rich D2 be hom lefe of be hom lothe hall and the In all hafte ageine be gothe in . annual Ch 18y Iknaresburgh, and as he went Ulnto the mother his entent, Df that he fonde towarde the hynge De tolde, and the boon this thonge beith, that he thulbe abibe all night : And made bom feafte and chere aright feigned as though the coude him thonke. But he with fronge wine which he broke, Forth with the transile of the date was bronke : allepe and while he late, She bath bis letters onerlaie, and formed in an other toate; There was a newe letter write

Secunda fiffera per regen epifcopo remiffa a Domifoa iterum falfafa

Twhiche he faith: I do you for to wite, That through the countaile of you two I fonce in point to be budo, As he, whiche is a kyinge depoled, for every man't bath suppoled Dow that my wife Confrance is faic : And if that I feigne any belate To put bir out of companie, The worthippe of my regalie Is loze : and ouer this thei tell, Dir chilbe thall not amonge bem owell To claimen any berytage ; Do can I fee norte auantage, But all is lofte, if the abive. For thy to take on enery lyde Towarde the milchele as it is, I charge you, and byo this, That ye the fame thippe vittaile ! In whiche that the toke arrivalle, Therin and putteth bothe two, Zir felfe forth with hir childe allo, And to forth brought in to the bepe Betaketh bir the lea to kepe. Df foure daies tyme 3 lette, amoglic entrad That ve this thruge no lenger lette, So that your life benot forfete lifettary ont ! and thus this letter counterfete The mellanger, whiche was bnware, Mon the hynges halve bare And where he matte it hath betake. But whan that thet have bede take And rad, that writen is within, So great a Tozowe thet beginne, As thei bir owne mother leien Brenne in a fire befoge their eten. There was weppinge, and there was wo, 1But finally the thruge is do: Thon the feather have bir brought: But the the cause will nought. And thus byon the floode thet wonne, This lady with hir ponge some. And than bir handes to the beuen She Granght : and with a milde Geuen, Iknelend byon bir bare knee She laide : D bigh maieltee, whiche leeft the point of eurry trouth: Take of the wofull moman routh: And of this rhilbe, whiche 3 thati kepe . And with that worde the gan to wepe Swouned as beade, and there the laie. But be, whiche all thynges maie, Lomforteth bir, and at lafte she loketh, and hir eien rafte

f iii

Cloon

Cloon bir childe, and faide this:

Fol. XXXXIV

De me no maner charge it is
what lozowe I luftre, but of thee
We thinketh it is great pitee.
Hoz if I sterne, thon must beie;
So mote I nedes by that weie,
Hoz motherheed, and foz tendernes,
with all my hole befores,
Dedeine me foz thilke office,
As the, whiche shall be thy nozice.

Ahus was the Arengthed for to Aronde.
And tho the toke hir childe in honde
And pafe it souke, and ever amonge
whe wepte, and otherwhile longe,
To rocke with hir childe allepe
And thus hir owne childe to kepe
whe hath under the gods cure.

EQuatiler nanie Conffancie poft Biennium in partes hifpanie faperiorie inter Sarazenos iacz tabatur, a quozum manibus deus ipfam conferuans gratiofifime liberauit.

And fo fell boon anenture pohan thilke yere bath mabe bis enbe, Dir thip, lo as it moste wende, 139 Aregth of wonde, which god bath yene, Effivarve was into Spaine briue, Right fall binder a caffell wall, where that an bethen admirall was lorde: and he a ffewarde bab Dne Thelons, whiche all was bab, A fals knight, and a renegate, De goth to loke, in what effate The Wip was comen: and there be fonde forth with a childe boon hir honde This lady where the was a one. De toke good bede of the perfon. om and And lawe the was a worthy wight And thought he wolde byon the night Demene bir at his owne will: And in the thip be kepte bir ftill. That no man fatte bir that bate.

At gods wille and thus the laie Unknowe, what hir thall bettoe, Und fell so that by nightes tide, This knight without felanthip Dath take a bote, and came to thip, Und thought of hir his luste to take,

trootal

And swoze, if the bym daunger make,
That certainly the thulve beie,
She sawe there was none other weie.
And saide he shulde his well comforce,
That he fyrit loke out at porte,
That no man were nigh the stede,
Whiche might knowe what thei dede.
And than he maie do what he woide.
De was right glad, that the so tolde,
And to the porte anone he ferde:

She praieth god, and he hit herde, and so so so through and speint, and the began to blowe who began to blowe when the same menable fro the londe and thus the enighty gods honde Tir hath conveighed, and befended:

And whan three yere ben full dispended.

Dualiter Panicula Confiancie quodam bie gi altum mare Bagans inter copiosam nauit muls situbinem ditapsa est. quarum Arcemina Romas nozum consul, dup, et capitaneus ipsam ignotam suscipiens Bsqs ad Romam secum perdupit, Bbe equalem Bpozi sue Elene permansura reuerentes associauit, ner non et eiusdem situm Apauricium in omni babandantia quasi pzopzium educanita

Dir thip was brine boon a bate, die Where that a great naute late i mird ad alle Df thippes, all the worlde at ones: And as god wolve for the nones Die thip goth in amonge bem all And fipnt not, er it be bifall, And hath that beffell binder gete, whiche maiffer was of all the flete. But there it reffeth and abobe, dam one This great forp on anker robe : deliver The loade come foath, and when he ligh That other ligge on borbe fo nighe: De wondzeth, what it might bee, And bab men to go in and fee. This lady tho was crope a live, As the that molde bir feluen bibe. for the ne will, what thei were. Thei lought about, and fond bir there, and broughten by hir childe and ber, And therbpon this lorde to fper Began, fro whens that the came, And what the was : Duod the, 3 am A woman wofully bellabbe

That I forthwith my littell sonne,
That I forthwith my littell sonne,
Thou I forthwith my littell sonne,
Thou I forthwith my littell sonne,
What I forthwith my littell sonne,
What why the cause wote I nought,
What we will the litter with the sonne,
My childe and me so kepte byright,
That we be sause bothe two.

This love hir afketh enermo d' howe the beleueth, and the feith i had been truff in Christes feith, and the feith i how hiche died open the roode tre.

My name is Loult, the hym faibe,
But furthermoze for nought he praibe
D'fhir effate to knowe plaine,
She wolve hym nothinge els faine.
2But ofhir name, whiche the feigned,
All other thinges the reffreigned,
That o worde moze the ne toloe.

This love than alketh if the wolde with hym abide in companie, and faide, he came from Barbarie To Rome warde, and home be went,

Tho the supposet what it ment,
And saith, she wolde with hym wende,
And dwell onto hir lines ende,
Be so it be to his pleasance.
And thus boon her acqueintance
De tolde hir plainly as it stode,
Of Kome howe that the gentill blode
In Barbarie was betraied,
And therupon he hath assied
By warre, and take suche bengeance,
That none of thise allyance,
By whom the treson was compassed,
Is from the swerde aline passed.

But of Constance howe it was.

That couthe he knowe by no cas,
where the became, to as he feibe.

Dir ere buto his worde the leide,

And netheles in this mattere
It hapned that ilke tyme lo,
This loode, with whome the thulde go,
Of Rome was the lenatour,
And of hir father the emperour,
This brother doughter hath to wife:

uphiche hath hir father eke on line, And was Saluffes cleped tho. Dis wife Eleine hight also:

Thus to the leke a medicine
Lath god orbeined of his grare,
That forthe in the same place
This senatour his trouth plight,
for ever, while he lyne might,
To kepe hir in worthip, and in welth,
18e so that god woll give hir belth.

This lady, whiche forme bom fende, and thus by thippe forth failende, Dir e bir childe to Kome be brought, And to his wife the be befonght, To take bir in to companie. And the, whiche couth of curtefie All that a good wife shulbe conne. was inly gladde, that the hath worme The felowthip of fo good one. This emperours boughter Lufte, Horthwith the boughter of Salufte was kept, but no man rebelp Rnewe, what the was : and not for the Thei thoughten well the had bee In bir effate of bigh begree. And enery life hir loueth wele.

E Quaffer sep After mila pare cum Scoffie a guerrie rediens, et non inventa Poore fua cana fam epitu diligencius perferntans, cum matrem fuam Domitoam inde cutpabitem fcinifet, ipfam in igne proiciens conburi fecit.

Choive herke thilke buffable inhele,
whiche ever tozueth, wente aboute,
The kynge Alle, while he was out
(As thou tofoze half herbe the cas)
Deceived through his modze was.
But whan that he come home agayne,
The areth of his chamberlayne,
And of the billhop eke also,
where thei the quene had bo.
And thei answerve: there he bad,
And have hym thilke letter rad,
whiche he them sent for warrant,
And tolde hym playnly as it stante,
And saine, it thought hem great pitee,
To see a worthy one as shee

mich

wotth fuche a childe, as there was bore and so foreinly to be forlore.
De afteth hem, what childe it were and and thei him faibe, that no where and an all the worlde, though men it fought, was never woman, that forth brought a fairer childe, than it was one.

And than be areth bem anone, with the hp thet ne badden watten fo. Thet coloen, fo thet habben bo.

MIXXX JoT

De laive nay. Thei laiden pis.

The letter thewed, radde it is,
whiche thei forloken every dele.
Tho was it biderstonde wele,
That there is treason in the thynge.
The messenger tofore the kynge
was brought, and sobenly opposed,
And no thynge bath pet supposed
Wat all well, began to saie.
That he no where doon the wate
Abod, but onely in a stede,
And cause why, that he so dede
was, as he went to and fro,
At Rinaresburgh by nightes two
The kynges moder made bym divell.

And when the hynge it berde tell, which his berte be wife als fafte.

The treson, whiche his mother cafte:
And thought he wolde not abide:
And thought he wolde not and the
De toke his boss, and rode anone,
with hym there ride many one
To Knaresburgh, and fosth thei wente,
And lych the five, whiche thonder bente,
In suche a rage, as seith the boke,
Dis mother somewhe be toke
And saide dute hit of in this wife:

D beaft of hell in what gife
Daft thou beferued for to beie,
That haft fo falfely put aweie
with reason of thy backbitynge,
The trewelf, at my knowlechynge
Of wives, and the most bonest 2

Abut 3 woll make this behelt
It thall be benged er 3 go.
And lete a fyze bo make tho.
And bad men foz to caffe hir inne.
But firste the tolde out all the sinne.

and old bent all for to wite, Dowe the the letters had write fro point to point, as it was wrought, And the the was to beath brought, And beent cofore bir formes ete: wherof thele other, whiche it fie, And berben bowe the raule fobe beine, that the jubgement is good, Of that bir forme bir bath fo ferneb : for the it bab wele beferneb, and att min ? Through trefon of bir falle tonge, webich through the londe was after fonge. Confrance and enery wight complemeth, But be, whom all wo befreineth, This forowfull konge was to befrable, That be thall neuer moze be glabbe : De, leith eftiones for to webbe, Will that be wifte bow that the fpebbe, whiche bab ben bis firffe wife. And thus his ponge bulully life and a set De batueth foosth lo as be maie.

Dualiter pofi lapfum, pii . annoril rep Affre abfolucionia caufa Romam proficiena, propen fuam Conflanciam una cum filio suo diuina prog midencia ibidem fetua invenit.

whan be bis warres bab acheued, And thought be wolde be releved De foule bele boon the frith, and and said mobiche be bath take, than be feith, That be to Rome in pilgremage wolbe goe, where Bope was thelage, To take bis abfolucion. al managarit and byon this condition De made Sowen bis leutenant, whiche beire was apparant, That be the londe in his ablence Chall retole, and thus by proutbence Of all thonges well begonne De toke his leue and forthe is gone. Celba, whiche the was with bem there. Er thei fulliche at Rome were, was fent tofoze to puruefe, And he his guide bpon the toele In belpe to ben bis berbegeour Dath ared, tobo was denatour, That be bis name might henne. Df Capabore, be faibe, Arcenne

To him goth Alba the forth right, And tolde him of his lorde tivinge And praid, that for his compage The incluse affigue him berhergage.

De wolde alligne him herbergage. And he fo did of good courage. Cubhan all is do, that was to doone, The hynge him felfe came after foone.

This Senatour whan that he come To Custe, and to his wife at home, Bath tolde, howe suche a kyng Allee Of great array to the Litee was come, and Luste boon his tale with here close, and colour pale, A swame felle, and he merualleth, So sovenly what thyng hir cyleth, And caught hir by, and whan she woke. She sigheth with a pitous loke And seigneih schenesse of the see. But it was so; the hynge Allee:

for toye, whiche was in hir thought, That god him bath to towne brought.

This hinge bath spoke with the Pope, and tolde all that he couthe grope, what greach in his conscience.
And than he thought in reverence of his estate, or that he went,
To make a feast, and thus he sent Clinto the Denatour, to come Clyon the mozowe, and other some,
To sitte with him at mete.

This tale bath Lufte not forgete, that to Moris, hir forme tolde, That he been the morowe thalde In all that ever he couth and might, the prefent in the hynges fight, So that the hynge bim ofte lie.

Moris tofore the hynges ele Thon the morowe, where he fat, full ofte flode, and boon that The hynge his there boon him caffe, And in his face him thought als faffe De fawe his owne wife Conflance. For nature, as in refemblance Pfface, him liketh so to clothe, That thei were of a futte both.

The hyng was moned in his thought Of that he feeth, and knoweth it nought.

This childe be loueth kendely: And yet he wote no cause why, But wel he sigh and understode, That he towarde Arcenne stode, And areth him anone right there, Pf that this childe his some were,

De laibe ye, to I him calle, And toolbe it were to byfalle. But it is all in other wife.

And the began he to decife, Dow he the childes mother fonde, Thom the fea from enery londe within a thip was sterles, And how this lady helpeles Forth with hir childe he bath forth draws. The kynge hath understande his saws: The childes name and areth the, And what the mother hight also, That he him wolde telle he praise.

Moris this childe is bote be faide, Dis mother hat Lufte, and this I not what maner name it is.

But Allee will wel enough, whereflombele finitend be lough. Hos Luffe in Baron is to faine Louffance boon the words Romain.

But who that couthe fperifie, mobat the fell in bis fantafie, And bow bis witte aboute remeth Clpon the loue,in whiche be brenneth, It ware a wonder for to bere. for be was neither there ne bere, But clene out of bim felfe awep. That be not what to thinke on lep. to faine be wolbe it were thee, twberofbis bertes prinitee Bygan the warre of pe and nave. The tobiche in fuche balance lape, That contenance for a throwe De lofte, till be might knowe The foth : but in bis memorie The man, tobiche lieth in purgatople, Defireth not the beuen mose, That be ne longeth also fore To witte, what him thall betibe.

And when the borbes were alibe, And every man was rife aboute The kipnge bath weined all the route And with the hematour alone
De spake, and praid him of a bone,
To see this Luffe where the dwelleth
At home with him, so as he telleth.

ANY ZM Joy

The Benatour was wel apatoe.
This thing no lenger was belaid.
To fee this Duffe goth the hynge,
And the was warned of the thynge:
And with Gleine footh the came
Apene the kynge, and he tho name
Good hede: and whan he figh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
De caught hir in his armes, and hife
was never wight that fighe ne wife
A man that moze tope made,
wherefthei weren all gladde,
whiche herd tell of this chance.

This kyng tho with his wife Lonfance, whiche had a great part of his wille, In Rome for a tyme fittle
Above, and made him well at eafe,
But so pet couth he never please
Dis wife, that the wolde him seine
Of what countre that the was bore,
he what the was, and pet therfore
with all his wit he bath bone seine.

Thus as thet lay in bedde, and fpeke, She praish him, and counsestet both, That so the worthip of hem both, So as hir thought it were honeste, De wolde an honourable sette Make (er he went) in that Litee, where the Emperour him selfe thall bee.

-6

De graunted all that the him praide.
But as men in that time faide,
Thilke Amperour from that date,
That first his doughter went a wate,
De was than after never glad,
But what that any man him bad
Of grace, for his doughter fake,
That grare wolde be nought forsake.
And thus ful great almesse be deducted.

C Qualifer Confiantia, que antes per totum tempua coffi fui penca omnea incognitam fe cer fauit, tunc demum patri fuo imperatori fe ipfam per omnia manifefianit, Quod cum rep Attee fciuiffet, Bra cum Bninerfa Romanopum multis fubine ineffimabiti gaubio admirantes cunctipos fentem laudasunt,

This Emperour out of the towns, twithin a ten mile enuiroune, twhere as it thought him for the beffe, Dath fondry places for to refte. And as fortune wolde tho, De was a wellend at one of tho.

The kenge Allee foosth with thatfent Of Lufte his wife, hath thiver lent Mostre his forme, as he was taught To Themperour, and he goth fraught, And in his father halue he fought, As he iwhiche his loodhip fought, That of his high worthines De wolve do to great mekenes, Dis owne towne to come and fee, And yeue a tyme in the ritee, So that his faber might him gete, That he wolve ones with him ete.

This losde bath graunted his requeits. And whan the date was of the feafe, In worthip of the Emperour, The hynge, and the the Benatour, Hoosth with her wines bothe two, with many a losde and lady mo, On hoss riden him ageine, Till it befell byon a plaine Theiligh, where he was comend.

with that Lonkance anone prepend Apake to bir lorde, that he abide, wo that I make tolore rive,
To ben upon his vien venu
The firste, whiche thall him salu.
And thus after hir lordes graune,
Though with a fewe rode this quene.
Thei wondred, what the wolde mene,
And riven after a softe pas.
But whan this lady comen was
To themperour, in his presente,
The salve aloude in audience:

My loobe my father wel you bee, And of this tyme that I fee Pour bonour, and your good bele, whiche is the belpe of my quarete. I thanke but the good might. For love his berte was alight of that the tolde in remembrance; and whan he wife, it was Confrance, was never father halfe to blithe, who was his berte all ouercome. For though his mother were come fro death to lyfe out of the grave, when he hath, whan that he hir fighe with that his owne looke come night, and is to themperous obeled.

And whan the fortune is between, Zowe that Louffance is come aboute, to harve an herte was none oute, That be for pitte the ne wepte.

Arcenius, whiche hir fonde and hepte, was than gladde of that is fall, so that with tope amonge henrall. Thei riden in at Rome gate.

This Emperour thought all to late
Till that the Pope were come,
And of the losdes fende force,
To prace bim, that he woll halfe.
And he cam foorth in all hafte.
And whan that he this tale berde,
Downwonderly this chamee ferde,
The thanked god of his myratle,
To whole might mate be none obstacle.

The typige a noble feaste bem made: Und thus thet were all gladde. I parlement er that thei went, Thet setten unto this entent, To put Rome in full espeire, That Mosis was apparant befre, And Childe abide with bem fille.

C Dafiler Danricine cum imperatore, Bi Bes res imperit remanfit, et rep After et Conflantia in Angilam regreffi funt.

Twb ban curry thenge was fully fooke, De forowe and queint was all the finoke, The toke his leve Allee the kenge, And with full many a riche thenge, the biche themperour hym had yeve, De bath a glad life for to live. whiche was the comforte of his londe.
For whan that he come home ageine,
There is no tonge that might feine,
what tope was that ilke frombe,
Of that he hath his quene founde:
whiche first was sent of goddes sonde,
whan the was dryuen boon the fronde,
whome the mysotleue of synne
was lefte, and Christes feith came sine
To bem, that whilome were blynde,
Wut he, whiche byndreth every hynde,

C Qualifer rev Afte in Anglia pofi biennium Bumane carnie resolucionem fubiene, nature bes Bitum perfoluit, post cuiue obitum Conflancia cum patre suo Rome se translust modaturam.

and for no golde mate be forbought, The beath comend er be befought Toke with this kyinge luche acqueintance, That be with all bis retenance De might not befende bis life. And thus be partety from his wife, whiche than mabe fozowe enough. And therupon bir berte broughe Mo leue Anglond for euer, And go where the ban leuer To Mome, when that the came. And thus of all the londe the name Dir leue, and goth to Mome ageine. And after that the bokes feme, the was not there but a throme whan beath of kende bath overtheoing Dir worthy father, whiche men faibe That betwene bir armes beibe. and afterwarde the pere fuende The god of bir bath made an ende, And fro this worldes faprie Dath take bir into companie. I Mozis bir forme was rozoned, whiche fo ferforth was abandoned To Chaffes feith, that men bym calle Mozis the chaiffneft of all .

And thus the whele menyinge of lone was at last fet aboue, And so, as thou haste herbe tofoze, The fals tunges were loze, whiche boon lone wolde lie.

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whiche longeth buto balbitynge,
We ware thou make no lespage
In bindspage of an other wight,
And if thou wolde be taught aright,
what mischiese balbityng booth
We other were a tale footh
Nowe might thou here nexts sewend,
whiche to this bice is acodend.

Die ponit Confessos evemplum contra istos detractores, qui in acterius Lituperium mendas ela confingentra dissamacionem fieri procurant. Et uaerat qualiter perseus, philippiregis Wascedonii funs Demetrio fratti suo od eius pros Bitatem, binidens, composito detractionie mens daciospsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accus sauft, dicens ipse non solum patrem. sed et tos tum Bacedonii regnum Romanis hossibus proditorie Bendidisset, quem super dos indistum producens, testidusqui indicidus auto subspatie, quambis sassifique morte condempnatum enicit, quo defuncto estam et pater infra Breue postes mortus est. Et sie perseo successiva esque postes pumsmodi detraccionis muidiam adborrens ipsum cum minersa successiva destructum pugnatoru untitudine estra Danudii funuum ab Aemisotum Romanorum Cousate, enentu bestico inters sectio pentus destructus estra descendi potesta pentus destructa Romano Imperio subsugata deservinis, et sina detractio, quam contra asum conspiranerat, in sulipsus dissama sionem pro perpetuo diunigata consissit.

an a cronthe, as thou thalt witte A great entample I finde witte, whiche I thall tell voon this thonge.

Whilep of Macedony the kynge
Two formes had by his wife,
whole fame yet in Grere is rife;
Demetrius the firste brother
was hote, and Perseus that other.
Demetrius men saiden tha
The better knight was of the two.

The better knight was of the two, To whom the lande was attendant, As he whiche heire was apparant To regne after his fathers date.

Wur that thonge, whiche no water male Duenche in this worlde, but ever bremeth, Into his brothers berte it renneth, The proud enuie of that he lighe Dis brother hulbe clyme on highe, And he to hym mote than obeie, That maie he litter by no were.

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routh frength burft be no thonge fonder Do toke be lefpinge byon bonbe an indiade two ban be fogh tyme, and fpake therto-diff for it befell that tome lo, Dis father great warres had adamaged with Rome, whiche be ftreite lab and and Through mighty bonde of his manbob, As be whichehath enough lungbthoo, de And ofte bem had fore greued in identification Wat er the warre were achened, delicated As he was byon ordinance At bome in Grece, it fell par thance Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute Rybend was, Robe that tynte out. that this Werfe in his abfence. whiche bare the tonge of peffilence. with fals wordes, whiche he feigneth, Alpon bis owne brother plemeth In printee bebynde bis bake, water and to his father thus be fpake: TMy bere father 3 am bolbe By wer of hynde, as reason wolde, That I fro you hall nothynge bibe, nobiche might tome in any fibe De pour effate into greuance. Hor the mine bertes obeilance Toward pou I thinke kepe . for it is good pe take hepe Tipon a thringe, whiche is me tolbe. Mp brother bath be all folde To bem of Kome : and you alfo. for than thei behote bem fo. That be with them thall regne in pes: Thus bath be cafe for bis eneres, That your effate thall go to nought. And thus to proue thall be brought to ferforth, that I bubertake It thall not wel mow be forfake. The hynge bpon his tale answerbe 2nd faio : If this thing, whiche be berbe We footh, and maie be brought to proue & It hall not be to bis behoue. whiche to bath thapen be the werfle . For be bym feife thall be the ferte That thall be bebe, if that 3 maie . Abus afterwarde byon a daie,

and bad to his brother Berle, That he his tale thall reberle of thilke treason, whiche be tolde.

And he whiche all introuth wolde, Lounseileth, that so high a nede We treted, where as it mate spede, In common place of subgement. The kyinge therto pase his assent. Omeretries was put in holde, wher of that Werseus was bolde. This stode the trouth bider the charge, and the fallehead goth at large, whiche through behest hath our come The greattest of the lopdes some, That prive liche of his accorde Thei stande, as withers of recorde,

Thus was the lawe decemble,

bo ferforth that the trouth fonde
Rescous none: and thus the lowe
forth with the lynge decemble were,
The gitteles was dampned there,
And deyde byon accusement.
But such a falle conspirement
Though it be prine for a throwe,
God wolde not it were unknowe:
And this was afterwarde well proued
In him, whiche hath the death controued
Of that his brother was so sayne.

This Werfens was wonde fayne, As be, that was beire apparant Tipon the reigne erpectaunt, wherefte ware to proute and beine, That he bis father in bifbeigne Dath take : and fette at none accompte, As be, whiche thought bim to furmount ! That where be was firft bebonaire, De was the rebelle and contraire, And not as betre, but as a kynge De toke bpon bim in all thinge, Of malice and of tyzannie In contempte of Regalte Lyuende his father : and fo topought, That whan the father bim bethought, And fighe to whether fibe it brough, Anone be wifte well enough, Dowe Werle after bis falle tonge Dath to thenutous belles ronge,

That he hath flague his owne brother, wherefas than he linewe none other. Buclobeinly the lunge he nome, whiche corrupte latte boon the boms. In fuche wife, and bath him prefed That he the looth him bath confessed ADL all that bath be spoke and bo.

More forp, than the hynge was tho, twas never man byon this molde, And thought in certaine, that he wold Wengeance take boon this wronge.

What he other partie was fo fironge,
That for the laive of no flatute
There mais no right be erecute:
And upon this division
The londe was towned up so downe:
twherof his herte is so diffraught,
That he for pure so, owe hath caught
The malabie, of whiche nature
Is queint in every creature.
This falle tonged wereus
This falle tonged wereus
The regiment hath underlonge.

But there male nothing fanbe longe, Whiche is not byon trouth grounded. for god, whiche al thong bath bounded, And lighe the fallebead of bis gple, Bath fet bim but a litell while, That be thall reigne byon Depofe. for lobeinly right as be role, Do fobeinly botone be felle. In thille tome fo it befelle. This newe honge, of newe pribe with Arength thope bim for to ribe: And faibe be wolde to Mome fall, upberof be made a belle batte, And bath affembled bim an boffe In all that ever be might moffe, what man that might wepen beare. Df all be wolde none forbeare: Do that it might not be nombred The folke, whiche after were encombred Throughe bim, that god wolde overthrow.

Anon it was at Rome knowe
The pompe, whiche that Perfe lab:
And the Romaines that tyme had
a confull, whiche was cleped thus
By name, Paulus Emilius,

A noble, a worthy knight withall, And he, whiche there was of hem all, This werre on bonde hath unbertake.

And whan he thulde his leave take Df a yonge boughter, whiche was his, whe wepte : and he what cause it is Dir asketh : and the him answerds, That Werseus is deade : and he it berde: And wonderth what the meane wolde. And the upon childehode him tolde, That Werse hir littell bounde is deade.

which that he pulleth by his head, And made right a glad bilage, And faid, howe that was a prefage Touchende to that other Werle, Df that fortune him thulbe adverte.

De laith for luche a prenolitie Mold of an bounde was to him like. Hor as it is an boundes kinde, To berke boon a man behynde, Right so behinde his brothers backe (with falle wordes, whiche he spake) De bath do sayne, and that is routh.

But he, whiche hateth all butrouth, The high god it thall redreffe. For to me doughter prophetelle Forth with hir litell houndes bethe Wetcheneth: and thus forth he geth Comforted of this euidence, with the Romaines in his defence, Ageyne the Grekes that ben comende.

This Perleus as nought feende
This mischefe, whiche that him abode,
with all his multitude rode,
And prived him boon this thing,
Of that he ipas become a hing:
And howe he had his reigne gete,
That he hath all the right forgete,
whiche longeth but governance,

Wherof through goddes ardinance
It felle beon the wenter tide,
That with his bolle he shulde ride
Duer Danubic thilke stode,
whiche all be frosten than stode
Do harde, that he wende wele
To passe, but the blinde whele,
whiche tourneth ofte, er men be ware,
Thilke ice, whiche that the borsinen bare

To brake, so that a great partie was breint of the chinalrie,
The rerewards it toke aweie
Came none of hem to londs drep.
Wandus this worthy knight Romain,
By his appe it herds faine,
And batteth him all that he maie,
So that upon that other date
The came, where he this hoste behelde,
And that was in a large felde,
where the baners ben displaird.

De bath anone bis men arraide. And whan that be was enbatailed. De goth, and bath the felbe affailed, and flough, and toke all that be fonde: apperof the Macebonie londe, aphiche through hing Alifander borozed Longe tyme flobe : was the benoured. To Berle and all that infortune Thet wite, fo that the commune Df all the longe bis betre erile : And be difpetred for the while, Disquised in a poore webe Mo Rome goth: and there for mede The crafte, whiche thilke tome was No worken in laton, and in bras, De lerneth for bis fultenance Suche was the formes purueyance. And of his father it is faide, In Aronge pailon that he was leide In Albe, where that be was beabe 3for bonger and befaulte of breade.

The hounde was token and prophecie,
That liche an hounde he thulve die,
whiche liche was of condiction,
whan he with his detraction
Barke on his brother to behinde.

Confessor.

Lo what profite a man male finde, whiche hyndre wall an other wight. For thy with all thyn hole might My some, eschewe thilke vice.

Amans.

My father elles were I nice.

For ye therfore fo well have fpoke,

That it is in myn herte loke
And ever thall: but of enute,
If there be more in his bailis

Towardes

Towardes love, fair me what.

(IMP some as gyle under the hat
with sleightes of a Aregetour
Is hid, envie of suche colour
Bath yet the sourthe decemant,
The whiche is cleped fals demblant:
wheref the mater, and the some
Dowe berken, and I the shall ensome.

Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,
Dumg diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.
Vult' habet luce, tenebras mens, sermo salute
Actus sed morbum dat suus esse grauem.
Pax tibi gi spodet, magis est snostica guerræ
Commoda si dederit, disce sub esse dolum.
Quod patet esse sides in eo fraus estis politi
Principium pacti finis habere negat,
O quem, condicio talis deformat amantem
Qui magis apparens est in amore nihil.

Chie tractat Confessos super quarta specie ine midie, que Dissimulacio dicitur, cuine Sultue quanto maiozie amicicie apparenciam offendit, tanto subtissionie dost fastaciae ad decipiendum mene maginatur.

Df fals Demblant I thall tell, Aboue all other it is the well, Dut of the whiche beceite floweth . There is no man fo wife, that knoweth. Df thilke floode, whiche is the tide, De howe he thulde bym feluen guide To take faufe pallage there: And yet the wonde to mans ere Is fofte, and as it femeth onte, It maketh clere weber all aboute. But though it feme, it is not fo. Hoz fals Demblant bath euer mo Of his counfaile in companie The berke butrewe hypocrifie, whole worde discordeth to his thought. for the thei ben to geber brought Dfone couine, of one boutholde, As it thall after this be tolde. Df fals femblant it nebeth nought To tell of olde ensamples ought . for all paie in experience A man mate fee thilke eutoence Df fayze wozbes, whiche he bereth; But pet the barge enuie fereth, ng Ir Hot S And halt it euer fro the londe, whiche fals demblant with oze in bonde It roweth, and woll not arrive
Wut let it on the waves byive
In great tempelt, and great behate,
wheref that love and his efface
Empeireth: And therfore I rede
My fonne that thou flee and brede
This bice: and what that other feyn
Let thy femblant be trewe and plein.

for fals Demblant is thilhe vice. whiche never was without office, where that enuie thinketh to gile De thall be for that the while Df prine countaple mellagere. Ho; whan bis femblant is mofte clere, Than is be moffe berke in his thought: Though me bim fe thei know bim nought, But as it theweth in the glas Thonge, whiche ther in neuer was: Do theweth it in bis vilage, That never was in bis comage . Thus both be all his thong by fleight. Dow lete the confetence in weight May good forme, and thethe the bere, If thou were cuer cuffomere Tofals Demblant in any wife. Thos ought I can me pet autle My good father certes no. 3f 3 for loue haue bon fo, Nowe afteth, I wolve praie powe.

for elles I wot neuer howe Df fale femblant that I baue gplt . My forme and fethin that thou wilt, That I hall afke, gab nought, But tell, if ever was thy thought with fals femblant and Conerture, To witte of any creature, Powe that he was with love labbe Do were be forie, were be glabbe, ushan that thou wiftest bowe it were All that he rouneth in thine ere, Thou tolbell foorth in other place To letten bem fro loues grace Df what woman that the best lifte, There as no man his counteyll will But thou, by whome be was beceived Df loue, and from his purpole weineb,

And thoughtelt that his diffurbance

As who faith, 3 am fo felee, There may no mans prinetee Ben beled halue fo well as mon. Arte thou my lonne of luche engert Telle on & My good father maie, As for the more parte 3 faie. But of fome bele 3 am beknowe, That I maie fonde in thilke rowe Amonge bem, that faundzes ble, I woll not me therof excule, That I with fuche colour ne ffeine. waban I mp best semblant feine To my felowe, toll that I wote all his counfeile bothe colbe and hote. for by that cause I make bym chere, Till I bis love knowe and bere. And if fo be myn berte fourbeth, That ought buto my laby toucheth Dflone, that he woll me tell, Anone I renne buto the well, And calle water in the fyze, So that his carte ampo the myet, By that I bane his counfaile knows full ofte fith 3 ouerthzowe, whan that he weneth bell to fonde. But this 3 bo you binderfronde, If that a man loue elles where, so that my lady be nought there, And be me tell, 3 will it bibe, There thall no woode escape alloe.

For with discrite of no semblant
To have breke I no covenant.
We lyketh not in other place
To let no man of his grace
He for to be inquisitife
To knowe an other mans life,
where that he love, or love nought,
That toucheth nothing to my thought,
Wat all it passeth through myn care,
Right as a change that never were,
and is sorrete, and laide beside.

But if it touche on any fibe My lable, as I have er fpoken, Myn eares ben nought than loken.

for certes whan that betitte, My well, myn berte, and all my witte wen fully fette to berken and wer what any man woll weke of ber,

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Thus have I feigned companie
full ofte, for I wolde affic
what thyinge it is, that any man
Tell of my worthy lady can.
And for two causes I do this:
The firste cause where is,
If that I might herken and seke,
That any man of hir misspeke:
I woll ercuse hir so fully,
That whan she wist inderly,
Myn hope shulde be the more
To baue hir thanke for ever more,

That other cause, I you asture,
Is, why that I by concreture
Dane seigned semblant ofte tyme
To them that passen all date byme,
And ben lovers as well as I.

for this I wene truely, That there is of bem all none, That thei ne louen energebone My lavie. Hop fotheliche I leuc. And burft fetten it in preue. Is none to wife, that thuibe afterte, But be were luttles in his berte. for why, and be my lady fle, Dir bilage, and bir goodly efe, But be bir loued, er be went. And for that fuche is mon entent That is the cause of myn aspie, why that I fright companie, and make feloive ouer all. for gladly wolde 3 knowen all And holde me couerte alwaie, That I full ofte pe oz maie De loft answere in any wife, But feigning femblant as the wife And herken tales till 3 knows My labies loners all arowe. And whan I here, howe thei wought I fare as though I herde nought, And as 3 no worde buderfode. 3Sut that is nothunge for her good. for leueth well, and footh is this, That whan I knowe all howe it is 3 woll but foatheen hem alite, But all the werfte I can endite. 3 tell it buto my lady plat, for furtherpng of mpn owne effate!

And hynbae them all that I mate.

But foz all that pet bare 3 fate, I finde buto my felfe no bote, all though myn berte nebes mote Through Arength of love all that I bere Difcouer bnto my lable bere. for in good feith 3 baue no might To bele fro that Iweete wight, If that it toucheth bir any thong. But this wote well the beuen kyng, That fithen firft the twoglbe began Winto none other frange man De feigneb 3 femblant ne chere, To wite or afke of bis matere. Though that be loueth. r. oz twelne, whan it was nought my labies felue. But if be wolde afke any rebe Alonliche of his owne bebe. Dowe he with other loues ferbe: Dis tales with mon eares I berbe, But to myn berte came it nought, De lanke no depper in my thought, But belde comfaile, as 3 was bede, And tolbe it neuer in other febe, But let it pallen, as it come.

Mowe father late, what is thy dome, and howe than wolt, that I be petned for luche lemblant as I have feigned.

My lonne, if reason be well petled,

There mate no vertue be buppelled,

De vice none be sette in 121se.

for the my fonne, if thou be wife, Do no vier voon the face, whiche as woll not then herte embrace. For if thou do, within a throwe. To other men it shall be knowe. So might thou lightly fall in blame, and lefe a great parte of the name.

And netheles in this begree full ofte tyme thou might fee, De fuche men, as nowe a date This vice fetten in affaie: I fpeke it for no mans blame, But for to warne the, the fame.

My sonne as I mate here talke In enery place where I walke, I not, if it be so or none, But it is many bates gone, Ahat I first herde telle this
Dowe falle Demblant hath be, and is
Most commonly from pere to pere
With them that dwelle amonge bs here,
Of suche as we Lumbardes call.
Ho; thei ben the siest of all,
Do as men saine in towne about,
Ao seigne and shewe thyng without,
whiche is revers to that within,
wherof that thei full ofte wynne,
whan thei by reason shulde lese.
Thei ben the last, and yet thei chese;
And we the firste, and yet behynde
we gone, there as we shulden sinde
The profite of our owne londe.

Thus gone thei free without bonde,
To bone her profite all at large:
And other men beare all the charge
Of Lumbardes but o this couine
(whiche all londes conne engine)
Maie falle Demblant in speciall
Be likened: for thei oner all,
where that thei thinke for to dwelle,
Amonge them selfe, so as thei telle
firste ben ensormed for to lere
A craste, whiche cleped is facrere.

Hor if factere come about, Than afterwarde hem frant no boubte To voide with a subtile honde The best goodes of the londe, And brynge chasse, and take come, where as factere goth beforme, In all his were he fint no lette That doze can none vilher thette, In whiche he list to take entre.

And thus the counsaile most ferre Deuery thong farrere knoweth, whiche in to strange place he bloweth where as he wote it mate most greve,

And thus facrere maketh beleue, So that full ofte he hath decemed, Er that he maie ben apperceiued. Thus is this bice for to drede. Hor who these olde bokes rede of such ensamples as we are, him ought be the more ware of all tho that seigne there, wheref thou shalle a tale here.

Thic ponit Confesso exemplam contra istos, qui sub dissimulate benevolentie speculo assos in amoze defraudant. Et narrat qualiter Bercules cum ipse quoddam stautum cuius Vada non nouit, ed Deianyza trasmeare proposuit, supermeniens Dessus apgas ob amicitiam Berculia, It divit, Deianyzam in Pinas suas sufcipiens, tras ripam saluo perduvit Et statim cum ad titus perueniste qua cito currere potnit, ipsam taquam propria in precudicium Berculis asportare sugiens conas batur. per quod non solum ipsi sed etiam Berculis mortis enentum fortuma posimodum causanit.

Fol. MANNEY.

De fals femblant, whiche is beleued, ful many a worthy wight is greued, And was longe tome or we wer bote. To the my fonne I will therfore A tale tell, of fals Semblant, nabiche falleth many a couenant. And many a fraude of fals counfaile There be hongend bpon his feile, And that aboughten gilteles Both Detanyze, and Dercules. The tobiche in greate Dileale fell Through fals Semblant, as I hall tell. Twhan Dercules within a throws Al onely bath his hert theoive Cloon this faire Deianyze, Te fell bim on a baie beffre, Alpon a river as be fode, That paffe he wolde ouer the floods without bote, and with him lede Dis loue, but he was in drede for tendrelle of that liveete wight. Hoz he knewe not the foozbe aright.

There was a grant than nigh, whiche Pellus hight: and whan he ligh This Dercules and Deianyze, within his herte he gan conspire, As he, whiche through his trecherie, Dath Dercules in great enute, whiche he bare in his herte loke: And than he thought it thall be impoke. But he me durffe netheles Apene this worthye Dercules fall in debate, as for to feight. But feigned Demblant all by fleight Offrendship, and of all good, And cometh, where as thei both Coode, and maketh hem all the chere be can,

And faith, that as her owne man, We is all redy for to do
what then he maie: and it fel fo,
That thei upon his Semblant trifle,
Did afaen him, if that he wifte
what then hem were beffe to doone,
So that thei mighten faufe and foune
The water paffe, he and thee.

And whan Deffus the prinetee Knowe of her herte, what it ment, As he, that was of double entent, De made bem right a glad bilage. And whan be berbe of the passage Df him and hir, be thought gile, And feigneth Semblant fo; a tchile, To done bem plefance and feruife, But be thought all an other mile. This Aellus with his wordes file Pafe luche counleile tofoze ber eie, Whiche femed outwarde profitable. And was within Decemable. De bad bem of the fremes depe That thei beware, and take kepe, Do as thei knowe not the palle.

Bnt foz to belpe in fucbe a cas De faith him felfe, that for her eafe. De wolde, if that it mighte bem pleale, The passage of the water take, And for this ladie bibertake, To beare hir to that other fronde, And faufe to fette bir by a londe. and Dercules maie than alfo The were knowe, howe he thall go. I And therto thet accorden all. But what as after fhall befall, well paid was Bercules of this, And this Geant alfo glande is, And toke this labie by alofte, And fet hir on his thulber fofte: And in the floode began to wate, As he, whiche no grutchonge made, And bare bir oner lanfe and lounde. But whan be fobe on bate grounde, And Dercules was ferre behinde. The fet his trouth all out of minbe. who so therof be lefe or loth, with Defange forth be goth, As he that thought to diffeuer

The companie of hem for ener.

Whan Dercules therof toke hede,
As false as ener he might hym spede,
De hieth after in a throwe:
And hapneth that he had a bowe,
The whiche in all hast he bende,
As he that wolve an arowe sende,
whiche he tosore had ennenymed.
De hath so well his shotte tymed,
That he hym through the body smette.
And thus the false wight he lette.

But lifte nowe, fuche a felonie. moben Actius wift be thulbe bie. De toke to Defanyze bis fherte, whiche with the bloud was of his hert Abzough out diffeined ouer all, And tolde bowe the it kepe thall, And prinely to this entent : That if hir loade bis berte went To loue in any other place, This thert be faith bath fuche a grace, That if the maie to mochel make, That he the therte boon hom take, De thall all other lette in baine And tourne bnto bir loue againe. Tibbo was tho glad but Defange? Dir thought hir herte was on a fire, All it was in bir cofer loke: So that no worde therof was fpoke. The baies gone, the peres palle, The hertes waren laffe and laffe Df bem, that be to lone butrewe, This Dercules with hert newe, Dis loue bath let on Colen : And ther of fpeken all men.

This Colen, this faire maide
was (as men thilke tyme faide)
The kynges doughter of Eurice,
And the made Dercules so nice
Upon hir love, and so allote,
That he hym clotheth in hir cote:
And the in his was cladde full ofte.
And thus feblelle is set alofte,
And trengthe was put boder foote,
There can no man therof do boote.
Whan Desangse hath herd this speche,
There was no sociowe so; to seche,
Df other belpe wote the none,

But goth unto her coufer anone,
with wepend eye, and wofull herte,
he toke out thilke unhappie therte,
As the that wend wel to do.
And brought hir werke about so,
That Hercules this thert on dede,
To suche entent, as the was bede
Of Nessus, so as I saide er:
But theros was the nought the ner:
As no sortune mate be wequed,
with falle Semblant the was deceived.

Than whan the wende best have wome, She lost all that the hath begome. For thilke therte onto the bone Dis body lette a fire anone, And cleueth so, it mais not twynne. For the benym, that was therin.

and be than as a wilbe man. Unto the high woodde he ranne, And as the clerke Duide telleth, The great trees to grounde be felleth, With Arength of his owne might, And made an buge fire bpright, And lepte bym felfe therin at ones, And beent him felfe both fleffhe and bones. Whiche thong cam through falle femblant, That fals Deffus the Geant Made buto him, and to his wife, 110 herof that he bath loffe his life: And the losp for enermo. Thou the my forme er the be wo I rede, be wel ware therfore. for whan fo great a man was loze, It ought to yeue a great concette To warne all other of fuche becefte.

Graunt mercy father, Jam ware So fer, that I no moze dare Offals Semblant take acqueintance, But rather I wol do penance:
That I have feigned there er this.
Nowe afteth forth, whot so there is, Of that belongeth to my thrifte.

My lonne yet there is the titte, whiche is conceived of envie, And cleved is Supplantarie:

Ahzough whole compattement and gile ful many hath lotte his while
In love, as wel as other wife,

Dere

Bere after as 3 thall beuile.

Inuidus alterius est supplantator honoris
Et tua quo vertat culmina subtus arat.
Est op°occultă, gis quæ latet anguis in herba,
Quod facit, & subta sorte nociuus adest.
Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amatem,
Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam
Sæpég supplatans in planta plantat amoris,
Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.

E hic tractat Confesso de quinta specie Inuis die, que supplantatio dicitur, cuine custos pains quam percipiatur aliene dignitatio et officii muls totiene intrusos epistens.

The vice of supplantacion, with many a fals collacion, whiche be confpireth all buknowe, full ofte tyme bath ouerthiowe The worthin of another man: So wel no life alvaite can A vene his fleight foz to taffe, That he his purpole at the lafte De bath, er that it be withfet . But mofte of all bis bert is fet In court, byon thefe great offices Df bignitees and benefices. Thus goth he with his fleighte about To bonder, and thoue another out, and fronden with his flighe compas, In ftebe there another was. And fo to let bim felfe pime De recketh not be lo be wonne, Df that another man Gall lefe. and thus full ofte chalke for chefe De changeth with full litell coffe. wherof another bath the lofte, And be the profite thall receive. for his fortune is to deceive. And for to change byon the whele Dis wo with other mens wele. Of that another man avaleth Dis owne affate thus be by baleth. And taketh the byzde to his bevete, where other men the bullhes bete.

My forme and in the same wife There be lovers of suche empasse, That thapen hem to be relieved, Where it is wronge, to be acheved. for it is other mans right, whiche he hath take baie and night To kepe for his owne froze, Toward bim felfe foz euermoze, And is his proper by the lawe, whiche thong that afteth no felaire, If love bolde his covenaunt: But thei that worthen by fupplant pet wolden fuche a man fupplant, And take a part of thilke plant, Whiche be hath for him felfe fet. and fo ful ofte is all bonknet That some man weneth be right falle. for Supplant with his fipe caft full ofte hapneth for to mowe Thong, whiche another man hath lowe, And maketh common of propretee with fleight, and with fubtilter, As men maie fen from pere to pere. Abus claimeth be the bote to frere, Df whiche another maiffer is. I for thy my fonne if thou er this Dafte ben of fuche profettion, Discover the Confession Daff thou Supplanted any man ? Afoz ought that I pou telle can Mon boly father as of bede, 3 am withouten any bzede, And gilteles: but of my thought Mp conscience excuse I nought.

For were it wronge or wer it right, Me liketh no thong but might
That I ne wolde longe er this
Df other mans lone Iwis.
By wey of implantacion
Bane made appropriacion,
And holde that I never nought,
Thoughe it another man forthought.

And all this speke I but of one, for whom I lete all other gone, 28ut hir I maie not overpasse, That I ne mote alivey compasse, Me rought not by what queintise, So that I might in any wife fro suche, that my ladie serve thirthout any parte of soverue without any parte of sover

I wolde it might so befall,
That I alone thuld hem all
Supplant, and welve hir at my will.
And that thyinge maie I nought fulfill,
But if I thulve frengthe make:
And that dare I nought bivertake.
Though I were as was Alisander.
How there might rife a Chlander.
And certes that thall I do never.
In my simplesse for to die,
Than worthe suche supplantarie.

Df other wife I woll not faic, That if I fonde a fiker wate, I wolde as for conclusion worche after supplantation, So hyghe a love for to winne.

Nowe father, if that this be fittle,
I am redy to redzelle
The gylt, of whiche I me confelle.
They good some as of supplant
The dare not dzede tant ne quant,
As for no thyinge that I have berde,
But onely that thou haste misserbe
Thinkend: and that me liketh nought.
If or god beholt a mans thought.

And if thou binderifode in looth, In loues cause what it dooth, A man to ben a supplantour, Thou woldest for then owne honour By double wase take kepe.

Afyzite for then owne effate to kepe To be the felfe fo well be thought, That thou implanted were nought.

And the for worthip of thy name,
Towardes other do the fame:
And fustre enery man have his.
Idut netheles it was and is,
That in awaite at all assaics
Supplant of love in our waies,
The leef full ofte for the lever
forfaketh, and so it hath done ever.
Ensample I synde therboon.

Tonafter Agamemnon de amoze Bzeffeibe Achillem, et Diomedes de amoze Crifeide Croilum fupplantauit.

Cat trois howe that Agamenmon

Aupplanted the worthic knight Achilles, for that fweete wight whiche named was Brilleida.

And also of Arteida, Whome Arodus to love thes, Supplanted hath Diomedes.

TQualiter Amphitrium focium fuum Betam qui Alemenam peramanit, feipfum toco afterine contetofa implantacione fubfituit.

That while minere both as one Officenothip and of companie, I reve howe that Supplantarie In love, as it betto the, we great hath one of hem two. For this Geta, that I of mene, To whom the lufty fatre Alemene Amred was by wate of love, whan he bette twende have ben about, Auptoo to the cause lad,

That while he was out of the wese,

Amphitrion hir love aweie
Dath take, and in this forme he woonghe,

Aby night boto the chambre he longht.
Where that the lay: and with a wile
De counterfeteth for the while
The voice of Geet, in furhe a wife,
That made hir of hir bedde artie,
Wenende that it were he,
And lete hym in: and whan thei be
To gyder a bedde in armes faffs,
This Geta cam than at lafte
This Geta cam than at lafte
This die doze, and faide bodd.
And the answerd, and bad hym go,
And saide, howe that a bed all warms
Dir tiefe lay naked in hir arme.
She wende, that it were sooth.

Lo what supplant of lone booth.
This Geta foozth besaped went,
And yet ne wyst he, what it ment.
Amphitrion hym bath supplanted
with sleight of lone, and hir enchanted,
And thus put every man out other.
The thip of lone hath lost his rother,
So that he can no reason stere.
And so, to speke of this mattere
Touchende lone, and his supplaunt,

A tale, whiche is accordant Unto thine ears I thynke enforme. Howe herken, for this is the forme.

LIX.L.

This in amozia causa contra frande detractios nie ponit Consesso, epemplum, Et narrat de quodam Romani imperatozis sitio, qui pzobitates armozum super omnia epercere affectans, nescis ente patre Bêtra mare in partes Persie ad desermiendum Soldano super guerras cum sold milite tanquam socio suo ignotus setranssust. Et cum ipsius milicie sama super alios ibidem cesso acreusset, contigit, Vi in quodam besto contra Lasiphum Egppti inito, soldanus e sagista mozistaliter vustura pziusqua mozeretur quendam anulum se sus pziusqua mozeretur quendam anulum se sus sus pziusqua mozeretur quendam tradidit dicens, quasiter sissa sua sub paterne bes nedictionis Vincuso adiurata est, quod quicuming dictum anulum ei afferret, ipsium, in coniugem pzes nomnibus susciperset. Defuncto autem Soldano versus cimitatem, que k apze dictur, itinerantes, yste Romanus commistioni suus misterii secretum reursanit, qui noctantes a bursa domini sui anulum surto survipiene, vec que audiuit vus pzopzio sassissima supplanacione applicuit, et sic seruns pzo domino desponsata sibi voldani sitia, cozonatus, versie regnanit.

Df thilke citee thiefe of all. whiche men the noble Rome call, Er it was let to Chaiftes faith. There was, as the cronike faith, An emperour, the whiche it lab In pece, that he no warres hab. There was no thinge dilobeilant, whiche was to Kome apertenant, But all was tourned in to refte. To some it thought bem for the belle, To Come it thought nothynge lo, And that was onely buto tho, pohole herte frode bpon knighthobe: But most of all his manbobe, 国工作会 The worthie fonne of the emperour, whiche wolde ben a warriour, As he that was thinalrous, Of morloes fame and belyzous: abegan bis father to beleche That he the warres might leche In Arange marches for to ribe .

Dis father faide he thulde abide, And wolde graunt hym no leue. But he whiche wolde nought beleue. A knight of his, to whom he triff, Right even as he thought and lift, De toke and tolde hym his courage, That he purpoleth a biage, If that fortime with hym fronde.

De layde, that he wolde fonde
The great lea to palle bulunowe,
And there abide for a throwe
Ulyon the warres to travaile.

And to this point without faile
This knight whan he hath herde his lozde,
Is twoze, and frant of his accorde,
Is twoze, and frant of his accorde,
Is that bothe yonge were:
So that in prente counfaile there
Thei ben affented for to wende,
And therbyon to make an ende,
Treasure enough with hem thei token.

and whan the tyme is beff thei loken, That fovenliche in a galeie fro Rome londe thei wente their weie, And londed byon that other fibe. The worlde fell fo that ilke tibe. whiche ener his happes hath dinerle, The great Soldan than of Perle Apene the Caliphe of Egypte A warre, whiche that hom beclipte Dath in a marche coffeaunt : And be whiche was a purfinant 11002thippe of armes to attepne, This Romaine anone let ozdeine. That he was redie every dele. And whan he was arraied wele Df enery thong, whiche hom belongeth. Straught buto IRayze his weie be fongeth: Where be the Solban than fonde, And afketh, that within his londe De might hym for the warre ferue. As he whiche woll his thanke deferue.

The Souldan was right glad withall, And well the more inspeciall, whan that he wist he was Romaine, But what he was elles incertaine, That might he wite by no wate. And thus the knight, of whom I saie, Towarde the Souldan is belefte; And in the marches nowe and efte, where that the bedely warres were, De wrought suche knighthode there, That enery man spake of him good.
And thiske tyme so it stoode,
This mightie Soldan by his wife
A doughter hath, that in this life
Men saide there was none so feire,
She shulde ben hir sathers heire,
And was of yeres ripe enough.
Dir beautee many an hert drough
To bowe to that sike lawe,
fro whiche no life maie be withdrawe,
and that is lone, whose nature
Set life and death in a benture
Df hem, wat knighthode undertake.

This luftie veine bath ouertake The hert of this Romain lo loze, That to knighthode moze and moze Drowelle augunteth bis courage: Liche to the lion in his rage, fro whom that all beifes fice. Suche was this knight in his degree, where he was armed in the felde. Ther bult none abide his thelbe. Great wice bpon the warres be bad. But the, whiche all the chance lad fortune thope the marches lo, That by thattent of bothe two The Soldan and the Laliphe eke, Batail buom a Date thei feke: nobiche was in fuche a wife fet. That lenger thulbe it not be let. Thei made hem Aronge on every fide, And whan it drough towarde the tide, That the bataill hulbe be, The Solvan in great prinetee A golde ringe of his boughter toke, And made hir fwere boon a boke, And the buon the gobs all: That if fortune lo befall, In the bataille that be beie, That the hall thilke man obete, And take bim to hir houlbonde, whiche thilke fame ringe to bonbe Dir fhulde bapng after bis beth.

This bath the twoze, and forth he geth, with all the power of his londe. Unto the marche, where he fonde. His ememie full enbatailed.

Cahe Soldan hath the felde affailed.

Thei that ben hardie foone affemblen, nober of the beepfull bertes tremblen. That one fleeth, and that other fferueth, 3But abouen all his price beferneth This knightly Komain, where he robe Dis bedely Gwerbe no man abobe, Apene the whiche was no defence. Eappte flebbe in his prefence, And thet of Berle bpon the chace Burfuen, but I not what grace Befell, an arowe out of a bome All fodenly within a throwe The Solban imote, and there be laie. The thas is left for thilke baie, And be was bore in to a tent. The Solvan fighe how that it went, And that he Chulde algates bie: And to this knight of Komanie As buto him whom he most triffe, Dis boughters ringe, that none it wiffe. De toke, and tolde him all the cas, Thon hir othe what token it was, Df that the thulbe ben bis wife.

Whan this was laide, the hertes life Of this Soldan beparteth some; And ther boon, as was to dome, The dede body well and faire Thei caric till thei come at Raire; There he was wortheliche begraue.

The lordes, whiche as wolden faur The reigne, whiche was defolate, To bryng it in to good affate, A parlement thei fet anone.

Aowe berken what fell therboon.
This younge loode this worthie knight Of Rome, byon the same night,
That thei a morowe trete tholde,
Unto his bachiler he tolde
Dis counseill, and the ringe with all
De theweth, through whiche he thall
De seith, the kynges boughter wedde.
Hor so the ringe was leive to wedde
De tolde, in to hir fathers hande,
That with what man that the it fonde,
She shulde him take but o hir loode.
And thus, he seith, stant of recorde.
But no man wote who hath this ringe.

This bachelere bpon this thynge

Dis ere and his entent laide, And thought moze, than he faide, And feigneth with a fals bilage, That he was glad: but his rourage was all fet in a nother wife.

Hard le l

Thefe olde philosophers wife Thei writen boon thilke while, That he maie belt a man begile, In whom the man bath most crebence.

And this befell in eutdente Toward this yonge lood of Rome. Dis bachiler, whiche had tome, whan that his loode by night flepte, This ringe, the whiche his mailler kepte, Dut of his purs awrie he dede, And put another in the frede.

A mozow whan the court is fet, The yonge ladie was forth fet, To whome the lordes done homage. And after that of mariage Thei treaten, and aften of hir wille.

But the inbiche thought to fulfille Dir faders hell in this mattere, Salde openly, that men maie here The charge, whiche hir fader bad.

Tho was this loove of Rome glad,
And drough toward his purs anone,
But all for nought, it was a gone,
Dis bathfler it hath forth drawe,
And alketh therepon the lawe:
That the him holde covenant.
The token was so sufficant,
That it ne might be forsake.

And netheles his love hath take Duarelle agene his olone man. But for no thing that ever he cart, De might as than nought be herbe: So that his claime is on antwerce, And he hath of his purpos failed.

This bathfler was the countailed and wedded, and of thicke emptre. De was cronned look and fire, and all the lond him hath received: wherefiles looke, whiche was deceived a feknes, or the third morotoe. Conceived hath of dealy forotoe, and as he lay upon his death,

There while him lasteth specke and breth,

De send to: the worthfest
Df all the londe, and eke the best,
And tolde hem all the footh tho
That he was some and heire also
Of themperour of great Rome:
And howe that thei to gover come
This knight, and he, right as it was
De tolde hem all the plaine cas.

And for that be bis counfeil tolor. That other bath all that he wolve, And he hath failed of his mede. As for the good be taketh none bebe, De faith, but onely of the lone, Df whiche be wend hane be aboue. And therboon by letter write De both his faber foz to wite, Df all the matter howe it frobe. And than with an bertely mode Unto the lozdes be befought, To telle his lady howe he bought Dir loue, of whithe another glavbeth. And with that woode his beive fabeth, And laibe, a bien my laby liveete, The life bath toffe bis kindely bete. And he lave Will as any frone, wherof was fory many one: But none of all fo as the. This fals knight in his bearer Arested was, and put in holbe. for openly whan it was tolde Df the treason, whiche is befall, Throughout the londe thei faiden all, If it be looth, that men suppofe, Dis owne untrouth him thall bepole. And for to feche an eutoence with honour, and great reverence, Wherof thei mighten knowe an ende, To themperour anon thef fembe The letter, whiche his fonne wrote.

And whan that he the foodh wote, To tell his forowe is enveles. But pet in halfe netheles Ulpon the tale, whiche he herbe Dis feward in to Perfe ferde, with many a worthy Romaine eke, His liege traitor for to feke.

And whan thei thyder come were, This buight him hath confellio there,

Doin

Dowe fallely that he hath hym boze: was loze.

Tho faiben fome, be foulbe beie: But pet thei founden fuche a weie, That he thall not be bebe in Berle. And thus the failles ben diverle, 3be caufe that be was cozoneb. Of that the londe was habandoned To hom, all though it were buright, There is no peine for him biabt . But to this point and to this ende Thei graunten wel, that he thall wende with the Romanns to Rome ageine. And thus acorded full and pleine, The quicke body with the Depe motth leue take, forth thei lebe. where that Supplant hath his Juffe. wherof that thou the might aufe Ulpon this information, Touchend of Supplantacion, That thou my fonne do not fo .

And for to take hede also what supplant dooth in other halue, There is no man can finde a salue Pleinly to helen suche a soze. It hath and shall ben enermoze, whan pride is with enuie Jopnt, We suffer ho man in good poynt, where that he maie his honour let And therboon if I shall set Ensample in holy churche I synde, How that supplant is not behynde, Bod wote if that it nowe be so.

for in Cronike of tyme a go I fynde a tale concordable of Supplaunt, whiche is no fable In the maner as I shall telle, So as whylom the thynges felle.

Thic ponit Confessor epemplam contra istoe in causa dignitatis adquirende supplantatores. Et narrat qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessos sem suum Celestimum a papatu contractata curremuencione fraudulenter supplantauit, Sed qui potentes a sede deponit suiusmodi supplantacionis fraudem non sustinens, ipsum sicin substime epattatum postea in profundi carcerie mises riam proici, same in stiti cruciari, nec non et ab suius vite gaudie dotorosa morte supplantari permisit.

I Rome as it bath ofte fall, The biker generall of all, Df bem that leuen Thatfes feith, Dis lafte date, whiche none with fetth Dath thette, as to the worldes ete : nohosname, if 3 thall fperifie, De hight Pope Micolas. and thus whan that he palled was, The Lardinals, that wolben faue The forme of lawe in the conclaus, Bon foz to chefe a newe Pope. and after that thei couthe grope Dath eche of bem faibe bis entent, Mill at laffe thei affent Tipon an boly clerke reclufe, whiche full was of goffly bertufe.

Dis pacience, and his simplesse Dath set hym in to highe noblesse. Thus was he Pope canonised with great honour, and intronised and byon chance, as it is falle, Dis name Celestin men calle. Whiche notified was by buil To holy churche: and to the full In all londes magnified.

But every worthtp is envied: And that was thilke tyme fene. For whan this Bope, of whome I mene, Was chole, and other fer be fibe,

a carbinall was thilke tipe, mobiche the papate hath longe befreb, And therbpon gretly confpired, 18ut whan he fighe fortune is failed. for whiche long time be bath trauailed: Abat fike fore, whiche Ethna brenneth, Abzough out his wofull berte renneth: whiche is refembled to enuie, wherof Eupplant and trecherie Engendzed is . And netheles De feigneth loue, be feigneth pes, Dutwarbe be booth the reuerence: But all within his conscience, Through fals pmaginacion, De thought Supplantacion. And therbpon a wonder wile De wrought . Hoz at thilke while It fell fo, that of his linage De had a Llergon ponge of age,

30

whom he hath in his chamber affaited.
This Lardinall his time bath waited,
And with his wordes slie and queint,
The whiche he couth wisely peint,
he shope this clerke of whiche I tell,
Towarde the pope for to dwell:
So that within his chamber a night
he laie: and was a privite wight
Towarde the pope on nightes tide,
May no man slee, that shall be tide.

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This Cardinall, whiche thought gile, Apon a daie, whan he hath while,
This younge clerke but him toke,
And made hym fwere boon a boke,
And tolde him what his will was:
And footh with all a Trompe of beas
De hath hym take, and bad him this.

Thou thalt, he laide, whan time is Awaite, and take right good kepe, whan that the Pope is fall a flepe, And that none other man be nie: And than that thou be so flie Through out the Arompe in to his ere, fro heuen as though a voice it were, To sowne of surbe prolaciou, That he his meditacion Theros maie make, and buderstonde, As though it were of gods sonde.

And in this wife thou thalt feie, That he do thilke affate aweie Df Pope, of whiche he frant honoured, So thall his foule be focured Df thilke worthippe at the last In henen, whiche shall ever last.

This clerke, what he hath hero the forme, Zow he the Pope Hulo enforme:

And so of the Larbinall his leve,
And goth hym home, till it was eve,
And prively the trampe he hedde

Tyll that the Pope was a bedde.

And at the midnight, whan he knewe

The Pope Clepte, than he bleive

within his Arompe through the wall,
And tolde, in what maner he hall

Dis papacie leve, and take

This holy Pope he made thries:

wher of divers fantalies

Clpon his great holineffe,
Within his herte he gan impresse,
The Pope full of Innocence
Conceineth in his conscience,
That it is gods will, he cese.
But in what wise he maie relese
Dis hie astate, that wote he nought.

And thus within him felfe he thought, De bare it fill in his memozie, Till he cam to the confistozie, And there in presence of hem all De asketh: if it so befall, That any Pope celle wolde, Down that the lawe it suffer tholde.

Thei letten all fill, and heroe.
Was none, whiche to the pointe answerde;
for to what purpos that it ment,
There was no man knewe his entent,
But onely he, whiche shop the gile.

This Carbinall the same while All openly with wordes pleine Seith: if the Pope woll ordeine,
That there be suche a lawe wrought:
Than might he celle, and elles nought.

And as be laide, boone it was, The Pope anone boon the cas Df his papall auctozitee Bath made and pone the becree." And whan the lawe was confermed In bue forme, and all affermed, This innocent, whiche was deceived, Dis papacie anone bath weined. Kenounced and religned ete. That other was nothunge to feke But bnderneth luche a lape De hath fo for bom felfe thape, That bowe as ever it bym befeme, The miter, with the diabeme De bath through fupplantacion: And in his confirmacion, Ulpon the fortune of his grace, Dis name was cleped Boniface.

Tinder the viler of enuie
Lo thus was hid the trecherie,
whiche hath begiled many one.
But luche counsail there mate be none,
whiche treason, whan it is conspired,
That it his like the sparke fired

Mp in thy roofe, whiche for a throwe Lieth hid, til whan the windes blowe It blafeth out on enery live.

This Boniface, whiche can nought hide The trecherie of his Supplant, Dath openly made his anant, Dowe be the papacie bath wonne. But thing which is with woong begonne, Maie neuer fonde wel at ende. where pride thall the bowe bende De theteth ful out of the wepe, and thus the pope, of whom I feve: mban that he foode on highe the whele, De can not luffer bym felfe be wele. Bnuie, whiche is loueles, And pride, whiche is laweles, with fuche tempeftes made bym erre, That charitee goth out of herre: So that byon milgouernance, Agepult Lewis the konge of france De toke quarell of his oultrage, And faide, be fould done homage Unto the churche bodily.

But he that will no thong who De thulve do so great service, After the worlde in suche a wise, withstood the wronge of that demaund. Hor nought the pope mate commaund The konge woll not the pope obepe.

This pope the by all weee, That he maie worche of biolence, Dath fent the bulle of his fentence, with curlinge, and enteroite.

The kyinge open this wrongfull plite,
To kepe his reigne from servage,
Counsailed was of his baronage,
That might with might shal be with stode.
Thus was the cause take on honde.
And saiden, that the papacie
Thei wolde honoure and magnisse
In all that ever is spirituall.
But the tike prive temporall
Of Bonisace in his persone,
Apene that sike wronge alone
Thei wolden stonde in debate.
And thus the man, and nought the state
The frenche shopen by her might
To greeve: And set there was a knight,

Sire Guillam de Langaret,
whiche was boon this cause set:
And therboon he toke a route
Df men of armes, and rode oute,
So longe, and in a waite he late,
That he aspied boon a bate
The pope was at Anignon,
And shulde rive out of the towne,
That Doursozge, the whiche is
A castell in Province of his.

Alpon the were and as he rode,
This knight, whiche honed and abobe
Embuished bom hors bake,
All sobenliche bon hym brake,
And hath hym by the bridell seled,
And said: D thou, whiche hast offeled
The court of france by thy wronge,
Thou shalt singe a newe songe.
Then there owner and the sentence
Ayen then owne conscience
Evere after thou shalt sele and grope.

we plaine nought ageyne the pope for thilke name is honourable. 1But thou, whiche halfe be becetuable, And trecherous in all the werke, Thou Boniface, thou proude clerke, Milleder of the paparte, Thy fats boote thall abte And luffer, that it hath beferued. Lo thus this Implanto, was ferued. for thei bim labbe in to france, And fetten bym to his penance, within a toure in harde bonbes, where he for honger both his hondes Cate of: And bieb, god wote howe: Df whom the writing is pet nowe Regelfred as a man maie bere, whiche speketh and faith in this maners. The entree like a for was fligh, Thy reigne also with pride on bigb was liche the lion in his race: But at the laffe of the paffage Aby beath was to the boundes like.

Suche is the letter of his Aronike Proclaimed in the court of Rome:
Wherof the wife enfample nome.
And yet as ferforth as I bare,
I reve all other men beware,

20. fi.

And that thei loke well algate,

That none his olone effate translate

Of holy thurthe in no degree

18p fraude ne subtilitee,

Fol. XI. Hill.

Hoz thilke honour , whiche Aaron toke, Shall none receiue, as feith the boke, But he becleped, as he was

what thall I thinken in this cas
Of that I here nowe a date?
I not: but he whiche can and mate
By reason both and by nature
The helpe of enery mans cure,
De kepe Symon fro the folde.

E Notabe prophecia Joachim abbatis.

E for Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,
Dowe luche dates thulden fall,
That committee in places all
The chapmen of luche mercerie
with fraude, and with supplantante
So many shulden by and felle,
That he ne mate for shame telle
So foule a sinne in mans ere:
18ut god sorbede, that it were
In our dates, that be setth.

Sout the clerke beware his feith.
In hapmanhode at luche a feire
The remenant mote nedes empeire
Dfall that to the worlde belongeth.
for whan that holy churche wrongeth,
I not what other thyng thall right,

And netheles at mans fight Ennie for to be preferred.
That conscience so differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
whiche is the moder of malice,
And that is thilke fals ennie:
whiche causeth many a trecherie.
Hor where he maie another see,
That is more gracious than hee:
It shall not fronden in his might,
What if he hinder such a wight:
And that is well nighe over all,
This dice is nowe so generall.

E Qualifer Joas princepe milifie Dauis innibie caufa Aloner fubbole interfecit. Et qualiter etta Achitofell ob hoc, quod Lufi in Lofitio Asfologi preferebaine, acce que innibia faqueo fe fufpebit,

Ennie thilke on hap in brough, whan Joah by deceipt flough Abner, for brede he shulde bee with kynge Dauld suche as was hee.

And through enuie alfo it felle Df thilke fals Arhitofelle. for his counfeil was not achened But that he falve Lufy beleued with Abfolon, and hym forfahe, De honge bom felfe boon a fake. Eseneche witnelleth openly Dowe that ennie properly Is of the sourt the comon wenche, and halt tauerne for to fchence That brinke, which maketh the bert brene, And both the wit about renne 18y enery wey to compatte, Zowe that he might all other patte, as he whiche through bukpnothip Enuieth enery felaufhip. So that thou might well knowe and fee, There is no vice fuche as bee.

And to mankende boppofitable.

And that by worders but a fewe

Innidiæ stimulus fine causa ledit abortus, Nam sine temtante crimine crimen habet. Non est huius opus retare Cupidinis archis, Dumin factes V eneris Ethnica fläma vorat, Absortubore genæ pallor quas susc'obübrat. Frigida naturæ cætera membra docent.

Wie deferibit Confeffor naturaminnible fang in amoze qua affter fecundum proprietatem bifus

Duie if that I thall beferine,
The is not thapely for to wine
In erth amonge the women here.
For there is in hom no mattere,
where the might be plefance.

Afteste for his heup contenance,
De that he semetheuer buglab,
De is not able to be had.
And she he brenneth so within,
That kinde mate no profite winne,
whereof he chulde his love please.
For thiske blood, whiche chuld have ease,
To regue amonge the mosse beines
Is drie of thiske bukindely peines,

Through

Through whiche emile is fired aie .

And this by reason prove I maie, That towarde love Anute is nought, And otherwise if it be sought Upon what syde as ever it fall It is the werld vice of all: whiche of him selfe hath most malice. How binderstonde that every vice Some cause hath, where sit groweth: But of enuie no man knoweth fro whens he cam, but out of hell.

For thus the wife clerkes tell, That no fpirite but of malice 1By wer of hunde upon a vice Is tempted, and by fuche a wate: Enuie bath kynde put a waie. and of malice bath his fourryng, wherof he maketh bis bakbitung, and is him felfe therof difeafed. So maie there be no kynde pleased . for ay the more that he enuteth, The moze avene him felfe be plieth. Thus fant Ennie in good efpeire To ben bim felfe the biuels beire, As he whiche is the nexte liche, and forthelf from the beuen riche. for there maie be neuer wonne. I for thy my good dere fonne, If thou wolt fonde a liker weie Mo loue : put enuie aweie . Mon holv faber reason wolde, That I this vice elchewe Molde:

But yet to ffrength my courage, If that ye wolde in auantage Therof let a recouere, It were to me a great befire, That I this vice might flee.

Powe invertionde my sonne, and see. There is phistike so, the seke, And vertues so, the vices eke. Who that the vices wolve eschewe, De mot by reason than sewe The vertues. Fo, by thiske weie De maie the vices done aweie. Fo, thei to geder maie not dwell. Fo, as the water of the well Of fire abateth the malice: Right so vertue so, booth the vice.

Agene Ennie is Charitee,
whiche is the moder of pitee,
That maketh a mans herte tender,
That it maie no malice engender,
In hym, that is inclined therto.
Foz his courage is tempzed fo,
That though he might him felse releue,
Pet wolde he not another greue:
But rather foz to do plesance,
De bereth him selse the greuauce,
So saine he wolde an other ease.
Wherof my sonne foz thyn ease
Nowe herken a tale, whiche I rede,
And bnderstonde it well I rede.

Thic ponit Confeffoz epemptum de Birtute Cha titatie contra Innidiam, Etnatrat de Conftans fino Elene filio, qui cum Imperii Romani dignis tatem obtinuerat, a mozbo lepze infecine mediei pro fanitate recuperanda, ipfum in fanguine puerozum mafcutozum Batneare pzopofuerant, fed cum innumera muffitudo matrum cum filia Buinfmod. medicina caufa in circuitu palacii afs fuffet, Imperatozip eogum gemitus a clamozes percepiffet, charitate motus ingemiffens fic ait . D Bere eft ipfe dominus, qui fe facit ferunm pietatie . Et fie bictie ftatum fuum cuntipotentie medele committene, fui ipfine mozbum potine quam infantium moztem Beniquins efegit, unde ipfe qui antea paganus et lepzofns eptiterat, ep Snda Baptifmatie renatus, ptrinfc materie tam coppopis quam anime binino miraculo confecutus eft falutem .

A Monge the bokes of Latine
A fynde it write of Lonffantine
The worthy emperour of Rome,
Suche infortunes to him come.
Whan he was in his luftic age

The lepre raught in his buffie age
The lepre raught in his vilage,
And so footh over all oboute,
That he ne might riden out.
So left he both thelde and spere,
As he that might hym not bestere,
And helde hym in his chamber close.
Through all the worlde the same arose:

The great clerkes were affent, And come at his commaundement To trete byon this loades hele. So longe thei to geder dele, That thei byon this medicine Appointen hem, and determine,

D iii

That in the maner as it froode, They wolde hom bath in childes blood within leuen winter age . for as thei faien, that thulbe affuage The lepze, and all the biolence, whiche that thei knowe of accidence, And not by wey of hynde is fall, And therto thei acorden all As for fonall conclution, And tolden her opinion To themperour : And be anone 2) is comfaile toke, and therbpon with letters, and with feales out Thei fent in enery londe about The vonge children for to feche: nohole bloode, thei laid, thulde be leche for themperours malable.

There was enough to wepe and crie Amonge the moders, whan thei herbe Howe wofullly this cause serve.
But netheles thei mot bowe.
And thus women there come enowe with children soukend on the tete.
Ther were many teres lete.

But were hem liefe, or were hem loth The women and the children both Into the palais forth he brought, with many a lorie hertes thought Of hem whiche ofher body bore The children had: and so forlore within a while shulde see.

The moders were in her begree, and many ofhem a swome fall.

The yonge babies crieden all. This notic arole, this loade it herde, And loked out, and how it ferde De lawe: and as who laide abraide, Dut of his flepe, and thus he laide.

D thou dinine purueance, whiche every man in the balance Of kynde half formed to be liche. The pore is bore as is the riche, And dieth in the same wise.

Cloon the foole opon the wife Sekenes and hele enter commune, Maie none eschewe that fortune, whiche kynde bath in hir laive sette Hir Arengthe and beautee ben besette To enery man a liche free, That the preferreth no degree, As in the disposicion Of bodily complection.

And eke of soule reasonable,
The pooze childe is boze as able
To vertue, as the kynges soune.
Hoz enery man his owne wonne,
After the lustes of his assate,
The vice oz vertue chese mase.
Thus stande all men franchised
But in estate thei ven benised,
To some worthip and richeste,
To some pouertee and distresse.
One lozdeth, an other serveth.
But yet as every man deserveth
The worlde geveth not his yestes here.

But certes he hath great matere To be of good condicion, Whiche hath in his subjection The men, that ben of his semblance.

And the he toke his remembrance, Howe he that made lawe of kynde wolde enery man to lawe bynde, And bad a man, suche as he wolde Toward him selfe, right such he sholde Toward an other doone also.

And thus this worthie lorde as the Set in balance his owne estate, And with him selfe stode in debate, And thought how it was not good To see so mothell mans blood 18e spilte, by cause of him alone.

De lawe also the great mone, De that the mothers were buglable And of the wo the children made: whereof that his herte tendreth, And suche pitee within engendreth, That him was lever for to chese Dis owne bodie for to lese, Than see so great a mourdre wroughe Clipon the bloud, whiche gisteth noughe.

Ahis for the pitce, whiche he toke, All other leches he forloke, And put him out of auenture Alonly to gods cure, And latth, who that woll maiffer bee, De mote be feruant to pitce.

So ferfozth he was overcome with charitee, that he hath nome his counsaile, and his officers, and bad bat onto his treasourers, That thei his treasour all about Departe amonge the pooze route Of women, and of children both, whereof thei might hem fede and cloth, and santely tournen home ageyne, without loss of any greine.

Through charitee thus he dispendeth Dis good, wherof he amendeth The poore people, and countrevaileth The harme, that he hem so travaileth.

And thus the wofull nightes forowe To tope is torned on the morowe. All was thankinge, all was bliffing, whiche erk was wepping and curling.

These women gone home glad enough, Ethone for inte on other lough,
And praide for this lordes hele,
whiche hath released the quarele,
And hath his owne will forlake
In charitee for gods sake.

But nowe hereafter thon thalt here what god hath wrought in this matere, As he that doothe all equitee

To him that wrought charitee,
We was avenewarde charitous,
And to pitee he was pitous.
Hor it was never knowe yet,
That charitee goth briaquit.

The night whan he was laide to flepe
The high god, whiche wold him kepe,
Saint Betre and faint Boule him fende,
By whom he wolde his lepze amende.
Thei two to him flepende appere
fro god, and faid in this manere:

D Constantin, for thou hast served Pitee, thou half pitee deserved.
For thy thou shalte suche pitee have,
That god through pitee woll the same.
Thou shalte so double hele synde.
Fyrste for thy bodilyche kynde,
And for thy wofull soule also,
Thou shalt be hole of both two.
And for thou shalt not the despecte,
Thy lepre shall no more empeire,

Mill thou wilte fende therboon Unto the mount of Celion, where Splueffer and his clergie To geber dwellen in companie for drede of the, whiche many a date Paft ben a fo to Chaiftes late, And haft beftroied, to mochell thame The prechours of his holy name . But now thou half fombele appealed Thy god, and with good bede pleafed, That thou the pitee haff bewared Tipon the blood, whiche thou haft fpared. for the to the faluacion Thou halt have Informacion Suche as Stlueffer fall the teche, The nedeth of none other leche.

This Emperour whiche all this herbe, Braunt mercy lozde he answerde:
I woll do so as ye me saie.
But of one thynge I wold praie,
what shall I tell but Dyluester
Df your name or of your ester?

And thei him tolde what thei hight.
And forth with all out of his fight
Thei pallen up in to the henen.
And he awoke out of his swenen,
And clepeth, and men come anone,
And tolde his dreme: and therbook
In suche a wise as he hem telleth,
The mount, where Sylvester dwelleth
Thei have in all haste sought.
And sounden he was, and with he brought
To themperour, whiche to hym tolde
Dis swenen, and elles what he wolde.

And wha Silvester hath herde the king, The was right toyfull of this thing, And hym began with all his witte To techen boon holy writte.

Airl how mankynde was forloze, And howe the high god therfoze Dis some sende from aboue, Whiche borne was for mans love. And after of his owne chars.

And after of his owne chops He toke his death upon the crops.

And howe in grane he was beloke, And how that he bath helle broke, And toke hem out, that were hym lene. And for to make be full beleve,

Mbat

That he was bery gods forme, Spene the kynde of mans wonne, Fro death he role the thirde dale. And whan he wolde, as he well male De flighe by to his father even, with flelthe and bloud into the heaven.

And right fo in the same forme, In sellhe and bloud he thall reforme, Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede, At thiske wofull date of drede, Where every man thall take his dome, As well the maister as the grome.

The mighty kynges retenue That date mate frande of no value with worldly frengthe to defende. Hoz every mote mate than entende To frande vpon his owne dedes, And leve all other mens nedes.

That daie maie no counsaile anaile,
The pledour and the plee shall faile,
The sentence of that yike daie
Maie none appele sette in delaie.
There maie no golde the indge plie,
That he ne shall the sooth trie,
And setten enery man byzight,
As well the plowe man as the knight.

The lewbe man, the great clerke Shall Stonde byon his owne werke, And fuche as be is founde tho, Suche hall be bee foz euermo : There maic no peine be releafed, There maie no iope ben encrealed, But enbeles as thei haue bo. De thall receine one of two. Thus Splueffre with his fawe The grounde of all the newe laine, with great denocion be preacheth, Aro point to point and plainly teacheth Unto this beathen emperour, And faith: the bigh creatour Dath biderfonge his charitee, Df that he wrought luche pitee, Whan he the children had on bonde.

Thus whan this loade hath understonde Df all this thynge, howe that it ferde: Unto Sylvestre he than answerde with all his holle herte, and seith: That he is redy to the feith.

And to the beffell, whiche for bloode was made, Sylueffre, there it froode with cleane water of the welle In all hafte be let bo felle, And let Lonfrantine therinne All naked by to the chirate: And in the while it was begonne A light, as though it were a forme fro beauen into the place come where that he toke his christendome: And euer amonge the boly tales, Like as thei weren fifthes fcales Thei fellen from hom nowe and efte, Tyll that there was nothunge belefte Df all this great malabie . for he that wolde hom purifie, The high god bath made bym clene, So that there lefte nothong fene.

De hath hym clenfed both two, The body and the foule alfo.

Tho knewe this emperour in dede, That Christes feith was for to drede: And lende anone his letters out, And let do crien all aboute Thon peine of death, that no man werne That he baptisme ne recepue.

After his mother queene Eleyne De fende, and so betwene hem tweyne They treaten, that the citee all Was chaiffned, and the foozth with all,

This emperour, which hele hath found, within Rome anone let founde Two churches, whiche he bid make for Beter and for Boules fake, Df whome be bad a biffon. And pafe therto possession Dflozdethippe, and of worldes good. But howe fo that his wille was good Towarde the Pope and his franchile, Pet hath it proned otherwise To fee the worthong of the bebe . for in cronike thus I rebe, Anone as be bath made the pefte A voice was berbe on bighe the lefte, Df whiche all Rome was adzadde, And faid, this bate benim is thabbe In holy churche of tempozall, whiche medleth with the spirituall:

And holve it fant of that begree, and a Wet mate a man the foothe fer. God male amende it whan be wille, ont a can therto none other Chilles a sould so the But for togo there I began, al to all all Pome charitee mais belpe a man di sal a To bothe toogloes, I bane fatte. And if thou have an eare latte My fonne, thou might bnbertonbe, If charitee be take on bonde, and men ent There foloweth after mothel grace. for the if that then wilt purchace, the total Dowe that thou might enuie flee, Acqueint the with charitee, a man in the whiche is the vertue foueraine. My father I thall be my pame. for this enfample whiche pe tolbe with all myn berte 3 haue witholde: So that I thall for evermore Eschewe enuie well the moze.

And that I have er this miles,
Pene me my penance er I go.
And over that to my matere
Of thefre, while ye fitten here
In princtee between by tweeper and the power after, what there is I preg.

Confessor.

IMP good some, and for thy love
I woll the telle, what is more;
so that thou shalte the vices knowe.
For whan thei bee to the full knowe,
Thou might hem wel the better eschue.
And sor this cause I thinks sewe
The forme bothe and the matere,
As nowe sewende thou shalte here,
whiche vice stant nexte after this.

And whan thou wolf, home that it is, as thou that there my bentle Thou might the lefte better autie.

Explicit Liber fecundus.

for hear

Ira fuis paribus est par furits Acherontis,
Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet,
Ira melancolicos animos perturbat, ve equo
Iure fui pondus nulla staréra tenet.
Omnibus in causis grauat ira inter amantes
Illa magis facilis orte grauamen agit.
Est voi vir discors leuiter prepugnat amoria
Sarpe loco ludi sietus ad ora venit.

This is fertie tibro tractat fuper quing species Bus ire, quatum prima melancofia dicitur, enine Bitium Confessor primo describene amati, super sodem consequenter opponit.

Incipit Liber tertius,



Athon the vices lifts to know My forme, it hath not ben bre know fro first that men their swere bes grounde,

That there mis none boon this grounds A vice forreine fro the lawe, upberof that many a good felator Dath be diffraught by loveine thance: And pet to kynbe no pleafance It boothe : but where he moft acheneth Dis purpole, moffe to kinde be greneth, As he, whiche out of conscience Is enmy buto pacience, And is by name one of the feven. whiche ofte bath fet the worlde breuen. And cleped is the cruell Fre: whole bette is enermoze on fire. To fpeke amiffe, and to bo bothe for his ferumtes ben euer tozothe. My good father telle me this, what thenge is ice ? Some it is, That in our englillhe wath is bote, Whiche hath his toozdes ap fo bote, That all a mans pactence 3s fired of the biolence, win der mild ted at for be with bom bath euer fine Sernantes, that helpen bym to frine;

The first ofhem melancoly Is cleped, whiche in company An honderde tymes in an hours woll as an angry beast lours, And no man wote the cause why.

My forme they we the nowe for the. Daft thou be melancolien:

My father pe by fainct Julien:

But I butrewe wordes ble,

I male me not therofercule.

And all maketh love well I wote,

Of whiche myn herte is ever hote,

o that I become as both a gleve

for wath, that I male not spece,

And thus full ofte a baie for nought (Maufe onliche of myn owne thought) 3 am fo with my feluen worth, That bowe lo that the game goth, mofth other men 3 am not glab, But I am well the moze briglab. Sos that to other mens game, It tourneth me to pure grame. Thus am 3 with mp felfe oppreffeb Di thought, whiche I baue impreffeb, That all wahpinge 3 breine and mete, That 3 alone with hir mete, and and the And prap bir of fome good antwere. But for the wolde not gladly fwere, She Caith me nave withouten othe. And thus ware 3 within worth, That outwarde 3 am all affraieb, and fo biffempreb, and fo elmayeb:

MVALE Jol

A thoulaude tymes on a bale de de la There fowneth in myn eares nage, The whiche the faibe me tofore. Thus be my wittes all fogloge, ilu amaires and namely whan 3 begynne, dans onthe To reken with my felfe withinne, Dowe many peres ben agone un adapt a le Sith 3 bane truely lourd one, and never toke of bir other bebe And ener a liche for to fpebe 3 am, the more 3 with bir beales man to that up bap, and all my beale Me thinketh is ap the lenger the ferre. That bringeth my glabthip out of berre: wherof my wittes ben empeireb, and 3, as tobo faith, all bifpetreb. for finally luban that 3 mufe and and and thinke, bowe the woll me refule, 7 am with anger lo bellab, a garanal na for al this woolde might 3 be glab. a lour And for the while that it laftetham on ent All by to bowne my tope it caffeth. And my the forther that 3 bee, ad mod hat (woban Inematemp lable fee) dan ett a The more 3 am reby to wather in That for the tourbringe of a lath, I woode as both the wilee fea to another to and am fo melancolions, amond & surrock That ther nis fernant in myne boule,

thi2

But father; if it to bettbe, and add a That I approche at any tibe
The place, where my lable is a strong of the place, where my lable is a strong of the place a goodly worde tome, for all the golde that is in Rome De couth I after that be wroth, what all myn angre overgothe.
Do glad I am of the prefence of the, that I all offence of the, that I all offence over glad is my thought.

And netheles, the fothe to telle, Apenewarbe if it fo befelle, That I at thilks tome fie Dn me, that the mileatte bir ete, Da that the loft not loke, to bad your the And 3 therofgood broe toke : das in the anone into my fielle effate I tourne, and am with that allo mate, That ever it is a liche wiche. And thus men bonde apene the patche 3 burte, and baue bone many a bate, and go fo forth as 3 go maie And make buto my felfe a whippe : with whiche in many a chele and beate. My wofull berte is to to beate, That all my wittes ben bulofte, And 3 am mothe, 3 not bow oftr; and all it is melantolie, and the of the Whiche grolveth on the fantalle and all Df loue, that me woll not loute t so beare I forthe an angry moute full many tomes in a pere.

But father, nowe pe litten bere In Loues febe, I von beleche, and and That lome enlample pe me teche.

Confessor.

Total forme for then bertes ease

I hall fulfill the praiere,

so that thou might the better leve what michiefe that this vice Aereth, whiche in his anger nought forbeareth, when he is fobre, and that he thinketh Alpon the folic of his bede, and of this point a tale I rede.

Chic ponit Confesso epemplum contra isso, qui cum Sires amozia non sunt vealiter experti contra associate amontes melancolica seneritate ab iracundid Sindicte pronocantur, Et narrat quas liter rep Bolus situm nomiue Wachareum, et sistam nomine Canacem habuit, qui cum ab instantia Ssar pubertatem inuicem fuerant educati, Lupido tandem cum ignito iacuso amborum cors dia desideria amozose penetranit, ita quastra Canacia cooperante a fratre suo inpregnata pare turit, simper quo pater intosterabitem inuentusia concupiscentiam ignozans, nimiage suroria mes l'ancolia preuentus, dictam sistam cum partu dos sorsoissimo casus interfeci dindicante.

There was a kynge, whiche Solus was hote: and it befell hym thus,
That he two children had fayre
The fonne cleped was Machapre,
The boughter the Lanace hight,
By bate bothe and the by night.

while thei be ponge of common wome In chambre thei to gether wonne, And as thei Chulben pleib bem ofte Mill thei be growen by alofte In the yongthe of luftie age, whan hynde affaileth the courage with loue, and both bim for to bowe, That be no reason can allowe, But balte the lawes of nature. for whom that lone bath buber cure, As he is blombe bom felfe, right fo De maketh his client blynbe allo . In luche maner, as I you tell: As thei all bate to gether owell, This brother might it not afferte, That be with all his bole berte Dis lone byon his after call, Ind fo it fell bem at the lafte, That this Machapte with Canace, toban they were in a preup place, Cupide bab bem firte to kille, and after the, whiche is mailtriffe

In honde, and teacherb enery life, Defthout lawe pofitife, Df wbiche the taketh no maner charge, But kepeth ber lawes all at larger Dature toke bem in to loze. And taught bem fo, that overmore Dbe bath bem in luche a wife bannteb. That thei were as who fatth, enchaunteb. And as the bipnoe an other leveth, And till thei fall nothunge brebeth : Right fo thei had none mlight. But as a birbe, whiche woll a light, And feeth the meate, and not the nette, nabiche in bereite of him is lette, Thele yonge folke no perill fie, But all was likenge in bir eie. In that thei fell bpon the chance where witte bath lose bis remembrance. Do longe thei to gether affemble, The wombe arole, and the gan to tremble, And belbe bir in bir chambse clofe, for brebe it thould be bilclofe, And come buto bir fathers eare. twherof the fonne bab allo feare, And frigneth canfe for to ribe . for longe burft be not abibe, In aunter if men woll feine, That be his after bath forleine : for pet the bab it not beknowe. to bole was the childe at thilke throws.

Machapze goth, Lanace abit, The whiche was not belinered pet: But reght fone after that the was, Thowe lift and berken a wofull ras. The foth, whiche maie not ben bib was at lafte knowe and hid Unto the honge, bothe that it flobe. and whan that be it buberfobe. Anone into Melancolie, As though it were a francie, De fell, as be whiche not byngecouthe, Dowe maifferfull Loue is in poutbe . And for be was to love frange, De wolde not his berte change To be benigne and fanourable To loue but bumerciable. Betwene the wave of woode and worth In to bis boughters chambje be gothe,

Ant

And fie the childe was late bose, whereof he hath his othe fwose, That the it that full fore abis. And the beganne mercy to crie Clyon hir bare knees, and praise, And to hir father thus the faire:

Dane mercy father, thynke I am Thy childe, and of thy bloud I cam. That I milbebe, youth it made, And in the flouddes bad me wade, where that I fee no perill tho: Wut nowe it is befall fo, Mercy my father, do no wrethe.

And with that worde the lotte fpeche, And fell botone fwouned at his fote, As the. for forothe nedes mote.

But bis boarible crueltee, That might attempte no pitee. Dut of bir chambre forth be tvente All full of waath in his entente, And toke the counfaile in bis berte, That the thall not the beath afferte . And be whiche is melancolien, Df paciente hath not lien, poberof be may bis wath refreine; And in this wilde woode pepue, poban all bis reason was butame, A briabt be cleped by bis name. and toke bym, as by wey of londe a naked Overbe, to beare on bonbe, And faibe bym, that be Quibe go, Arm tell buto bis boughter fo, In the maner as he bym babe, Dowe the that tharpe fiverbes blade Receive Quibe, and bo withall, so that the wote where to the thall .

Forth in mellage goth this knight Winto this wolull yonge wight.

This tharpe liverbe to hir he toke, where that all hir bodie quoke.

For well the will what it ment, and that it was to thilke entent,

That the hir feluen thilbe flea,

And to the knight the faide yea,

Nowe that I wote my fathers will,

That I thall in this wife fpill:

I will obete me therto,

And as he woll, it shall be bo,

But now this theng mate be none other, I woll a letter to my brother, (So as my feble hande mate write) with all my wofull berte endite.

She toke a penne on honde tho,
fro point to point and all the wo,
As ferforth as hir felfe it wote,
Who hir deadly frende the wrote;
And tolde howe that hir fathers grare
She mucht for nothering purchase.

And over that as thou thalt bere,
The water and faide in this manere.
The thou my forowe, and my gladnes,
thou my bele, and my fickenes,
thou my wanhope, and my truffe,
thou my wane, and all my lufte,
thou my weale, thou my wo,
thou my frende, thou my fo,
thou my love, thou my fo,
thou my love, thou my bate,
for the mote I be deade algate,
Thilke ende mate I not afterte,
and yet with all myn bolle berte,
while that there lafteth me any breath,
I woll the love buts my death.

But of a thonge I thall the prete,
If that my litell forme bete,
Let him be buried in my grave,
Belive me, so thalte thou have
Upon be both remembrance.
For thus it frombeth of my grevance
Nowe at this time, as thou thalte with
with teares, and with inke write
This letter I have in cares coloe.

In my right honde my penne I holde, And in my lefte my swerde I kepe, And in my barme there lieth to wepe Thy chylde and myn, whiche sobbeth fall, Mowe am I come but o my last. Fare well: say I shall soone bie, And thinke howe I thy lone abie.

The pomell of the twerve to grounde whe fet: and with the point a wounde Through out hir herte anone the made, and forth with all pale and fade whe fell bowne dead fro ther the froode. The childe laie bathende in hir bloode Out rolled from the mother barme. And for the bloud was hote and warme,

The hynge cant in the same throwe, And sawe howe that his boughter bied, And howe this baby all blodie cried:
38ut all that might hym not suffice,
That he ne bad to do Juise
Thom the childe, and beare hym out,
And seche in the forest aboute
Som wilde place that it were,
To call him out of honde there:
So that some beste hym maie denoure,
where as no man hym shall soccoure.

Ho; it fit enery man to have Regarde to love and to his might: Ayens whos Grengthe mate no wight.

And sich an hert is so streined,
The reddour ought to be restreined,
To hym that maie bet aweye,
whan he mote to nature obeye.
Foz it is saide thus ouerall,
That nedes mote, that nedes shall.
Of that a life both after kinde,
where she mate no boote finde,
what thyng nature hath set in laive,
Ther maie no mans might withdrawe,
and who that worcheth there agene,
full ofte tyme it hath be seyne,
There hath befall great bengeance,
where I finde a remembrance.

Chic narrat qualiter Cirefias in quobam mons te buos ferpentes innenit pariter commifcentes,

quoe cum birga percuffit, Grafi bil os for, op nad furam impedialt, ipfum contra naturam a forma Birili in mulicoren transmutarunt.

Duibe after the tome tho Tolde an ensample, and saide to : Powe that whilem Tirelias, As be walkend goth par cas Alpon an bigh mountaine, be flab Two ferventes in his were nigbe: and thei fo, as nature bem taught Affembled were, and be the caught A perbe, tobiche be bare on bonbe. And thought, that be wolbe fonde To lette bem, and fmote bem bothe, Wherof the gods weren wrothe. And for be bath beffourbed kinde, and was fo to nature bukinbe. alnkindeliche be was tranfformed, That be, whiche erft a man was formed, In to a woman was forthape: That was to bom an angry lape. But for that he with anger wrought, Dis anger angerliche be bought.

Confessor.
The thus my son Duibe hath write, wheresthou might by reason wite, More is a man than suche a best, so might it never ben honest, a man to wrathen hym to sore, of that another both the lore of kinde, in whiche is no malice, shat onely that it is a bice.
And though a man be resonable: Pet after kinde he is meuable To love, where he woll or none.
Thinke thou my sonne theropon, and do melancolie awape.

Amans.

CMy faber that I maie well leve All that pe telle, it is skille,

Let every man love, as he wille,
We so it be not my ladge.
For I shall not be wroth there by.
What that I wrath and fare amis
Alone boon my selfe it is,

That I with bothe love and kinde

for love bath ever his lufte to playe

As he whiche wold no life grene.

2

I am so bestad, that I can finde
Tho wee, howe I it maie afferte,
whiche stant boon myn owne hert,
And concheth to none other life,
Sauf onely to that swete wise,
For whom, but if it be amended,
My glad daies ben dispended,
That I my selfe shall not sorbeare.
The wrathe, whiche I nowe beare.
For therosis none other liche.
Dowe asketh sorth I yowe beserbe
Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,
wheros to shrive. Some yis.

ZMZ Jol

Ira mouet litem, quæ linguæ frena resoluens, Laxa per infames currit vbig vias. Rixarum nurrix quos educat ista loquaces, Hos Venus à latere linquit habere vagos. Sed patienter agens taciturno qui celet ore, Vincit & optaut carpit amoris iter.

This tractal Confesso, super secunda specie ire, que Lie dicitur, ep cuine estumetile innumerosa dologum occasio, tam in amo ne causa quam alister, in quem plaribus septime epozta est.

f weath the fecond is cheff. whiche bath the wondes of tempet To kepe, and many a lobeine blaft De bloweth, wherof ben agaft Thei, that beliren pes and reffe : De is that fike bugoodlyefte, whiche many a luftie lone bath tingrmed, for be beareth euer his mouth Unpinned : So that his lippes ben buloke, And his courage is all to broke, That enery thong, whiche be can tell, It fpringeth bp as both a welle, whiche maie no man of his Aremes hive, But remeth out on every lide: Do boylen by the foule lawes, That cheffe wote of his felames. for as a fine kepeth ale, Right fo can cheffe kepe a tale. All that he wote, he woll disclose, And fpeke er any man oppole.

As a citee without walle, where men mate gon out overalle, withouten any reliferice:
Do with his croked eloquence

De fpelieth all, that be wote with prine, wherof men lefe more than wynne. for often tome of bis chibpinge, De bringeth to hous fuche tibpinge. That maketh warre at beddes heade: De is the leuein of the breade, whiche foureth all the paff about : Men ought well fuche one to boute. for ever bis bowe is redy bent, And whom be bit, 3 tell bym thent. If he maie perce bym with his tonge, And the Co loube bis belle is ronge, That of the noyle, and of the foune Menfearen bom in all the towne well moze than thei done of thonder. for that is saule of more wonder. for with the windes, whiche he bloweth, full ofte fith be overthroweth The Litees, and the policie. That I have berbe the people erte And echone faibe in bis begree :

Da wicke tonge wo thou bee. For men layn, that the harbe bone, All though hym felfe have none, A tonge breaketh it all to pieces, De hath so many sondry spices Device, that I maie not wele Descrive hem by a thousand bele.

But whan that he to cheffe falleth, full many a wonder theng befalleth. for he ne can no theng forbere.

Doive tell my fonne then answere, Ifit bath euer fo betibe, That thou at any tyme ball chibbe Toward the lone : faber nais, Suche cheffe pet buto this date De made I neuer, god fogbebe. So; er I Ange luche a crebe . 3 bab leuer to be leweb. for than were I all belbrewed, And worthy to be put a backe, with all the foroive boon my backe, That any man ordeine couthe. But I fpake neuer pet by mouthe That buto cheft might touche, And that I burft right wel bouche Ulpon hir felfe, as for witnes. for I wote of hir gentilnes,

That the me wold well ercufe, That I no fuche thonges ble. and if it thulbe fo betybe, That I aigates muft chybe, It might not be to my loue . for lo pet neuer was 3 abone, for all this topbe worlde to wonne, That I burft any woode begrinne : 130 whiche the might baue be amoueb. and I of chefte also reproued . But rather if it might bir like, The beffe wordes wolde 3 pike, Appliche I couthe in mon bert chefe . and ferue bem forth in ftebe of chefe. for that is belyeliche to befie : And I wolde fo my woodes plie, That mighten wath and cheffe anale, with tellping of my lofte tale . Thus bare I make a forivarb. That never buto my laby ward pet fpate I worde in fuche a wife, upherof that cheft thulbe arife. Thus faie I not, that I full ofte De baue, whan I fpake molte fofte, Parcas fated moze than enough . But fo well halt no man the plough, That he ne balketh other while, De fo well can no man affile Dis tonge, that somtyme in tape Dom maie fome light morbe ouerfrape, And pet ne meneth be no cheffe .

But that I have agene hir best full ofte spoke, I am beknowe,
And howe, my wille is that ye knowe.
Hor whan my time cometh about,
That I dare speke, and saie all out
My longe love, of whiche she wot,
That ever in one aliche hot
Me greveth: than all my disease
I tell: and though it hir displease
I speke it sorth, and nought ne leve:
And though it be beside hir leve,
I hope and trowe netheles,
That I do not agene the pes.
Hor though I tell hir all my thought,
She wot well, that I chide nought.

Men maie the highe god befeche, and he woll here a mans fpeche,

And be not wooth of that be feith : Do yeueth it me the moze feith, And maketh me barbie foth to feie, That I bare well the better preie My laby, whiche a woman is. for though I tell bir that er is Df loue, whiche me greueth foze, Dir ought notto be woth the moze. for I without noife or crie my plaint make all buromly, To putten all wath awaie . Thus dar I fay buto this daie Df chefte, in erneft og in game My lady thall me nothenge blame. But ofte tyme it bath betib, That with my feluen I baue chio, That no man couth better chibe and that bath ben at enery tibe, woban 3 cam to my felue alone . for than I made a preup mone, And enery tale by and by, Whiche as I fpake to my laby, 3 thinke and petfe in my balance, And drawe in to my remembrance. And than, if that I fynde a lacke Df any worde, that I milpake, Whiche was to muche in any wife: Anone my wittes I belpile, And make a chivyng in myn berte, That any worde be thulb afferte, pobiche as 3 thulb baue bolben prine. and lo forth after 3 begynne . And loke if there was elles ought To fpeke, and I ne fpake it nonght. And than if I mate feche and fynde, That any woode be lefte behynde, whiche as 3 fhulbe moze baue fpote, I wolde bpon mp felfe be waoke, And chibe with my felfen fo, That all my wit is ouergo .

For no man male his time lore Recouer: and thus I am therfore So over wroth in all my thought, That I my felfe thive all to nought, That for to muche, or for to lyte full ofte I am my felfe to wyte. But all that make me not availe, with cheffe though I me travaile.

But onle on floke, and floke on onle,
The more that a man desonle,
Men wote well whiche hath the werse,
And so to me mis worth a kerse,
What torneth but myn owne heade,
Though I tell, that I were deade,
wolde ever thide in suche a wise
of lone, as I to you beutse.
That father nowe ye have all herde,
In this maner howe I have serve
of these, and of difference,
Peue me your absolution.

Confessor. TMp fonne if that thou wifteff all, what cheffe both in fpeciall To loue, and to his wellwilling, Thou woldeft fleen bis knowlegeping. for who that molt can fpeke fapre, And lerne to be bebonapze, 3s molt accordende buto loue. fapze fpeche bath ofte brought aboue full many a man, as it is knowe, pobtrhe elles thuld baue ben right lowe. And failed morbell of his wille. for the holde the tonge ftill, and lete the witte the wille reffe, that thou fall not in cheffe, pobiche is the fours of great billance, And take into remembance, If thou might gete Pacience, whiche is the leche of all offence, As tellen be the olde wife.

Tacientia eft vindicta omniam iniuriarum.

Tho; whan nought elles maie luffile, 18y Grengthe, ne by mans wit, Than Pacience it over lit, And over cometh at laste.

But he maie neuer longe laffe, whiche woll not bowe er that he bzeake. Take hede some of that I speke.

Amans.

Thy fader of your goodly specke,
And of the witte, whiche ye me teche,
I thanke you with all myn herte.
Hoz that worde shall me never afferte,
That I ne shall your wordes holde

Df Pacience, as pe me tolde, Als ferforth as myn herte chinketh. And of my wrath it me forthinketh.

But father if pe forth with all Some good ensample, in speciall Me wolden teche of some Aronike:
It shulde well myn hert like De Bacience for to here:
So that I might in my matere
The more with my love obete,
And putten my bisease aweie.

This ponit Confessor Epemplum de pacientia in amore contra lites habenda, Et narrat qualister Dpor Docratis, ipsum quodam die mustis sermonibus litiganit, Sed cum ipse absque Bla responsione omnia probra pacienter susuali, ins dignata Dpor quandam poriam plenam aque, quam in manu tenebat, super caput viri sui subisto effudit, dicena: Euigisa et soquere, qui responsione sunc ait: D bere iam scio, et eppertus sum, quod post ventorum rabiem sequuntur imbres. Et isto modo litis consumelam sua pacientia deuicit.

Confessor.

p Come a man to bie hom pes Behoueth luffer, as Docrates Enfample left, whiche is writte. And for thou thalt the footh witte Df this ensample, what 3 mene, All though it be nowe littell fene Amonge the men thilke euibence : Pet be was byon pacience So let, that be bom felle affaie In thonge, which might him moff milpaie Delyzeth, and a wicked wife De webbeth, whiche in lozow and frife Ageinst his ease was contrapte: But he fpake euer lofte and fayze, Mill it befell, as it is tolbe, In lopnter, whan the date is colde, This wife was fro the well come, where that a pot with water nome She bath, and brought it in to house, And lawe howe that hir fele spoule was fet, and loked on a boke Migh to the fore, as he whiche toke Diseale, as for a man of age, And the began the wood rage,

and afketh hym, what direl be thought, and bare on hond, that hym ne rought what labour that the toke on honde, and faith, that fuche an hufbonde was to a wife not worth a fire.

De faid nother nave ne ve, But helde hym ftille, and lete hir chide. And the, whiche maie hir felfe not hide, Began within for to swelle, And that the brought in fro the welle The water pot the hent a lofte, And badde hym speke, and he all softe Dat ftille, and nought a word answerde.

and the was wroth, that he fo ferbe, and afketh bom, if be be beabe, And all the water on his heade She poured out, and bad bym a wake. But be, whiche woll not foglake Dis pacience, than fpake, and faide, howe that he fond no lake In no theng, whiche the hab bo. for it was wynter tyme tho, and wonter, as by wey of kinde, whiche formie is, as men it finde, first maketh the windes for to blowe, And after that within a throwe, De reineth, and the water gates Ulnboth, and thus my wife algates, whiche is with reason well besepn, Dath made me bothe wynde and reptt After the fealon of the pere.

And than he fet hymner the fire, And as he might his clothes bried, That he nomore o worde ne fepd, wheref he gat hym fombele rest. Hor that hym thought was for the best.

Amans.
CI not if thilke ensample yit
Accordeth with a mans wit
To suffer, as Socrates bede.
And if it fal in any stede
A manto lese so his galle,
Hym ought amonge the women alle
In Loues court, by Judgement
The name beare of pacient,
To yeue ensample to the good
Of pacience howe that it stode,
That other men it might knowe,

Confessor.
Eand some if thou at any theows
We tempted agenst pacience,
Take hede boon this entoence,
It shall par case the lesse greve.

Amans.

The faver fo as I belene

Of that thall be no maner nede.

for I woll take fo good here,

That er I fall in fuche affaie,

I thinke eschewe, if that I mate.

But if there be ought elles moze, wherof I might take loze,
I praie you, lo as I bare,
howe telleth, that I maie beware
home other tale of this mattere.

Confessor.

Thomse it is ever good to lere,
wherefthen might the wood restreine
Er that thou falle in any peine.

For who that can no counseil hive, We mate not fatle of wo before, whiche shall befalle, er he it witte, As I finde in the bokes writte.

This ponit Confessor evemplum, quod de ale terine site intromittere cauendam est. Et narrat qualiter Jupiter cum Junone super quadam ques stione litigabant, Sidestet Strum Vir an mulies in amoris concupiscentia fernentus ardebat: sus per quo L'iresam corum Judicem constituebant. Et quia ille contra Junonem in dieta litia causa sententiam dissimilia, irata ipsum de amborum oculorum sumine claritatis absque remissone pris uauit.

Confessor.

The tam there never good of firste, To seche in all a mans life,
Though it begyn on pure game full ofte it to eneth in to grame,
And both grevance on som side,
where of the great clerke Duide,
After the lawe, whiche was tho,
Df Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his boke mencion,
Dowe the felle at dissencion,
In maner as it were a boode,
As thei began so to woode:

3. iii.

Amonge

Amonge hem felfe in paluetee : And that was boon this begree,

Whiche of the two more amorous is, Dr man or wife, And boon this Thei might not acorde in one, And toke a Juge therboon, Whiche cleped is Ayrelias, And bad hom demen in this cas.

And he without aufement Spene Juno gale jugement.

This goddes, byon his answere was wrothe, and wolde not forbere, But toke aweye for evermo
The light from both his even two.

whan Jupiter this burt hath fene, Another benefite there avene De pafe, and suche a grace hym booth, That for he wife he faibe footh, I footh layer he was for ever.

But pet that other were lever Dane had the lokyng of his eie Than of his woode the prophecie.

But howe so that the sooth went, Strife was the cause, of that he hent So great a peine bodily.

TMy sonne be thou ware there by, And holde thy tonge ffille close.
For who that hath his worde disclose Er that he witte what he mene, De is full ofte nighe his tene, And leseth full many tyme grate, wher that he wold his thanke purchace.

And over this my fanne dere, Df other men if thou might here In prinitee, what thei have wrought: Bold counfeil, and discover it nought, for cheffe can no counfeil hele, Dr be it wo or be it wele, And take a tale in to thy minde, The whiche of olde ensample I finde.

Ausic ponit Confessor Evemplum contra illos, qui in amoits causa alterns constium reuclare presumunt. Et narrat, qualiter queda auis tunc albissima nomine Coruus, constium domine sue Coronis Boebo denudaut: Vnde cotigit non sor tum ipsam Coronidem interfici, sed et Coruum, qui antea tanquam nio albus fuit, in piceum cortorem properpetuo transmutari.

Phebus, whiche maketh the vales light, a love he had, whiche tho hight Coronis, whom aboven all De plefeth. But what thall befalle of love, there is no man knoweth, but as fortune hir happes throweth. So it befell boon a chance, yong knight toke hir acqueintance, and had of hir all that he wolve. But a fals byrd, whiche the hath holve and kept in chambre of pure youthe, Discourreth all that ever he couthe.

The byzes name was as the Coruus, the whiche was than also well more white than any swan: And he the threwe all that he can Of his lady to Phebus saide.

and he for weath his fiverd out braide, with whiche Cozonide anone be flough. But after, bem was wo enough. And toke full great repentance, Wherof in token and remembrance Di bem, whiche bien wicke fperbe, Alpon this byede he toke his weeche, That there be was fnoive white tofore, Guer afterwarde cole blake therfore De was tranfformed, as it fheweth. And many a man pet bym befheeweth. And clepen bym in to this daie A Kauen, by whom pet men maie Take enidence, whan he crieth, That fome milhap it fignifieth. Beware therfoze, and fage the beft, If thou wolt be the felfe in reft, My good forme, as I the rede.

This loquifur fuper eodem, Et narraf qualifer Lara Mimpha eo quod Jupiter Juturnam abuls ferauit, Junoni Jouis Propi ferretum reuelauit. Qua propter Jupiter ira commotus lingua Las ris prins abfeifa, iplam poftea in profundum As eberontis epulem pro perpetuo mancipauit.

The in another place I rede Dithilke Aymphe, which Lara hight for the the princes by night (Dow Jupiter late by Juturne) Dath told: god made hir overtorne.

Dir tonge he cut, and in to hells for euer be fent hir for to owelle : As the that was not worthis here To ben of loue a chambrere. For the no countaile could bele.

And fuche a dates be nowe fele In loues courte, as it is faide, That lette her tonges gone buteide.

My some be thou none of tho, To tangle, and telle tales so, And namely that thou ne chive. For these can no counsaile hive, for wrathe saive never wele. That ye me teche : and I woll holve The rule, whiche I am holve To see the cheste, as ye me bidde. for well is hym, that never chivde.

Nowe telle me forth if there be more as touthende buto wrathes lore.

Dæmonis est odium, quasi scriba cui dabit ira Materiam scripti cordis ad antra sui. Nõ laxabit amor, odi que frena restringunt, Nec secreta sui iuris adire sciuit.

Albic tractat Confessos de tertia specie ira, quae obist dicutur: cuius natara omnes ira mimistitas ad mensem reducens istas Sfaz ad tempus Sindista, Besut scriba demonis in coedis pappeo coma memozandas inseris.

Third is to cheffe his owne brother, and is by name cleped hate,
That infereth not within his gate,
That there come other love or peace.
Hor he woll make no release
Of no bebate, whiche is befalle:
Nowe speke if thou arte one of all,
That with this vice bath be witholde.
The yet for ought that ye me tolde my father, I not what it is.
The good faith some I trowe yis.
Thow father nay, but ye me lere.
Thow lift my som and thou shalt here.

Hate is a wath, not thewende, But of longe tyme gatherende, And dwelleth in the herte loken, Aill he fee tyme to be worken And than he theweth his tempest More fodeine than the wilde best, Whiche wote nothing, what mercy is, My some arte thou knowen of this ? My good father, as I wene, howe wote I somedele what ye mene, But I dare saufely make an othe, My lady was me never lothe.

I woll not fipere netheles, That I of hate am gilteles. for whan 3 to my labie plie, fro baie to baie, and mercy crie. And the no mercy on me leith, But fhorte worbes to me feith, Though 3 my laby loue algate. I bo wozdes mote I nebes bate, and wolde thei were all difpent, D: lo ferre out of londe went, That I neuer after fulbe bem bere: And pet lone 3 my labie bere. Thus is there hate, as pe maie fee, Betwene my labies worde, and me. The worde I hate, and bir I lone, pohat fo thall me betibe of lone.

But furthermoze I woll me fhaine, That I have bated all my live Thefe ianglers, whiche of her enuis Ben euer reby for to lie. for with ber falle compattement full often thei haue made me ibent, And hyndred me full ofte tyme, Whan thei no caufe wife byme. But onliche of her owne thought. And thus full ofte haue 3 bought The lie, and bronke not of the worte. I wolde ber happe were fuche as mone. for howe to that I be nowe thrine, To bem mate I nought forpene, Till I fee bem at Debate with lone, and with myn effate I bei mighten by ber owne beme, Aud loke how wel it thuld bem gueme To bondze a man, that loneth foze. And thus 3 hate bem euermoze, Til loue on bem wold bone his weecher Fo: that thall I alwate beferhe Unto the mighty Lupido, That he fo mothel wolde bo (So as be is of loue a gob) To fmite bem with the fame rob, with whiche 3 am of love Imiten.

Do that thei might knowe and witer, Dowe hindaping is a wofull peine To bom, that loue wold atteine. Thus euer on hem I waite and hope, Mill I maie fene bem lepe a lope, And balten on the fame fore, whiche I bo nowe. for evermore I molde than bo my might, Do for to fronden in ber lighte, That thei ne fhulden haue awey To that, thei wolden put awey. I wolde hem put out of the frede fro lone, right as thei,me bede. with that thei fpeke of me by mouthe, So wolve I bo, if that I couth Di hem, and thus lo god me laue Is all the bate, that I have Towarde the langlers every dele, I wolde all other ferde wele. Thus have I father, fato mp wille: Dape forth notve, for 3 am ffile. EMp fonne of that thou half me faibe, I holde me nought fully paide, That thou wolte haten any man, To that accorden Ine can, Though be have hyndzed the tofoze. But this I telle the therfore, Thou might byon my benilon, well baten the condicion Df the langlers, as thou me toldeff. But furthermoze, of that thou wolvell Dem byndze in any other wife: Souche bate is euer to befpile.

for the my some I wolde the rede,
That then drawe in by frendely bede,
That then ne might not do by hate,
So might then gete lone algate,
And sette the my some in rest.
For then thalte since it for the best.
And oner this so as I bare,
I rede, that then be right wellware
Of other mens hate about,
whiche enery wise man shulde bout.
Is hate is ener by a navayte:

And as the fillher on his bayte Sleeth, whan he feeth the fillhes fact: So whan he feeth tyme at laft, That he male worthe an other wo, Shall no man tourne him ther fro, That hate nyll his felonie Pulfill, and feigne companie.

pet netheles for falle semblant Is towarde hym of covenant witholde, so that whoer bothe That preny weath can hym clothe, That he thall seme a great believe. But ware the well, that thou ne leve All that thou seeft afore then cie, to as the Gregoys whilom sie.

The boke of Troie who so rede,
There maie he finde ensample in dede.

T Ibic ponit Confeffoz epemplum contra illos. qui cu ire fue odium aperte Bindicare non poffint, ficta diffimulatione Bindictam fubdole affequens tur . Et narrat , quod cum Palamedes princeps Grecogum in obfidione Troie, a quibuf bam fuis emulie paoditogie interfectue fuiffet, paterg fune rep Dauplus in patria fua tunc epiftene , Buiufs modi euentus certitudinem feiuffet : grecos in fui coadie odium fuper omnia recollegit, Onde contis dit , q cam greci denicta Eroia per aftum mare Ber fue Greciam nauigio remeantes offcuriffimo nocris tempoze nimia Bentozum tempeftale iactas Bantar , rep Dauptas in terra fua contra fitus marie , Bbi maioza fapozum eminebant pericula faper cacumina montinin, grandiffimos noctans ter fecit ignes, quos greci afpiciètes falium pozs tum ibidem inuenire certiffime putabant, Et ters ram approprimates biruptis nauibs magna pare grecoam periclifaBafur.

Dune after the destruction,
whan Trois was all beate downe,
And stain was Priamus the kyng,
The gregops, whiche of all this thyng
aben cause, toznen home ageyne.
There mais no man his hap withseyne,
It hath ben sene, and selte full ofte
The harde tyme after the softe.

By fea as thei forth homewarde went, a rage of great tempell hem bent.

Juno let bende hir partie bowe, The fisie ware derke, the wind gan blow, The firie welken began to thonder, As though the world shuld al a sonder.

From beuen out of the water gates
The repnie forme felle bowne algates,
And all hir tacle made bnwelde,
That no man might him felfe bewelde.

There male men bere Chipmen crie,

That

That floode in aunter foz to bie.

De that behynde lat to flere Mate not the for flerne here. The flyp arose agains the waives, The lovelinan hath lost his laives, The sea on beate on every side, Thei nissen what sortune abide, But set hem well in gods will, where he hem wolde save or spill.

and it fell thilke time thus, There was a konge, whiche Pauplus mas bote : and be a fonne bad At Troie, whiche the gregoys labbe, As he that was made prince of all, Mill that fortune let bom fall, Dis name was Walamibes But through an bate uetheles Of fome of hem, his death was caffe, And he by treason ouertaite. Dis father, whan he berde it telle, De Choze, if euer bis time felle, De wolde bim benge if that be might, And therto his anowe be bight. And thus this konge through prine hate, Above bpon a waite algate. for he was not of fuche empeffe. To auengen bom in oven wife .

The fame, whiche goth wide where Maketh knows, how that the grekes were Domivarde with all the felawhip Fro Troic voon the fea by thip.

Aauplus whan he this understode, And knewe the tides of the slade, And sawe the wynde blowe to the lande: A great deceite anone he sonde De prince hate, as thou shalte here, where I tell all this matere.

This kunge the wether gan beholde, And wiff well, thei moten holde Zer cours endlonge the marche right, And made byon the derke night, Of great thydes and of blockes, Great fire agein the great rockes, To thewe byon the hilles high: So that the flete of grece it figh. And so fell right as he thought, This flete, whiche an haven sought, The bright fyres sawe a ferre,

And thei ben draiven ner and ner,
And wende well, and understoode,
Nowe all that fyre was made for good,
To thewe where men thulde arise,
And thitherwarde thei hasten blise.
In semblant (as men sayne) is gile,
And that was proued thiske while.
The thip, whiche wende his belpe accrocke,
Drofe all to peres on the rocke:
And so there deden tenne or twelve,
There might no man belpe hym selve.
For there thei wenden death escape,
Wolthouten belpe her death was shape.

Thus thei that comen firste tofoze, Apon the rockes ben fozloze.
But through noise, and their crie,
The other were ware therby.
And whan the daie began to rowe,
Tho mighten thei the sooth knowe,
That where thei wende frendes synde,
Thei sonde frendship all behynde.

The londe than was foone wefued, where that thei hadden be decrived, And toke hem to the high fee,
Therto they faiden all ye.
Fro that daie forthe, and where thei were,
Dethat thei have affaied there.

Confessor.

My forme wherof thou might auffe, 2) owe fraude frant in many wife Amonge hem, that gile thynke.
There is no fertuener with his inke whiche halfe the fraude write can, That frant in fuche a maner man.

Hoz thy the wife men ne bemen The thynges after that thei femen, But after that thei knowe and fynde.

Ahe mirrour theweth in his kynde, As he had all the worlde within, And is in footh nothing therin. And so fareth hate for a throwe, Aill he a man hath overthrowe, Shall no man knowe by his there, whiche is avant, and whiche arere. Hor thy my sonne thinke on this.

They father so I woll swys.
And if there more of wrath bee, howe aske sorthe pur charites.

As pe by your bokes knowe, And I the foothe thall beknowe.

Qui cohibere manum nequit, & fic spem eius Naribus hic populo sæpe timendas erit. Sepius in luctu Venus & sua gaudia träsfert, Cumta suis thalamis talis amicus adest. Est amor amplexu non ictibus alliciendus, Frangit amicirias impetuosa manus.

This tractat Confessos super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositas a somicioium dicuntur: sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendis, cuius natura sprii in naribus ges stando ad omnes ire motiones in Bindicta parata, pacientiam null'atenne observat.

My forme thou thatte invertionbe,
That yet towarde weath frombe
Of deadly vices other two:
And for to tell ber names fo,
It is contecke and Homicide,
That be to gether on every fyde.

Conterke, as the bokes fatne, foolehalt bath to bis chamberlaine, 18p whose counsaple all bnabuiled Is Bacience mofte befpileb, Toll Domicide with bem mete, for mercy thei ben all onmete. and thus ben thei the worft of all Df bem , whiche buto weath fall, In debe both, and eke in thought. for thei accompten their weath nought, Wut if there be thedynge of blood. and thus liche to a beaft woode Thei knowen not the god of life, 1Be fo thei baue oz fwerbe oz knife, Der beably weath for to wreke, Df pitee lift bem not to fpeke, Done other reason thei ne fonge, But that thei ben of might fronge.

But ware him well in other place, where every man behoueth grace.
But there I trowe it thall him faile,
To whom no mercie might availe,
But wroughten byon tyramie,
That no pitee ne might hem plie.

Now tell me forme. My father what ? If thou half be culpable of that ? TMy father nay, Chrifte me forbebe, I speake onliche of the bebe, Di whiche I was neuer culpable, without cause reasonable.

But this is not to mp matere Of thrifte, why we litten here. for we be let to thrine of lone, As we beconne firfte aboue. And netheles I am beknowe. That as touchende of lours throwe. whan Imp wittes ouerwende, Myn hertes contecke hath none ende, But ener fant bpon bebate, To great Dileale of mpn effate, As for the tyme that it laffeth. Hoz whan mp fortune overcaffeth Dir whele, and is to me fo frange, And that I fee the woll not change: Aban caft 3 all the woolde about, And thinke howe 3 at home in bout Dane all my tyme in beine spended, and fee not howe to be amenbed, But rather foz to be empetreb. As he that is well night defpeired. for I ne maie nothynge beferue, And euer 3 loue, and euer 3 ferue, And euer I am a liche nere . Thus, for 3 fronde in luche a were, 3 am, as who latth, out of berre, And thus boon my felfe a werre 3 bapinge, and put out all pees, That I full ofte in fuche a rees Am wery of myne owne life . So that of contecke, and of frife, 3 am beknowe, and have answerde, as ye my father nowe have berde. Myn herte is wonderly begone with counfaile, wherof witte is one. Whiche hath reason in companie, Againe the whiche Cant partie wille, whiche hath Hope of his accorde. And thus thei bringen bp bilcorde. witte and Reason counsailen ofte, That I mpn berte thulde fofte: And that I thuibe wille remue, And put him out of retenue: De els holde hom onder foote. for as thei feine, if that be mote Dis owne rule haue bpon honde, There thall no witte ben bnder Conde

De hope, also to tellen this
That over all where that he is,
De lette the herte in leopardie,
with willhoug and with fantalle,
and is not trewe of that he leith:
So that in hom there is no feith.

Thus with Reason and witte ausled is will and hope all date despited.

Reason saith, that I thulve leve To lone, where there is no leve To spede: and will saith there ageine, That suche an herte is to bileine, whiche dare not love, till that he spede, Let Dope serve at suche a nede.

De leith eke, where an herte litte All holle governed boon witte, De hath this lives lufte forloze.

And thus myn herte is all to toze Df luche a contecke, as thei make. But yet I maie not will foziake, That he nis mailter of my thought, D; that I spede, or spede nought. Thou dost my son ageynst the right. But love is of so great a might, D is lawe maie no man resule:

Do might thou the better excuse.

And netheles thou thalt be lerned, That will thulde be gouerned Ofreason moze than of kinde, wheref a tale write I finde.

Me ponit Lonfessor evermplum, quod omnie impetuosa Voluntas sit discretionis moderamine gubernanda. Et narvat qualiter Diogenes, qui motus animi sui rationi subingauerat, rege Ales pandaum sub isto facto sibi opponente plenius instrumant.

A philosopher of whiche men tolve. There was whylom by vates olve, And Diogenes than he hight: So olve he was, that he ne mighte. He woulde travaile, and so; the bell the thope hym so; to take his rest, And dwelle at home in suche a wise, That nigh his house he lette deuise. And longe byon an arell tree. To sette a tonne in suche degree, That he it might tourne about, where one head was taken out.

for he therm litte thulde, And tourne hym felfe as he wolde, And take the ayre, and fee the beuen, And deme of the planettes feuen, As he, whiche couthe mochell what,

And thus full ofte there be fat To mule in his philosophie Sole without companis. So that buon a mozolo tibe A thong, whiche thulbe the betipe. whan he was fette, there as hom lift, To loke bpon the fonne artift, 119 berof the propertee be fighe, It felle, there cam ribpng nigh Ikpinge Alifander, with a rout: And as he caft his eie about, De fight this tonne : and what it ment De wolde witte, and thither fent A knight, by whom he might it know. And be bym felfe that ilke thaoine A bobe, and boueth there fille.

This hnight, after the kynges wills with spoze made his hozse to gone, And to the tonne he cam anone, where that he sonde a man of age, And he hym tolde the message, Suche as the kynge hym had bede: And as theth why in thiske stede. The tonne stode: and what he was. And he, whiche buderstode the cas, Sat still, and spake no worde agein. The knight had speke: and satth, Willesm Thou shalt me telle, er that I go, It is the kynge, whiche asketh so.

My kyng, quod be, that were buright.
What is he than, faith the knight?
Is he thy man? that faie I nought
Quod be, but this I am bethought,
My mans man howe that he is.

Abou lieft fals choole twis
The knight him faid, and was right worth,
And to the kunge agene he goth,
And tolde hum, how this man answerde,

The kynge whan he this tale herde, Bab that thei fhulde all abide. For he hym felfe wold thiner ride. And whan he came tofore the Tonne,

And whan he came tologe the Tonne, De hath his tale thus begonne;

Al beil, he feith, what man art thou Duod he & Duche one, as thou feel nowe.

William T

The kynge, whiche has wordes wile, Dis age wolde nought despile, But faith: My father I the praie, That thou me wolt the cause saie, Dow that I am thy mans man.

Dire bynge, quob be, that I can, Pf thou wilt. Pes, feith the kyng. Duod be, this is the footh thong. Dith I firlt reafon bnberftobe, And knew what thing was vil and goode The wil, whiche of my boby moueth, whos weckes that the god reproueth, 3 bane reftreigneb ener moze Dfhom, that fant biber the loze Df Reafon, whos lubiect be is, Do that be maie not bone amis. And thus by weie of couenant VVIL is my man, and my fernant, And euer bath bee, and euer hall. And the will is the principal, And bath the lozbibip of the wit Do that thou coutheff neuer pet Take a vale reft of the laboure.

But for to be a Lonquerour Of worldes good, which maie not last, Thou highest ever a liche fast, twhere thou no reason hast to winne. Thus the will is cause of sinne, and is the lorde, to whom thou servest, twhere thou litel thanks beforest.

The king, of that he thus answerde, was nothing worth: but when he herbe The bighe wisebome, whiche he saide, with goodly wordes thus be praide, That he bim wold tell his name.

I am, quot be, that ilke fame,

Tho was the hing right glad with all.
For he had berd oft to fore,
what man he was, so that therfore
De saide: D wise Diogene,
Nowe shall the great witte be sene.
For thou shalt of my peste have,
what worldes then thou wolte crave.
Duod be, than hove out of my sonne,
and lete it shene in to my Tonne.

For thou bynemell me thilke pitte, whiche lieth not in thy might to thifte. Done other good of the me nedeth.

The kyng, who every countret deebeth,
Lo thus he was enformed there.
Wherof my fonne thou might lere,
Where it is nought of wit releved.
And thou half faid thy selfe er this,
Through which then hertes thought within
Is ever of conteke to beginne:
So that it is greatly to deebe,
That it no homicide brede.

For love is of a wondre kinde, And hath his witter ofte blynde, That thei fro mans reason fall. But whan that it is so befall, That will shall the courage lede In loves cause, it is to drede: where I finde ensample writte, whiche is behovefull that thou witte.

T Hois in amoris causa ponit Cousesso epems plum contra illos, qui in sua bamna nimis acces ferantes ep impetuositate se ipse mustotiens of fendunt. Et narrat qualiter piramus, cum ipse Tisse amicam suam in soco inter eosdem deputas to, tempore adventus sui promptam non invent, animo impetuoso se ipsum pre dosor estracto gladio mortaliter transfodit, que posea infra dreue Beniens, cum ipsum sic mortuum imenisse, etiam et ilsa in sue usius mortem impetuose sestiam per medium penetrapis.

The citee, whiche Semiramis
Onclosed bath with walle about,
Of worthy solhe with many a rout
was inhabited here and there:
Amonge the whiche two there were
Abouen all other noble and great,
Wivellend tho within a firete
So nighe together, as it was sene,
There was nothing bem betwene,
what wowe to wowe, and walle to walle.
This o look bath in specialle
A sonne, a lustic bachilere,
In all the towne was none his pere.
That other had a doughter else,

In al the lambe for to feke, Men wiften none fo fapze as thee, And fell fo, as it thulbe bee, This faire boughter me this fonne, As thei to geder than wonne, Lupide bath fo thynges thape . That thei ne might bis banbes efcape, That he bis fire on bem ne cafte: poberof ber bartes be ouercaffe: To folowe thilke loze and feine. mabiche neuer man vet might elchewe. And that was love, as it is bapped, nobiche bath ber bertes fo betrappen. That thei by all weies feche, Dow that thei might winne a fpeche, Der wofull peine for to liffe .

who loveth well, it mate not mile, and namely whan there ben two Df one accorde, howe so it go, what if that thei some were finde. For lone is ever of suche a kinde, And hath his folke so well assated, That howe so that it be awaited, There mate no man the purpos let. And thus betwene bem two thei set An hole byon a wall to make, Through which thei have ber counsest take At all times, whan their might.

This faire Maibe Tifbe bigbt. and be, whome the loned bote, was Piramus by name bote to longe bir lefton thei recorben. Toll at the lafte thei acorben. 130 nightes time for to wende Alone out fro the townes enbe, upbere was a well buber a tree: and who cam firft of the or bee, De thuibe fill there abibe. Do it befell the nightes tibe, This maide, whiche befguiled was, All princly the lofte pans Both through the large towne bulmowe, Will that the cam within a throwe. where that the liked for to bwell, At thelke bubappe frefibe well. appliche was also the foreffe nighe, uppere the comend a lion lighe In to the felde to take his prate

In hafe: and the tho fledde awaie (So as fortune thuld fall) for feare, and lete hir wimpill fall Dighe to the well boon therbage.

This wylve lyon in his rage
A beste, whiche he founde there out,
Dath saine, and with his blowdy shoute
(whan he hath eaten, what he wolde)
To drinke of thishe stremes colde,
Come unto the well, where he sonde
The wympill, whithe out of hir honde
was falle, and he it hath to drawe,
We bledde aboute, and all sorgnawe:
And than he Graught him sor to drinke,
Cloon the freshe welles brinke,
And after that out of the playne
De torneth to the wode againe.

And Tife burt not remewe, But as a byse, whiche were in mewe, within a builbe the kepte bir close, So till, that the not arose, Thus bir selfe and plaineth ase.

And fell, while that the there late, This Piramus cam after foone Unto the well, and by the moone De fonde hir wympill blobie there.

Lam never pet to mans eare Tidyng, ne to mans fight Meruaile, whiche to foze a flight A mans berte, as it the dede To bym, whiche in the fame frede, with many a wofull complaining, Bygan his bondes foz to wyinge, As be, whiche demeth likerly, That the be dede: and fodeinty Dis swerde all naked out he braids In his fooli hast, and thus he faide:

3 am caufe of this felonie,

And the is beade because of mee.
And with that swoode byon his tince
De felle, and to the goddes all
Einto the benen he gan to call,
And praid, sen it is so,
That he mais nothis love as tho
Dane in this worlde, that of her grace
De might hir have in other place.
For here wolde he not able

De fatth : but as it thall betibe . The pomell of his fwerbe to grounde De fet, and through his berte a wounde De made up to the bare bilte . And in this wife bem felfe fpilte, with his foolbafte, and beth be nam. for the within a while cam webere be laie bebe bpon linife . Do wofull pet was never life, As Tylbe was, whan the bim figh, be might not one worde on bigb opehe, foz bir berte Gette, That of bir life no price the fette, But beabe fwonpng bowne the fell, Will afterwarbe it lo befell. That the out of hir trauns awoke, worth many a wofull pitous loke Dir eie alweie amonge the caffe Alpon bir loue, and at the late Dbe caught beeth, and faibe thus:

D thou, whiche art cleped Alenus, Cobbelle of loue: and thou Lupide, whiche loues cause haste for to guide, I wate nowe well, that ye be blynde, Of thilke buhap, whiche I now finde, Onely betwene my loue and me, This Phamus, whiche here I see Whedend, what hath he deserved that hey be then best hath kept and served, And was ponge, and I both also.

pe fet our bertes both a fyze, And made be fuche thenge befgee, subject that we no full couthe. Wut thus our freshe lustic youthe without tote is all bespended: whiche thenge maie never be amended.

Fo; as fo; me this woll 3 feie, That me is leuer fo; to beie, Than live after this fo;owfull bale.

And with this worde where as he late Dir love in armes the embraleth,
Dir owne beth and so purchaseth,
That nowe the wepte, and now the kille
Till at the latte, or the it wille,
So great a sorow is to hir fall,
whiche overgoth hir wittes all,
And the, whiche might not afterte

The Twerbes point avenft bir berte the fet, and fell bowne therupon: wherof that the was bebe anone. And thus both on a fwerde blevend Thei were founde bebe liggend . Chowe thou my fonne baft berd this tale. Beware that of then ofone bale Thou be not cause in the foolbaste. And kepe that thou thy witte ne walle Tipon thy thought in auenture, wherof the lines forfeture Male falle : and if thou baue fo thought Or this, tell on, and bibe it nought, a my faber byon loues fibe My confeience I woll not bibe : Dow that for love of pure wo 3 baue ben ofte moued fo, That with my willbes, if I might, A thousand tymes, I you plight, 3 hab foquen in a baie : And therof I me fhaine maie. Though love fully me ne flowe, My will to beie was enowe. so am 3 of mp wpll culpable : And pet the is not merciable, pobiche maie me peue life and bele. But that bir lift not with me bele I wote by wbos counfail it is : And bem wolde I longe time er this (And pet 3 wolde and euer (hall) Dicen and beffroie in fpeciall . The golde of nyne hynges londes De thulde bim faue fro mon bondes, In my power if that he were. But pet bym fant of me no fere, for nought that ever I can manace, De is the binbrer of my grace . Till be be beabe I male not fpebe, Do mote I nedes taken bebe And thape bowe, that he were alvep, 3f3 therto mate fynde a wete. Cap forme tell me nowe for the, subiche is that mostall enemy, That thou manacell to be bebe. ermp faber it is fuche a quebe, That where I come, be is tofoze, And both fo, that my caufe is loze. Cushat is his name & It is baunger.

whiche is my labis counseller.

for I was never per so sligh

To come in any place nigh,

where as the was by night or date,

That Daunger ne was redy ape,

wolth whom for speche, ne for mede,

per might I never of love spece.

for euer this finde 3 footh, all that my laby faith or booth To me, Daunger thall make an enbe : and that maketh at my world miffrende ! and euer I afte bis belpe : but bee Maie be wel cleped Bans pitee. for ay the more I to bym bolue, and The leffe be woll my tale allowe. De bath my lady fo englewed, she woll not, that be be remewed. for euer be bongeth on bir feil, and is to prente of counteil, That euer whan I baue ought bebe, Timpe Daunger in bir febe, And myn anfwere of bym 3 baue. But for no mercy, that I craue, Df mercy neuer a point I bab, I find bis answere ay bab, That woole might it neuer be.

And thus between Daunger and me Is ever werre til be die.
But might I ben of luche mailfrie,
That I Daunger had overcome,
with that were all my tope come,
Thus wolde I wonde for no finne,
he pet for all this worlde to wynne,
If that I might finde a fleight,
To late all my frate in weight,
I wolde hym fro the Lourt belever,
ho that he come apenewarde never.
Therfore I willbe and wolde faine,
That he were in some wife flain.
Hor while he flant in thithe place,
he gete I not my labis grace.

Thus hate I beabely thilke bice, and wolde he frood in none office In place, where my lable is. for if he doo, I wote wel this, That outher he shall bie or I wothin a while, and not for thy On my laby full ofte I muse,

Dow that the maie hir felfe excuse.
For if that I die in suche a plite,
We thinketh the might not be quite,
That the ne were an homicide.
And if it thulde so bettee
(As god forbede it thulde bee)
By double wey it is pitee.
For I, whiche all my wil and wit
Dane yene, and served ever yit,
And than I shuld in suche a wise,
In rewarding of my service
We beade: We thinketh it were routh.

And ferthermoze 3 telle trouth, She that bath euer be wel named, were worthy than to be blamed: And of reafon to be appeled, uphan with a wood the might have beled A man : and fuffreth bym to beye. A tobo fatoe euer fuche a toep & A who fawe ever fuche biffreffe & Without piter gentilnelle, Without mercy womanhebe, That woll fo gufte a man bis mebe, wohiche euer bath be to loue treive. CMp good faber if pe refue Tipon my tale, telle me nowe, And 3 wol fignte and berken pon. CMp fonne attempse the courage fro wath, and let then bert alluage. for who fo wot bym buberfonge, De mate bis grace abibe longe Br be of loue be receiueb, and the alfo but if it be wefueb, There might morbel thong befalle, That thulbe make a man to falle fro loue : that never afterwarbe De burff be loke thiberwarbe.

In barbe weyes men gone fofte, And er thei climbe aufle them ofte. And men fren all baie, that rape reweth, And who to wicked ale between,

Mull ofte he mote the werfe bijnke. Wetter it is to flete than finke. Better is on the bifoell chewe, Than if he fel, and overthiewe The bois, and fished in the myre.

To call water in the fire Better is, than beenne by al the bowes.

D. 11.

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The man iphiche is malicious. And foolbaffy : full ofte be falleth : And felben is, whan love bym calleth. Por the better is fuffer a throwe, Than to be wilde, and ouer thiowe.

IV. I.VI

Buffrance bath euer be the beft To wifen bym that ferbeth reft. And thus if thou wilt lour fpebe, Mp forme fuffer, as 3 the rebe.

what male the mous apen the cat? Andifor thilbe caufe I afhe that, pobo maie to loue make a werre. That be ne bath bym felle the werre.

Loue afueth pees, and euer thall : And who that fighteth moft withall, Shall left conquere af bis empille. for this thei tellen that ben wife, wbiche is to Ariue, and baue the werfe, To baften, is nought worth a herle Thong, that a man male not acheue.

That mate not wel be bone at eue It mot abibe till the mozowe. De ball not thene owne lozoine Mp fonne, and take this in the witte, De bath not lofte that wel abitte.

Enfample, that it falleth thus, Thou might well take of Piramus, swhan be in halte bis fivero out brough, And on the point bym felfe flough for loue of Tifbe, pitouffp. for be bir wymple fonde blobie. And wende a befte bab bir flavne, mobere as bom ought be right fagne.

for the was fatte right befice. But fo; be wolve not abive, This melchiefe felle. Ho; the beware My fonne, as I the warne bare, Do thou no thong in luche a rees. for fuffrance is the well of pres. Though thou to loues courte purfetoe. pet fit it wel, that thou efchewe, That thou the courte not overbaff. for fo thou might the tyme wall. But if then bappe therto be chape, It maie not belpe fo: to rape. Therfore attemper thy courage: Loolball both none anantage, But ofte it fet a man behynde

In caufe of loue, and I finde 13p olde enfamples, as thou thatt here Touchend of loue in this matere.

This ponit Confeffor epempfun chira ifton, qui in amozie caufa nimia feftinatione concupifcetea, fardine eppebillt, Et narrat qualiter pao co quod Phebne quandam Birginem pufeferrima nomine Dapfinem , nimia amopia acceleratione infeques Batur , Gratus Cupido co: Phebi fagitta aurea ignita ardētius Sufneranit, Et ecotra co: Daphene , quadam fagitta plumbea , quæ frigidiffima fuit , fobsius perfozault . Et fic quanto magis Phebus ardentios in amose Daphicm perfecus tus eff, tanto magis ipfa frigidios Phebi concupis feentiam toto sosde fugitina dedignabatur.

A mathen whilom there was one which Daphnes bight : and fuch was none Df beauter than, as it was faibe, Phebus bis lone bath on bir laide And therbpon to bir be lought In bis football, and fo befought, That the with bom no rette bab. for euer bpon bir loue be grab. And the faibe ener buto bent nave. Do it befelle bpon a bate,

Cupide, whiche bath enery chance Df loue, biber bis gouernance, Digh Phebus halten bym fo foze, And for be thatde bym balle the more, And pet not fpeben, at laffe A bart throughout bis bert be cafte, whiche was of golbe, and all a fire, That made bem many folde belire Df loue moze than be bebe.

To Daphne eke in the fame febe A bart of leab be cafte and fmote, whiche was all colbe, and no theng bote.

And thus Phelius in loue bjenneth, And in ball about remieth To loke, if that he might wonne.

Thus was be ener to begynne. for euer awey fro bym the fleb, Do that he neuer bis loue fpeb. And for to make bem full beleue That no football might arbene, To gete loue in fuche begree: This Daphne in to a laurel tree was torned, whiche is euer greene, In token, as pet it male be feene,

That the Chall owell a maiden fill, And Phebus fatten of his will.

By suche ensamples as thei fronde
My some thou myght buder fronde
To hasten loue is thynge in beine,
whan that fortune is there ageine.
To take where a man hath leue
Good is 1 and elles he mote leue.
For whan a mans happes saylen,
There is no haste maie auailen.
Thy sader graunte mercy of this.
But whyle I see my lady is
No tree: but holde hir owne forme,
There maie me no man so ensome,
There maie me no man so ensome,
To whedy; parte fortune wende,
That I buto my stues ende
De wolde hir serve evermo.

Confestor.

CMP forme lith it is so,
I sate no moze, but in this cas
Beware, howe it with Phebus was.

Mought onely boon loves chance,
But boon every governance,
whiche falleth unto mans bebe,
foolhaft is ever for to brebe.
And that a man good counfeyll take.
Er be bis purpose undertake.

Ho; counseil put football a wey.

Thow good faber I you prey,
That for to will me the more,
Some good enfample voon this lore
pe wolde me tell, of that is writte,
That I the better might witte,
Thow I footballe thuide esthewe,
And the wisdome of counseill seive.

My some that thou myght enforme
Thy pacience opon the forme
Of olde ensamples, as the fell,
Nowe budget football tell.

This ponis Confessos epemplum contra istos qui nimio funose accensi vinductam gre sue vitra quam becci cosequi affectant. Et narrat qualiter Risemas et Demepson Reges, cum ipsi a besto Evolano ad propria remeassent, et a suis isidem pacifice recepti non fuissent, congregato asiunde pugnatorum exercitu, regiones suas non solum incendio Vastare, sed et omnes in eistem pasilans tes a minimo Vique ad maiorem in perpetuam Dindicte memoriam gradio interficere, feruore

iracundie poopoliseunt : Bed rep Oeffor, qui fenere et fapiene fuit, tractatus inter ipfos reges et corum re ga inita pace puiufmodi impetuosu fatem mitius pacificauit.

Twoben noble Troie was bilepit And ouercome, and bome ageme The gregove tomed from the flege, The lynges fonde ber owne liege In many place, as men faibe, That bem fogfole and buobeibe : Amonge the whiche fell this cafe To Demephon and Athemas, That were honges both two. And bothe were ferued fo : Der lieges wolbe not bem receive, so that thei mote algates weine To feche londe in other place. for there fonde thei no grace apperof thei token bem to rebe, And foughten frendes at nebe: and eche of bem affureth other, To belpe as to bis owne brother, To bengen bem of thilke onltrage, And wynne apene ber beritage.

And thus thei rive aboute faite
To getten hem belpe: and at laite
Thei hadden power fulfilant,
And maden than a cournant,
That thei ne thulde no life faue,
he prieste, ne clerke, ne lorde, ne kname,
he wife, ne childe of that thei finde,
whiche beareth bilage of mans kynde.
To that no life thall be foccured,
thut with the deadely swerde deugured.
In suche foolbaste her ordinance.
Thei shapen for to do bengeance.

Amonge their purpole was wift and knows Amonge their bolt, the was there blows of wordes many a speche aboute.

De ponge men the lufte route were of this tale gladde enough.
There was no care for the plough, as thei that were foolbaftife,
They ben accorded to the firste, and fein, it mate not be to great
To bengen bem of suche forfet.

Thus faith the wilde bnivile tonge

Di iii

But peffor, whiche was olde and hore, The falue fawe tofore the fore, As he that was of counfeile wife: So that anone by his adulfe, There was a previe counfaile nouse, The lordes ben to gether come:

NY TAIS

This Demephon and anthemas
Der purpose tolden, as it was.
Ther setten all fill and herde,
was none but Pesso; bem answerde t
De bad hem, if thei wolde winne,
Thei shulven see, er thei beginne
Der ende: and set her first entent,
That thei hem after ne repent,
And asketh hem this question
To what finall conclusion
Thei wolden reigne kynges there,
If that no people in londe were t

And feith, it were a wonder wierd, To feen a hynge bycomen an bierd, Where no life is but onely beffe Ander the ligeance of his beffe. Ho; who that is of man no hynge, The remenant is as no thynge.

De feith eke, if thei pourpole bolbe
To flee the people, as thei two wolbe;
whan thei it might not reffore,
All Greece it shulbe abidge fore,
To fe the wylbe beaftes wonne,
where whilom divelt mans sonne.
And for that cause be bad hem treate,
And fint of the manaces great;
whether is to wonne by faire speche
De seith, than suche vengeance seebe.

For whan a man is most aboue, Them never most to gette bem love.

Two han pestor hath this tale saide,
Two han pestor hath this tale saide,
Thought bem all he saide wele.

And thus fortune hir deadly whele
Fro werre tourneth in to pees:
What forth thei wenten netheles.

And whan the countreis bearde feyne, Dowe that her lignges be befeyne, Df fuche a power as thei lad, was none fo bolde, that hem ne diad, And for to fethe peas and grith Thei fende and praide anone forthwith:

So that the kynges ben appealed,
And enery mans hert is ealed:
All was forgete, and not recorded,
And thus thei ben to geber acorded.

The hynges were apene received, And pees was take, and wath weived, And all through counfeil, which was good Of hym that reason understoode.

Thy this ensample some attempre
Thymberte, and let no will difference
Thy witte: and do nothing by might,
whiche maie be do by love and right.

football is cause of morbell wo:

And as touchend of Homicide,
whiche toucheth but o loves live,
full ofte it falleth buautled
Through will, whiche is not well allifed:
whan witte and reason ben awey,
And that soothalt is in the wey:
where shath fall great bengeance.
For thy take into remembrance
To love in suche a maner wise,
That thou beserve no suife.

For well I wote, thou might not lette,
That thou ne halt thin berte fette
To love, where thou wolt or none,
What if the witte be overgone,
Wo that it torne but o malice,
There wote no man of thilke bice,
What perill that there make befall;
Whiche is great pitter for to here,
I thinke for to tellen here,
That thou fuch murbre might withkonde,
Whan thou fuch murbre might withkonde,

Abie ponit Confesso Epemplum contra istor, qui ob sue concupiscentie besiderum Bomicibs efficiuntur. Et natras qualiter Chienestra, Book Regis Agamemnonia, cum upse a besto Erclano bomi rediffet, consisto Agisti, quem adustrera persamuit, sponsum fumm in cubit bomientem sub noctia sitencio trucidabat i cuius mostem films eius Ibosesses tunc iuniosia etatia postea dila abamenista crubelissima severi ate Imdicauit.

Df Trote at thilke noble towne, whole fame Rant pet of renowne, and ever thall to mans ere:

The fiege laste longe there,
Er that the Brekes it might winne,
while Priamus, was konge therin.
But of the grekes, that hen aboute,
Agamemnon labbe all the route.
This though is knowen over all:
Whit yet I thinke in speciall,
To my matter therupon,
Tell in what wife Agamemnon
Through chance, that mate not be weined,
Of love untrewe was deceived.

An olde fame is: who that is fligh, In place where he maie be nigh, De maketh the ferre leef, loth Of lone, and thus full ofte it goth'.

There while Agamemon batailleth,
To winne Trote, and it affailleth,
from home and was longe tyme there,
Egifus drough his quene nere,
And with the letter, whiche he had,
This ladie at his will be labbe.
Clitenmetre was hir right name,
whe was theref greatly to blame,
To love there it mate not latte,
was fell to mischiefe at latte.

for whan this noble worthe lanight fro Trois came, the first night That he at home a bedde late, Egistus longe er it was date, As this Clitemnestre bym had assent, And weren both of one assent: Wy treson slongh bym in his bed.

But mourber, whiche mate not ben beb. Spronge out to enery mans eare, wherof the londe was full of feare. CAgamemnon bath by this queen A fonne, and that was after feene. 18ut per as than be was of pouth A babe, whiche no reason couth. And as god wolde, it fell bem thus, A worthie linight Taltibus, This ponge childe bath in kepping : And whan be borbe of this tibringe, Of this treason, of this milbere, De gan within bym felfe to brebe, In aunter if this falle Sgifte and all out Clpon byur come, er be it wifte, and som To take and mourther, of his malice,

This chilbe, tobiche be bath to nortee. And for that caufe in all hafte Dut of the londe be gan bym baffe, and to the linge of Erete be fraught, And bim this ponge loabe betaught. and praire bim for bis fathers fake, That be this chilbe wolde bubertake, and kepe bym till be be of age, to as be was of bis lignage : And tolde hom oner all the can, Dowe that his father mourthzed was : And boive Bgiffus, an men faibe, was kynge, to whom the londe abeibe. and toban Idomeneus the honge Dath biberfonding of this thringe. whiche that this knight him bath tolbe, De made forothe manifolde, And toke the chilbe buto bis warne, And faibe, be wolbe hym kepe and warbe, Tyll that be were of fuche a might. To bandle a fwerbe, and be a linight, To bengen him at his owne will. And thus Pozeffes bwelleth ftill, Duche was the childen right name, whiche after wought morbell thams In bengeance of bis fathers beth.

The tyme of yeres onergeth,
That be was man of brede and length,
Of wyt, of manhode, and of Arenth;
A fayre perfore amonges all,
And he beganne to clepe and call,
As he, whiche come was to man,
Cluto the hynge of Arete than,
Orecende that he wolde hym make
A knight, and power with hym take,
for lenger wolde he not beleve
De faith, but praieth the kynge of lene
To gone and cleyme his beritage,
And benge hym of thike outrage,
Whiche was onto his father bo.

The hynge affenterh well therton with great hono; and knight him maketh, And great power to hym betaketh, And gan his tourney for to eaffe. So that Posesses at laste Dis leve toke, and forth he goth, As he that was in his herte wroth, Dis sirste playet to be mene

Cinto

Tinto the citee of Athene De goth hym forth, and was received. Do there was be nought beceived.

The buke, and the that weren wife Thei proferen bem to bis feruice . And be bem thonketh of their proffer, And faibe bem felfe be toolbe gone offer Winto the goodes for his fpebe, And all men yeue bym rebe . to goth be buto the temple forth, Of pettes, that be morbell worth Dis facrifice, and his offrynge De made i and after bis alkunge De was answerde, if that he wolbe Dis effate recouer, than be holde alpon bis mother bo bengeance to cruell, that the remembrance Therof might euermoze abide, As the that was an bomicibe, And of hir ofone loade mourbaice.

Dozelles, whiche of thilke office was nothing glad, and than be praide when the goddes there, and laide,.
That thei the judgement beuile,
Dowe be hall take the juile.
And therupon be had answers
That he bir pappes hulbe of tere
Dut of hir breast, his owne bondes;
And so ensample of all landes,
with hors the shulde be to draive,
Till boundes had hir bones gnawe,
twithout any sepulture.
This was a wofull auenture.

And whan Bozelles bath all berde,
Rowe that the goddes have answerde,
Fozd with the Arangth, whiche be lad,
The duke and his power be bad,
And to a ritee fozth thei gone,
The whiche was cleped Aropheone:
twhere as Phoicus was lozde and fire,
twhiche profereth hym withouten byse
His belpe, and all that he maie do,
As he that was right glad therto,
To greve his mortall ennemy,
And tolde him certaine cause why,
Dowe that Egiste in mariage
Ris doughter whilom of full age
Forlase, and afterwarde forsone,

noban be Horefles muther toke.

Men faine olde fpnne newe thame: Thus more and more arofe the blame Apene Agifte on euery fibe . Horefles with bis boll to ribe Began, and Bhoicus with bom went. I trome Agiffe hall hom repent . Thei riben forth bnto Mpcene, There lay Ditemneffre thille quene, The tobiche Horefles mother is. And whan the therbe tell of this, The gates were faite thette, And thet were of ber entre lette. Anone this citee was without Beleine, and feged all about, And ever amonge thei it affaile Ars baie to night, and fo trauaile. Mill at laffe thei it Wonne . Tho was there forowe enough begonne.

Horefles viv his mother call
Anone tofose the losdes ail,
And eke tofose the people alfo,
To hir and tolde his tale tho
And faide: Decruell beaffe bullynde,
Doive mightest thou in then berte finde,
Fosiany luste of loves draught,
That thou accorded to the slaught
Of hym, whiche was thine owne losde of
Thy treason stant of suche recorde,
Thou might thy werkes not forsake
So mote I for my father sake
Clengeance byon thy body bo,
As I commanued am therto.

Cinkynbely for thou ball wrought,
Cinkynbeliche it thall be bought.
The some shall the mother slea,
for that twissom thou saidest pea
To that thou shusbest nay have sayb.
And he with that his bondes bath laid
Cipon his mothers breast anone,
And rent out from the bare bone
Dir pappes both, and caste awaie
Amiddes in the carte waie.
And after toke the deade cors,
And lete it bedrawe awey with hors
Cinto the bounde, but the Rauen,
whe was none other wise graven.

Egiftus whiche was elles where

Depringes comen to bis eare,
Dowe that Mycenes was beleine :
But what was more, herb he not feine.
with great menace and mothel botte
De brough power, and made an holte,
And came in rescous of the towne.

Wat all the fleight of this treafone Diorefles will it by a fpie, and and ad I and of his men a great partie De made ambuilbement abibe. To wayte on bym in fuche a tibe, or tol and That be ne might ber bonde elcape. And in this wife, as be bath thape, The thring befell, to that Agrit mag take, er be bom felfe it will t and was brought forth bis bonbes bonbe, as whan men have a traitour fonde. and the that were with him take, whiche of treason were ouertake, To gether in one fentence falle. But falle Saylte aboue bem alle was bemed to biners peine, The werft that men couthe ogbeine, And to after by the laine of the themship and De was buto the gibet bratve. mobere be aboue all other bongeth, and As to a trattour it belongeth.

The fame with hir finifte wenges about fleeth, and bare tidenges, and made it couth in all londes, bowe that Horefles, with his hondes Eletenneffre his owne mother flough.

Dome leyne, he did well enough,
And some leyne, he did amis.
Divers opinions there is,
That the is deade thei speken all.
But plainly dowe it is befall
The matter in so littell throwe,
In soothe there might no man knows,
But thei that weren at the dede.

And commonliche in enery nede The werk fpeche is rathelt berbe, And leued, till it be answerde.

The hynges, and the losdes great Begonne Horestes for to threat, To putten bym out of his reigne. De is not worthy for to reigne.

The childe, whiche flough his moder for

Thet faibe, and therbpon alfo The loabes of common affent, The tyme fet of parlement.

And to Athenes hynge and loose
To gether come of one accorde,
To knowe howe that the footh was:
So that Morefles in this cas
The flephen after, and he come.
They hence we he wordes nome,
And after hym of this matere.
And he, that all it might here,
And he, that all it might here,
And bowe the goddes in his charge
Commanded hym in fuche a wife
Dis owne honde to be imple.

with this tale a buke arole, whiche was a worthy lunght of lole, Bis name was Menefibeus, And laide buto the lordes thus :

The waeche, whiche Storesies bede,
It was theng of the goddes bede,
And notheng of his crueltee.
And if there were of my degree
Inall this place suche a lunght,
That woll seeme, it was no right,
I woll it with my body proue,
And therepon be cast his gione.
And the this noble duke aleyde
Ind eke this noble duke aleyde
Ind many an other skill, and seide,
Ohe had well beserved wreche.

Airit for the cause of spouse breche, And after wrought in suche a wife, That all the worlde it ought agrife, riphan that the for so foule a vice woas of hir owne lorde mourbrice.

Thei fitten all fille and berbe, But therto was no man answerde: It thought bem all, he saide skille, There is no man with say it wille.

twhan thei vpon the reason muser, Dozestes all thei excusen: So that with great solemnites, De was but his bignites Receyued, and cozoned kyngs.

And the befell a wonde thenge.
Egyona, whan the it welle,
whiche was the boughter of Egyste
And liter on the mother libe,

To this Dozeff, at thilke tibe,
whan the berde, how hir brother fped,
for pure forowe, whiche hir led,
That he ne had ben erited,
whe hath hir owne life begiled
Anone, and henge hir felfe tho.
It hath and thall be evermo,
To mourther who that woll affente,
De mate not faile to repent.

THE LEAVE

This falle Beyona was one; disale and Whiche to mourther Agamemnon Confe Paue bir accorbe, and bir affent, So that by goos lubgement, all said det Though none other man it wolde. Dbe toke bir tuyle, as the tholbe. And as the to an other wrought Clengeance bpon bir felfe the thought, And bath of bir onbappy witte, a sunt and A mourther with a mourther quit. Souche is of mourther the bengeance. Cfos the me forme in remembrance Df this enfample, take good bebe. Hos who that thinketh his love fpebe with mourther, be thall to worldes thame Dim felfe and else bis loue thame. LINy father of this anenture, and a louis twhiche pe baue tolbe, I pou affure, falls build My berte is fory for to bere: attaant ligh But onely for I wolbe lere what is to botte, and what to leve.

And over this by your lene,
That ye me wolve telle I prep,
If there be leful any wepe,
withoute finne a man mate flea?
My forme in fondry wife yea.
what man that is of Traitorie,
Of mordre, or els Robberte
Atteint, the Judge that not let,
But he that fleen of pure bet,
And both great finne if that he wonde.

for who that lawe hath byon honde, and spareth sor to be suffice.

For mercy: both not his office,

That he his mercy so bewareth:

whan sor one shrewe, whiche he spareth,

sthouland good men be greneth.

with such mercy who that bileneth.

To please god: he is deceived,

De els mote reason be toepnes.

The lawe frode or the were bore, Doine that a kynges fwerde is bore In figure, that he thall befende Dis true people: and make an ende Of fuche, as wolden hem benour.

Lo thus my fonne to fourcour

The lawe, and common right to wynne I man maie flee without finne,
And bo therof a great almette,

So for to kepe rightwifenesse.

And over this for his countree,
In tyme of werre, a man is free
Dynt felfe, his house, and ehe his londe,
Defende with his owne honde,
And seen, if he maie no bet,
After the lawe, whiche is fet.

Chowe father than I you befeche,
Of hem, that beadly werres seche
In worldes cause, and theben blood,
If suche an homicide is good a
Confessor.

The forme open the question,
The trouth of men opinion
(Als ferforth as my wit arecheth
And as the plaine lawe teacheth)
I wolde the telle in enthence,
To rule with the conscience.

Qd creat ipse de, necat hoc homicida creată,
Vitor & humano sanguine spargit humă.
Vt pecoris sic est hols cruor heu modo susus,
Victa sacer pietas, & furor vrget opus.
Angelus in terra pax dixit, & vitima Christa
Verba sonêt pacê, qua modo guerra sugat.

E Bic fequitur contra motopes guerre, quæ non fotum Bomieibit feb Bniuerft munbi befolationio mater epifit.

The bigh god of his tuffice,
The ilke foule boarfble bice,
Of homicide be bath foabede
By Moples, as it was bede.

whan goddes some was also boze, De sent his angell bowne therfoze, whom the Gepeherbes berden ange Dees to the men of welwillings In erthe amonge by here.

So for to fpeke in this matere after the lawe of charitee,

There

There thall beably werre bee. And the nature it hath befended, And in hir lawe pees commended, whiche is the chiefe of mans welth, Demans life, of mans belth.

But beadly werre hath his couine Of petitience, and of famine, Of pourtee, and of all wo: wheref this worlde we blamen to, whiche nowe the werre hath underfoote Till god him felfe theref do boote. For all thing, whiche god hath wrought In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.

The churche is brent, the priest is same The wife, the maide is the forlaine, The lawe is lore, and god buferned: I not what mede be bath deserved, That suche werres ledeth inne.

Af that he bo it for to winne:
Airte to accompte his great coffe,
As to the worldes reckenyinge
There thall be fonde no winnings.

And if he do it to purchace The beuen, mede of fuche a grace I can nought fpehe netheles. Chill bath commaunded loue and pes . and who that worcheth the reuers, I trowe bis mede is full biners . and fithen than that we fonde, That werres in ber owne kende Wen towarde god of no beferte: And the thei bringen in pouerte Di worldes good, it is meruelle, Amonge the men what it maie eple. That thei a pees ne connen let . I trowe fpnne be the let, And every mede of finne is beth, Do wote I neuer bowe it geth . But we, that be of a beleue Amonge our felfe, this wolbe I leue, That better it were pees to chele, Than fo by bouble weie lefe. TI not ifthat it nowe fo fonbe. But this a man maie bnberffonbe. nobo that thefe olde bokes rebeth, That couetife is one, whiche lebeth And brought the first werres inne.

At Greete if that I thall beginne, There was it proued howe it fode, To Werle, whiche was full of good, Thei maden werre in speciali: And so thei didden over all, twhere great richeste was in londe: So that thei lefte nothynge fronde Unwerred, but onely Archade.

E Dofa quod greci omnem terram fertite bebets tabant, fed tantum Archadiam, pao eo qu paupes et fterilia fuit, pacifice dimiferunt.

Cofor there thei no werres made, Wecause it was bareine and poure, wherof thei might nought recover: And thus poverte was forbore.

De that nought bab nought bath loze . Whit pet it is a wonder thenge, twoban that a riche worthie hynge Da loabe, what fo be bee. woll afte and claime propertee In thynge, to whiche be bath no right. But onelp of bis great might . for this male every man well wite, That both hynde and lawe waite Erpzellelp fronben there agepne. But be mote nebes fomewhat fepne, All though there be no reason inne. wbiche fecbeth caufe for to winne . Hoz witte, that is with will oppreffed, twban couetife bim bath abselled, And all reasone put awer, De can wel fynde fiche a wep To werre, where as ever bem liketh : wherof that be the worbe entriketh. That many aman of bym completneth: But pet alway fome caufe be femeth. And of his wongefull berte be bemeth, That all is well, what ever bim femeth, 1Be lo that be maie winne enough. Soz as the true man to the plough Only to the gaine entenbeth : Right fo the werriour dispendeth Dis tyme, and bath no confetence.

And in this point for euibence Of hem that luche werres make, Ahou might a great enlample take, Dow thei her tyrannie erculen, Df that thei wrongfull warres blen, And howe thei fronde of one accorde The foudiour forth with the lorde, The poore man forth with the riche, As of courage thei ben liche, To make werres and to pylle for lucre: and for none other faille: where a propre tale I rede, As it whilom befell in dede

E hic declarat per epemplum contra iftoe prins cipes seu asios quoscunç illicite guerre motores, Et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus matis nis sposiatore notifimo, qui cum captus fuifict, et in iudicium coram rege Acepandro productus, et de l'atrocinio accusatus, divit, D Acepandes Bere quia cil paucis sociis sposiorum cansa nauce santum expedoro, ego l'atrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita vestatorum multisudine Vinivers sam terram fabiugando sposiassi, Imperator discrese, Ita ep status tuus a statu meo differt, sed codem animo condicionem partiem habemus. Acepandes vero eius audaciam in responsione comprobans, ipsum penes se familiarem retinuit. Et sie besticosus vestatori complacus.

Dipper whome all this erthe diad, whan he the worlde to overlabbe
Through werre, as it fortuned is,
Dipper Alifaunder I rede this,
Dowe in a marche, where he laie,
It fell perchance boon a baie,
I rover of the fea was nome,
whiche many a man had overcome,
And flaine, and take her good awaie.
This piller, as the bokes faie,
I famous man in fondrie flede
was of the werkes, whiche he bede.

This prisoner alore the hynge was brought: and therupon this thenge In audience be was accused.
And he his debe bath nought excused, And praide the hynge to done him right, And saide. Dyre if I were of might I have an derte liche buto them. For is the power were men My will is most in special.
To rese, and gette over all.
The large worldes good about.
What for I leade a poure route.
And am, as who saith, at mischiese,

The name of pillour and of thefe
I beare: and thou whiche routes great
Might leade, and take the beyete,
And bothe right, as I wolde bo,
The name is nothenge cleped to,
What thou art named emperour.
Our bedes ben of one colour,
And in effecte of one beferte:
Abut the rycheffe and my pouerte,
Thei be not taken even liche
And netheles he that is riche
This daie, to mosowe he maie be pooper,
And in contrary also recover
A poose man to great riches.

Men feyn foz thy let righteivilenes Be perfed enen in the balance. The kynge his hardie countenance Behelde: and his wordes wife, And faid buto hym in this wife:

Thyne answere I have bnberfonde, wherefor my wyll is, that thou fronds In my feruice, and fill abide.

And forth with all the fame tide
De bath hym terme of life witholde,
The more and for he shulde ben holde,
De made him lunight, and pase hym lander
whiche afterwards was of his honde
An orped lunight in many a stede,
And great prowes of arms bede,
As the Cronikes it recorden:
And in this wise thei acorden,
The whiche of condicion
We sette byon bestruction.

Duche Capitaine luche retinue, Wut for to fee what issue
The hynge befalleth at the laste.
It is great wonder that men caste
Der berte voon suche wronge to winne,
where no beyete mate be inne,
And both disease on every side.
But when reason is put a side,
And wise governeth the courage.

The faucon whiche fleeth ramage, And suffreth no thynge in the wate, twherof that he maie take his praie: Is not more set boon raugue, Than thilke man, whiche his cougue Dath set in suche a maner wife fo; all the worlde maie nought fuffife To wil. whiche is not reasonable.

23- Die feeundum geffa Afepandei de guerria ils Beitis penit Confessor epemplum, diena: quod quamuis Afepander fua potentia totina mundi Bictoz, fudiugarat imperium, ipfe tandem mozstis Sictozia fudiugatus, cunetipotentis fentettam cuadere non potust.

Wherefensample concordable Liche to this pointe, of whiche I ment, was voor Alisander sene, wo as fortune with hym went, That reason might hym not governe, what of his wille he was so there, That all the worlde he overran, And what hym list he toke and wan.

In Inder the fuperfour, uphan that be was full conquerour. and had his wilfull pourpole wonne. Df all this erth under the fonne. This honge bomwarde to Maceboyne, usban that be cam to Babplopne, And wend most in his empire (As be whiche was bolle loade and fire) In honour for to be recepued, Moft fobenliche be was becepueb, and with Gronge pollon enuenommed. And as he bath the worlde millimed, Dut as be chalde with his witte. not as be wolve , it was acquitte, Thus was be flagn, that whilom flough. and be, whiche riche was enough This bate, to mozowe had nought. And in fuche toile as be bath woongbe In biffurbance of worlbes pets. Dis werre be fonde than enbeles In whiche for ener biscomfite De was. Lo noive for what proufite Df werre it belpeth for to ribe, Hoz couetile and worldes pribe To flee the worldes men aboute As belles, whiche gone there oute. Hoz enery life, whiche reason can, Dught wel to knowe, that a man De thutbe through no tyrannie Liche to this other beffes bie.

All kynde wolde for hym fende, I not how be it might amend, whiche taketh a weye for enermore The life, that he maie not reflore.

For the me forme in all were Be wel auffeb, I the preie Df flaught, er that thou be culpable Withoute cause reasonable. @ My faber bnberftonbe it is That pe bane faibe : but ouer this I prate pou telle me nave or yea. To palle ouer the great lea To warre and fle the Barafin, Is that the lawe & Sonne myn To preche, and fuffer for the feith. That haue I berd,the golpel leith: But for to flea, that bere I nought. Theift with his owne beth bath bought All other men, and made bem free. In token of perfite charitee. And after that be taught bim felue. whan be was bede thefe other tivelue Df his aposteles went aboute The boly feith to preche oute, upberof the beathe in fonbale place Thei fuffer, and fo god of bis grace The feith of Dhift bath mabe artfe. But if thei wolde in other wife My werre bane brought in the creance. It hab pet fronde in balance. Antinat male prouen in the bebe. Notwhat man the Croniches reve Aro first that boly churche bath weined To preche, and bath the Averde received, noberof the werres ben begonne: A great partie of that was wonne To Chiffes feith, fant nowe mifwent : Gob bo therofamendement, Do as he wote, what is the beff.

What forme if thou wilt live in reft of confrience well affifed, Er that thou flea, be wel aufed. For man, as tellen be the clerkes, Dath god aboue all erthely werkes Debened to be principall, and eke of foule in speciall

De is mude liche to the godhede:

Do fit it wel to taken hede,

1

And for to lake on enery libe Gr that thou falle in homicibe: or ditt twhiche finne is nowe lo generall, That it wel nie fant ouerall This services is In holy churche, as elles where, But all the while it is fo there, The world mot nebr fare amis. for whan the wel of pitee is, Through couetife of worldes good, Defoulled with theoping of blood, The remenant of folke about Climethe Conben in any bout To werre eche other, and to flea, Do is it all not worth a frea The charitee, wherof we prechen. for we bo no thong as we techen.

And this the blynde confeience Depen hath loft thilke eutrence, whiche Christe byon this erth taught, Nowe mate men fee morder a mandaught Liche as it was by dates olde, when men the source bought and folce.

Sacilitas vente occafione preBet delinquebi.

In Grece afore Christes feithe I rede, as the Cronicke feith, Touchend of this matter thus, In thilke tyme howe Pefens Dis owne broder Phocus flough.

But for he had golde enough
To yeue, his finne was dispensed
with golde, whereof it was compensed.
Acasus, whiche with Venus was
Dir priest, assoyled in that cas,
Ai were there no repentance.

And as the bolie maketh remembrance, It relieth of Medec also,
Di that the flough hir sonnes two,
Egens in the same plite
Dath made hir of hir sinne quite.

The forme the of Amphioras,
whos right name Almens was,
Dis moder flough Eriphelce.
But Achiloo the priest and hee,
tho as the voltes it recorden,
for certaine some of golde acorden,
That thilke horrible sinfull dede
Asolled was. And thus for mede

De worders good it falleth ofte,
That homicide is fet alofte
Vere in this worde; but after this
There thall be knowe, how that it is
Ofhent, that facts thenges worche.
And how also that holy churche
Lete suche sumes passe quite.
And how thei wolde hem selse acquite
Ofdeadely werres, that their make.

For who that wolde enfample cake,
The lawe, whiche is naturell,
By were of kinds theweth wel,
That homicide in no degree
(whiche werreth agent charitee)
Among the men thulde not disclie.

For after that the bokes telle,
To fethe in all the worlds riche,
More thall not finds voon his lithe
A best for to take his prepe.
And sichen kinds bath suche aweyer
Than is it wonder of a man,
whiche kinds bath, and reason can,
That he woll either more or laste
Dis kinds and reason overpasse,
And sea that is to hym semblable.
So is the man not reasonable,
the kinds, and that is not honeste,
when he is worle than a beste.

C Pota fecundum Solimum contra Comicidae de natura culuf dan autu facien ad fumistroinem humanam habentia qua cum de preda fua homis nem iunta fumium occiderit, ilidetita; in aqua fis milem fibi occifum, flatim prae dologe moritur.

Solims speketh of a wonder kinde,
Solims speketh of a wonder kinde,
And satth of soiles there is one,
whiche bath a face of bloode and bene,
Like to a man in resemblance.
And if it saile so perchance,
As be, whiche is a soile of pease,
That he a man finde in his wave,
De woll byin sea, if that he mais.
But afterward the same date:
whan he bath eaten all his felle,
And that shall be bestor a welle,
In whiche he woll desnite take,
of his bisage and the make,

That he hath flayn, anone he thinketh Df his milbede, and it forthinketh so greatly, that for pure forowe De lineth not till on the morowe.

The lineth not till on the morowe.

The his enfample it male well fewe,
That man thall homicide efchewe.

Hor ener is merry good to take,
But if the lawe it hath forfake,
And that Justice is there agayne.

Jull oft time I have berde faine
Amonges hem that werres hadden,
What thei fommbile her rause labben

By merrie, whan thei might have flaine,
where of that thei were after faine.

And some, if that thou wolt recorbe
The vertue of Milericorde,
Thou fighe never thilke place,
twhere it was vied, lacke grace.
Ho; every lawe, and every hynde
The mans wit to mercy bynde,
And namely the worthie knightes,
twhen that thei fronden most byrightes,
And ben most mightie for to greve;
Thei shulden then most releve
Then, whome thei mighten overthrow;
As by ensample maie men knowe.

D'hie ponit Confessor epempsum be pielate contra homicibium in guerrie habenda, Et nars rat qualiter Achilles Ina cum filio suo contra regem Wefer, qui tunc Theucer Docabatur, Bills sum inicrunt. Et cum Hohilles dictum regem in Berto pstratil occidere Volusset, Ehelaph' pietate motus ipsum etipéo cooperiene Beniam pao rege à patre postusant, pao quo facto, ipse rep ad duc l'inene Chelaphum regni sui heredem sidera Voluntate consistuit.

The male not failen of his mede,
That both mercy. Korthis I rede.
In a Cronike I fynde thus,
Whan Achiffes with Telaphus
Dis forme, towards Trote weres
It fell hem er thei come there
Apene Thencer the hynge of Mele,
To make warre, and for to fele
Dis fonde, as thei that wolden reigne:
And Thencer put out of his reigne.

And thus the marches thei affaile: But theucer pafe to bem bataile. Thei foughten on both floes faite. Wint to it hapneth at latte,
This worthie greke this Achilles,
The hynge amonge all other thes,
As he that was cruell and felle
with twerde in honde on hym he felle,
And finote hynrwith a deathes wounde,
That he buhorfed fell to grounde.

Achilles byon bym alight,
And wolde anone, as he weil might,
Daue Clain him fulliche in the place.
But I belaphus his fabers grace
for hym belought, and for pitce
drayth, that he wolde let hym bee,
And caste his theld between bem two.

Achilles asketh hym why so.
And Thelaphus his cause tolde,
And saith, that he is mochell holde.
For whitome Thencer in a stede
Great grace and socour to hym bede,
And saith, that he him wolde acquite,
And praith his sader to respite.
Achilles tho withdrough his honde.
But all the power of the londe,
whan that thei sawe her hynge thus take,
Thei sed, and hathen the selde sorahe.

The grekes but the chass fall,
And for the most parte all
Of that countres the lordes great,
The stoke and wome a great beyete.
And some after this victorie
The kynge, whiche had memorie,
Chon the great mercie thought,
Whiche Thelaphus toward him wrought,
And in presence of all the londe
The toke hym sayse by the bonde,
And in this wise he gan to sete:

My fonne I mote by bouble wele
Love and befire thine encres.
Airte for the favor Achilles
awhilome full many a date or this,
whan I thube have fare amis,
Accloude byth in my quarele,
And hept all myn affate in hele.
Dow so there fall nowe diffance
Amonge vs., pet remembrance
I have of mercie, whiche he bede
As than a and thou nowe in this fiede
Of gentilnes, and offranchese

Daff do mercy the lame I gelle, so woll I not, that any tyme Be lofte, of that thou half do byme. For how to this fortune fall, Pet fant my trufte abouen all. Hos the mercy whiche I nowe fynde, That thou wilt after this be hynde, And for that fuche is mine especie, And for my some and for myn beirs I the receive, and all my londe I yeue and seife into then bonde.

And in this wife thei accorde, The cause was misericorde. The lordes do her obeilance To Thelaphus, and purueiance, twas made, so that he was coroned. And thus was mercie reguerdoned, twhiche he to Theucer bid tofore.

Lo this ensample is made therfore, That thou might take remembrance My son, and whan thou seek a chance Of other mens pastion,
Take pitce and compassion,
And let no thought to the be leef,
whiche to an other man is grefe,

And after this if thou before
To Aronde agene the vice of Are,
Counseill the with parience
And take in to thy conscience
Mercy to be thy governour:
So thalt thou sele no rancour,
whereof thyn herte thall bebate
with homicide, ne with hate.
If of these of melancolie
Thou thalt be softe in companie,
without contecke of foothast.
In elles might thou longe waste
Thy tyme, or that thou have thy wills
Of love, for the weapic stille
Men presse, and blame the tempesses.

Amans.

CMy faver I woll do your beffes.

And of this point ye have me taught,

Toward my felfe the better faught

I thinke be, while that I line.

But for as muche as I am thrine

Of wrath, and all his circumstance:

Pene what ye lyste to my penance:

And alke forther of my life, protherwise 3 be gilette Dr any thonge, that toucheth finne. Confessor.

My fonne, er we departe a twinne, I thall behynde nothyng leue, Amans.

They good faver by your lene,
Than afterth forth what so you lifte.
For I have in you surbe a triffe,
As ye that be my soule bele,
That ye fee me nothynge woll bele.
For I shall tell you the trouthe.

Confessor.

Confes

My faver of the pointes me longer To witte pleinly, what thei mene, so that I mate me thine clene.

Confestor.
Thow berken, I hall the pointes benife,
And binberstonde well myn apprise
For sprifte stant of no value
To bym, that woll bym nought bertne
To leve of vices the folic.
For worde is wynde, but the matstrie
Is that a man bym selse befende
Of thynge, whiche is not to commende;
where he sewe nowe a date:
And netheles so as I mate
Make but o thy memorie knowe
The pointes of south, thou shall know.

Explicit liber tertius.

Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem vitiorum,
Torpet & in cuntis tards by lenta bonis.
Que fieri possent hodie trasferi piger in cras,
Furato by prius hostia claudit equo.
Possenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido:
Sed Venus in celeri ludit amore viti.

fpeciebus Becidie, quarum paimum tarbacionem Bocat, cuina condicionem pertractans Amanti, fuper boc confequenter opponit.

neer pale to been hatafin.

e ingeren ar bog the training

Incipit

Incipir liber quartus genen R.



Non the vices to procede After the cause of mans bebe, The first point of south 3 call Lochesse, and is the chief of all;

And hath this properly of kinde

To leven all theng behende:
Of that he might bo nowe here,
De tarieth all the longe pere,
And evermore he latth, To morowe,
And willbeth after, God me sende:
That whan he weneth to have an ende,
Than is he forthest to begen.
Thus bryngeth he many a meschiese in
Univere, till that he be mescheurd,
And mais not than be releved.

And right to nother more ne lefte, It frant of love, and of lachelle, Some tyme he floutheth on a bair That he never after gete maie.

nowe forme as of this the thenge, If thou have any knowlechynge, That thou to lone ball bone er this, Telle on . My good faber pis. As of laches 3 am behnotpe, That I mate Conbe bpon his rowe, As 3 that am clabbe of his fute. Ho; whan I thought my purlite. To make, and therto fet a bate To fpeke buto that fwete maje, Lacheile babbe abibe pit, And bare on bonde it was no wit, De tyme, for to fpeke as tho. Thus with his tales to and fro My tyme in tariyng be brough : 10 11 to whan there was tyme good enough, De faid another tyme is better. Thou Chalt noive fenben bir a letter: And par caas waite moze plein, Than thou by mouth burtleft feir.

Thus have I let tyme flibe
for flouthe, and kept not my tibe:
So that lackes with his vice
full afte hath made my wit fo nice.
That what I thought to speke or do,
with tariping he held me so,

Til whan I wolbe, and might nought. I not what theng was in my thought: ... -De it was beebe, of it was thame, But euer in erneft and in game, I wote there is longe tyme palled, delle But vet is not the love laffen, pobiche I bnto my labie baue. for though my tonge is flow to crane At all tyme, as 3 baue bebe, Mpn bert fant euer in o febe, And afteth beffliche grace, The whiche 3 maie not pet embrace : And gob wote that is manigre mpr. for this I wote right wel afin, My grace cometh fo felbe aboute, That is the flouthe, whiche I boubte More than of all the remenant, whiche is to love appartenant.

And thus as touchende of lachelle,
As I have tolde, I me confelle
To you my fader, I befeche,
That ferthermore pe wol me teche,
And if there be to my mattere
Some goodly tale for to bere,
Dow I mate do lachelle awey,
That ye it wolde telle, I prey.
To wiffe the my fonne and rede,
Amonge the tales, whiche I rede
An olde enfample therboon
Dowe berken, and I woltelle on.

Bie ponit Confesso epemplum contra istos, quim amoris causa tardates desinquint Et nars rat qualiter Dido regina Cartaginis Encam, ab income Troir fugirium in amoren sunn gauifa suscept, qui cum postea in partes Italie a Cars esagine destaturum se translusit, nimiama; iside moram sacrene, tempus redditus sui ad Didone Bitra modum tardauit, ipsa intosterabit dosore concusta, sui cordie intima gradio transsocie.

Bayne lachelle in loues caas
I finde, howe whilom Gneas,
whom Anchiles to forme had,
with great name, whiche he lad
fro Trole, arriveth at Larthage,
where for a while his herbage
De toke, and it betto fo,
with hir, whiche was a quene tho
Of the Litee, his acqueintance
De wan, whos name in remembrance

L.IIL

Is pet, and Dido the was hote,
whiche loueth Greas to hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he faide,
That all hir herte on hym the laide:
And bid all wholy, what he wolde.
Wut after that, as it be thuide,
fro thens he goth toward Itaple
Why, and there his arrivagle
Dath take, and thope hym for to ride.

Fel Lxin.

But the, whiche mate not longe abide The hotte peine of loues throwe, Anon within a litel throwe
A letter but o hir huight hath writte,
And did hym plainly for to witte:
If he made any tarignge
To dretche of his agen compage,
That the ne might hym fele and fee,
She thulde fronde in fuche degree,
As whilom frode a fwan to fore,
Of that the had hir make lore,
Hor lorowe a fether in to hir brayne
The thoof, and hath hir felfe flague.

As hynge Menander in a lape
The footh hath fonde, where the lape
depaulend with hir wynges twee,
As the whiche thulbe than depe
for love of bym, whiche was hir make,

And to that I bo for the fake, This quene faibe, wel I wote.

Lo to Guer thus the wrote, welth many a nother word of compleint.

But he, whiche had his thoughtes feint Towardes love, and full of flouth, His tyme let, and that was routhe. Ho; the, whiche loveth hym to fose, Welleth ever more and more. And whan the lawe hym tary lo, Hir bert was to full of wo, That compleynend manyfolde the hath hir owne tale tolds.

A who fonde ever fuche a lacks
Of flouth in any worthye knight of
Nowe wote I well my beath is dight
Through him, which thulb have be my life.
What for to flynten all this firite,
Thus whan the fighe name other boote,
Right even buto hir hert roots

A naked fiverb anone the threfte:
And thus the gat hir felfe refte.
In remembrance of all flowe
upherof my fonne thou might knowe,
Dowe tartings byon the neve
In loues cause, is so; to dreve.
And that hath Dido sore abought,
twhose beath thall ever be bethought.

And evermore if I that feche
In this matter another speche,
In a Consche I finde writte
A tale, whiche is good to witte.

Cibic loquitur fuper cobem, qualifer Penelope Schffem maritum fuum in obsibione Crote bins tius mogantem, ob ipfius ibibem tarbatione epig flota fua rebarguit.

At Trois when hynge Vlyiles
Thom the lege amonge the pres
Of hem, that worther knightes were
Above longe tyme fille there:
In thilke tyme a man mate le
Bowe goodly that Penelope,
whiche was to bym his trewe wife,
of his lachelle was pleintife:
where to Teoie the hym fende
Dir wille by letter, thus spekende:

My worthy love, and lorde allo,
It is and hath be ever fo
That where a woman is alone,
It maketh a man in his persone
The more harbye for to woive,
In hope that the wolde bowe
To suche thyng, as his wille were,
two bile that hir lorde were els where.

And of my felfe I telle this.

for it so longe passed is

thich firste that ye from home went,

That welle nigh every man is went

To there I am, while ye be out

Dad made, and eche of hem about

whiche love can, my love secheth,

with great prayer, and me besecheth.

And some maken great manace,

That if thei might come in place,

where that thei might bir wille have,

There is no chynge me shulde save,

That thei ne wolde worch thynges.

And fome telle me clopnges. That pe ben bead : and fome leyne, That certainly pe ben befepne To loue a newe, and leave me. But howe as ever that it be. 3 thonke buto the gobbes all, As pet for ought, that is befall, Maie no man bo my chekes rebbe : But netheles it is to brebbe, That lachelle in continuance fortune might fuche a chance, nobiche no man after Quibe amenbe. To thus this labie complaymente, A letter bito bir logbe bath togitte, and praybe bym, that he wolde witte, and thinke, bowe that the was al bis, and that be tarie not in this : But that be wolde bis lone acquite To bir avenewarde, and not waite, But come bym felle in all batte, That be none other paper wate: to that be hepe, and bolbe bis trouth, no ithout lette of any flouthe. a alnto bir losbe and loue liege To Troie, where the great flege mas leibe, this letter was conueibe. And be, whiche wifebome bath purueib, of all that to reason belongeth, with gentill berte it biberfongeth. And whan be bath it oure rab, In parte, be was right inly glab, Ind ehe in parte be was bifealeb : But loue bis bert bath fo through fealed with pure imagination, That for none occupacion, nobiche be gan take on other fibe, De maie not fitte bis berte alibe, for that his wife bym hab enformed, unberof be bath bym felfe conformed, with all the will of his courage, To thape and take the blage Domewarbe, what tyme that be male, So that bym thinketh of a baie A thousands pere till be maie le The bilage of Penelope, pobiche be belireth molle of all.

And whan the tyme is to befall, That Trois was diffroised, and beent, De made no delayement,
But goth hym home in all hie,
where that he fonde tologe his ele
Dis worthye wife in good estate.
And thus was leased the debate
Of love, and flouth was excused,
whiche doth great harme, wher it is bled,
and hindgeth many a cause home a.

C Nota abhue be quodam Afrologo fuper eos bem, qui quoddam opus ingeniofum, quafi ad complemétum feptennios perducens, Anius mos menti tardatione omnifui operis difigentiam pes nitus frustranit.

Thos of the great clerke Groftest I rede, howe busy that he was Apon the clergie an head of beas To forge, and make it for to talle Of suche thringes as befelle: And seven peres befineste De laive, but for the lacheste Of halfe a minute of an houre, fro first he began laboure, De loste all that he had bo.

And other while it fareth to In loves cause, who is flowe, That he without bider the wows By night kant full ofte a colde whiche might, if that he had wolde Dis tyme kepte, have be within.

E Dota aboue contra tarbatione de Birginibua fatula, que nimiam mozam facientes, intrante fponfo ad nuptias, cum ipfo non introlerunt.

Dut flouth mais not profit wynne, But he may linge in his Larole, Dow late ware came to the bole, where he no good receyue might, And that was proued well by night, whilom of the maibens five, whan thilke lorde came for to wive. For that her oyle was aweye To light hym lampes in his wey, Her flouth brought it so about, Fro hym that thei be shette without.

Aberof my fonne be thou ware, Bls ferforth as I telle bare. For flouthe muffe ben awaited: And if thou be not well affaited In lone, to elchewe fouthe, de an a. My fonne for to telle trouthe, Thou might not of the felfe ben able To wonne loue, or make it fable ; All though thou mighteff loue acheue. CMp father that 3 male well leue; But me was neuer affigneb place, tobere pet to gette any grace. De me was no fuche tome appointeb. for than I wolbe I were bniopnteb Of every lymmethat I baue, and I ne fhulbe kepe and faue adres the we Myn boure bothe, and the my frebe, If my laby it bab bebe. But the is othermile auileb. Than graunt fuche a tyme affifeb. And nethelette of my lachette, There beth by no befaulte 3 geffe Of tyme lotte, in that 3 might.

muzallar.

But pet hir lyketh not alight Thon no luce, whiche I calle. Ho; ap the more I crie faste, The lette hir liketh for to bere.

so for to fpeke of this matere, I feche that I male not finbe : I bafte, and euer 3 am bebynbe, And wote not, what it male amount. But father bpon myn accompte, whiche pe ben fette to eramine Dfibifte after the bifcipline: Dave what your bell counfaile is. My fonne my counfeile is this, Dowe to it frante of tyme ago, Do forthe the befines fo. That no lachette in the be foumbe. for flouthe is mighty to confounde The fpete of enery mans werke. for many a bier, as faith the eleche, There bongen opon flouthes lappe, Of fuche as make a man milhappe, To pleine and telle of Olad 3 will 1 And therbpon if that the lifte To knowe of floothes cause mose, In freciall ver onermore There is a bice full grenable To bym, whiche is therof culpable ! And frant of all bertues bare, Dere after as 3 Chall beclare, Qui nihil aut prar, nihil expedit, ordo muto Munus amicitie vir fibiraro capit. Est modus in verbis, sed ei qui parcit amori Verba referre sua non fauer vilus amor.

Alldic foquitur Confessos de quadam specie Bes eidie, qua pusufanimitas dicta est, culus imaginatina fozmido neque Birtutes aggredi, neq: Bitia fugere andet, sicq: Btriusq: Bite tam actine quam contemplatine pramium non attingit.

Zouchenbe of douth in his beares There is pet pufillanimitee, usbiche is to fale in this langage, De that bath littell of courage, and bare no mans werke begring: to may be nought by reason toynne. for who that nought bare bubertale, By right be thall no profit take. But of this bice the nature Dare nothing fette in quenture, Dom lacketh bothe woode and bebe, poberof be thulbe his caufe fpebe: De woll no manbobe buberfonde: Jos ener be bath brebe byon bonbe. All is perill, that be thall fair, Dom thenketh the wolfe is in the water And of imagination De maketh bis ercufacion, and feigneth caufe of pure brebe, And euer be faileth at nebe, Till all be foilte, that be with bealeth, De bath the fore, whiche no man beleth, The whiche is cleved Lacke of berte: Though every grace aboute bym ferte, De woll not ones fere bis fote, Do that by reason lefe be mote, That woll not aunter for to wynne.

And to footh forme, if the begynns
To fpeke of love and his fervice,
There ben truantes in suche a wife,
That lacken bert, whan best were
Thei speken of love, and right so, fere
Thei waren bombe, and bare not telle,
whichout sowne, as bothe the belle,
whiche hath no clapper so, to theme
And right so thei, as so, the tyme
Wen berteles without speche,
Of love and bare nothing beserbe:
And thus thei lese, and topine nought.

fo; thy my forme if thou arte ought Culpable, as courbende of this flouthe, Shaine the therof, and tell me trouth . T My faper 3 am all beknowe, That I baue ben one of the flowe, as for to telle in loues cas mon berte is vet, and ever was. Although the worlde thulbe all to breke so fearfull, that I bare not fpele, Drwbat purpole that I baue nome, whan 3 towarde my lable come; But lette it pas and oner go . a My fonne bo no mose fo . Soz after that a man purhieth To loue, fo fortune feweth full ofte, and peneth ber bappie chance To bym, whiche maketh continuance To preie loue, and to befeche, As by enfample 3 thall the teche.

Die in amorie causa toquitur contra pusitlas nimes. Le dieit, or amans, pro timore dei die obstumescree non debet, sed concurando preces sul amoris expeditionem tutius prosequatur. Et ponit Confesso, exemplum, qualiter pigmation pro co or preces continu suit, quandam unaginem edurneum, cuiva puschrituduis concupiscentia litaqueatus ext tit, in carnem et sanginem ad tas tue suum transormatam sentiit.

CI fonde, bow whilem there was one, wbole name was toigmation, pobiche was a luftie man of youthe ? The werkes of entaile be coutbe About all other men as tho: And through fortune it fell bym fo, as be. whom love thatt trauaile, De made an image of entaile, Liche to a tooman in femblance, Of feature, and of countenance, So fayte pet neuer was figure, Right as a lines creature the femeth. Hoz of puoz white The bath it wought of fuche belite. she was roble on the cheke, And redde boon bir lippes ele : wherof that be bim felfe begyleth. for with a goodly loke the fmileth: so that through pure impression Df bis imagination,

Madel

with all the herte of his courage Dis love upon this faire image De fet: and hir of love praide. But the no worde avenewarde faibe.

The longe bate what thringe be bebe This image in the fame febe was cuer by: that at meate De wolde bie ferue, and praide bie eate, And put buto bir mouth the cup. And whan the borbe was taken by De bach bir buto bis chambre nome t And after whan the night was come, De leibe bir in bebbe all nah D. De was forwepte, be was forwaked, De kifte bir colde lippes ofte. and willbeth, that thei were fofte . and ofte be rownerd in bir eare. And ofte bis arme now bere now there De laibe, as be bir twoide enbrace : And euer amonge be afketh grace, as though the wift what it ment . and thus bym felfe be gan tourment noth fuche difeate of lones pepne, That no man might bym more peine. But bowe if were of his penance De mabe luche countenance fro bate to night, and praide le longe, That his praier is biberfonge, whiche Venus of bir grace berbe By night, and whan that be wertt ferbe, and it late nakeb in bis arme. The colde image be felte warme Offiche and bone, and full of life .

Lo thus he wanne a luftie wife, twhiche obeisant was at his will.

And if he wolde have bolde him fill,
And nothing spoke, he shuld have tailed.

But so, he hath his worde travailed,
And burst speke, his love he speade,
And had all that he wolde abedde.

For er thei went than a two
A knave childe betwene hem two
Thei gate, whiche was after bote
Paphus, of whom yet hath the note
A certaine ile, whiche Paphos
Wen cleve, and of his name it rose.

By this enfample thou might fynde, That worde male worche aboue hynde. For thy my forme if that thou spare To speake, loste is all thy face. For flouth bringeth in all wo

TELLETY

And over this to loke also.
The god of love is favourable
To bem, that ben of love stable :
And many a wonder bath befail.
Wherof to speake amonges all,
Is that ye liste to taken bede,
Therof a solemme tale I rede,
whiche I shall tell in remembrante,
Elpon the sorte of loves chance.

Deie ponit epemplum super eodem, qualiter rep Ligdun Koozi sue Ebetacuse pzegnanii mis nabatur, op si fisiam pararet, infana occideretur, que tamen possea cum sitam ediderat. Isia dea partue tune pzesena sitam nomine spoti appettori ipsamin moze mascuti educare admonuit, quam pater tis um credena, ipsam in maritagiam site cuius dam pzincipia etate socida copusaut. Ded cil sphis debitum sui coniugii, unde socure non bas buit, dedo in sui adiutozium interpessadat, qui sus per boe miserti femineum genna in mascusimum ob effectum nature in speceno ca transmutarus.

De hynge Ligdus bpon a frife Spake bnto Thelacule bis wife, whiche than was with chilbe great : De fwoze, it Bulbe nought be lette, That if the baue a boughter boje, That it ne foulbe be forloge, and flame: wherof the fory was . Do it befell bpon this cas, moban the belinered thulbe bee, Ils by nighte in painttee (nobirbe of chilbring is the gobbeffe) Came for to belpe in that biffreffe, Till that this lable was all finall, And bab a boughter foath with all, mabiche the gobbelle in all wele Bao hepe, and that thei fulbe feie, It were a forme : And Thus Jobis Thei named bim : and byon this The father was made for to wene, And thus in chambre with the quene This Jphis was forthe brawe tho And clothed, and arraled logge the more Right as a lynges fonne Cholbe, Tyll after, as fortune it wolbe, and and

mahan it toas of tenne pere age, Donn was betake in mariage A bukes boughter for to tvebbe, wbiche Zaunte bigbt, and ofte a bebbe Thefe children late, the and be, whiche of one age both be: so that within tome of peres, To gether as thei ben play feres. Liggende abebbe byon a night Mature, whiche both every wight Cloon bir lawe for to mule. Confreigneth bem, fo that thei ble Thong, whiche to bem was all bulmoto, Wherof Cupide thilke throwe Toke pitee for the great lone, And let bo fette konbe aboue : Do that bir lawe maie ben bleb, And thei byon ber lufte ercufeb. Soz loue bateth nothringe moze Than thong, whiche fant agenft the loss Df that nature in hombe bath fet. Ho; thy Lupide bath fo befette Der grace bpon this anenture, That be accordant to nature.

Whan that be ligh his time belt, That eche of hem bath other helt, Transformeth Iphe into a man, Wherof the hynde love he wair Pflusty yougth, Jante his wife, And the thei ledde a mery lyfe, Whiche was to hynde none offence.

and thus to take an eufbence, It femeth lone is welwillende To bem that be continuende with befre berte to purfue Thynge, whiche that is to love bue ! Wherof my fonne in this matere Thou might enfample taken bere, That with the great befinelle Thou might atteine the richelle, Of lone, that there be no flouth. 13 bare well fate by my trouth. Als ferre as my witte can feche, My father, as for lacke of speche, But lo as 3 me thaofe tofoze, There is none other time loze : wherof there might be obffacle To lette loue of his miracle,

wohiche

pobiche A befeche baie and night. But father fo as it is right, In farme of thetite to be knowe, what thoug belongeth to the flowe, Pour fatherhode I woll prepe, If there be farther any were Touchenbe onco this ilhe bice. a one forme ve. of this office D'beve ferueth one in Speciall. whiche loft bath bis memoriall: to that he can no wit witholog In thong, tobiche be to kepe bie bolbe : ubberoffett ofte bem felle be greueth, and who that most a upon bym leueth. uphan that his witten ben to weined, De maie full lightly be beceived.

Meneibus oblitus alienis labitur ille, Quem probacaccidia non meminiffeful. Sic amor incautus, qui no memoral ad horas, Perdit, & offendit, quod cuperare nequit.

Misic fractal Confessos de Sitio oblinionia, qua mater cina Siccidia ad omnea Birtulum memorias, neceso, et in amoria causa immemorem se constituit.

a To ferue Accipie in bis office There is of floorb an other bice. Whiche is cleved forpettilnes. That nought mate in his berte impreffe Di verine, whiche reason bath fet, Do cleffe bis wittes be foggete. for in reliving of bis cale no moze his berte than bis male Dath remembrance of thille fourne, roberof be fouibe bis witte enfourme As than, and pet ne wate why. Thus to his purpole nought for thy Morloge, of that he wolve ablove And fearfely if be feeth the thatboe To lone of that be bab ment. Thus many a louer bath be thener Telle on further, baft thou ben one Di bem, that bath douth begonne ? De father ofte it bath ben io, That whan I am my lable fro, And themle untowarde hir drawe, Than caft I many a neive laive. And allehe worlde courne by to downe:

And to recorde I my letton,
And write in my memoriall,
twhat I to hir telle thall
Aright all the matter of my tale:
But all his worthe a nutte thale.
For whan I come there the is,
I have it all forgete twis,
Of that I thought for to telle,
I can not than winethes spelle,
That I wende aither best have redde,
So fore of hir I am abrebe.

for as a man that fobeinh A good bebolbeth, fo face 3: So that for feare I can nought gette My wit : but I my felfe fozyete, That I wote never, what I am, De wolther I fball, ne wben I cam : But mufe, as be that were amafeb. Liche to the boke, in whiche is rafed The letter, and male nothing be rabbe: Do ben my wittes ouerlabbe, That what as ever I thought bave spoken It is out of myn berte foken And fronde, as who faith, bombe & befe, That all nie worth an Jupe lefe, Df that I wende well baue faibe : And at laffe I make abzapbe. Caff up myn beeb, and loke abonte, Right as a man, that were in boute, and wote not, where be fall become. Thus am I ofte all ouercome, There as I wende bell to Conde.

Wat after whan I boverstonde, And an in other place alone,
I make many a wofull mone
Unto my felfe, and speke so.
A foole, where was thyne herte tho,
whan thou thy worthe ladie se e
tweere thou aftered of hir eie e
Ho; of hir honde there is no dreade,
wo well I knowe hir woman heade,
what in hir is no more outerage
ban in a childe of thre pere age.

why half thou diede of so good one ?
whom all vertue bath begone,
That in hir is no biolence,
What goodlibede, and innocence,
without spotte of any blame.

A nyce herte, fie for Chame.
A cowarde herte of lone unlered,
thereof arte thou so soze afered ?
That thou the tonge suffrest frese,
And wolte the good wordes lese,
the han thou hast some tyme and space,
Down sholdest thou before grace?
the hon thou the selfe dark aske none,
But all thou hast soppete anone.

IV TO I

And thus dispute in loves loze,
What helpe he finde I nought the moze,
What stomble doon myn owne treine,
And make an elynge of my peine.
Howe all is on my selfe alonge,
Towe all is on my selfe alonge,
I saie. D soole of all fooles,
Thou farest as he between two stoles
That wolde sitte, and goth to grounde:
It was, he never shall be founde
Wetween Hozyettilnes and Dzebe,
That man shulde any cause spede.

And thus myn holy father dere, Towarde my felfe, as ye may here, I pleine of my fozpettilnes: But elles all the businesse, That mate be take of mans thought, My hert taketh, and is through fought To thinken ever byon that swete Withouten flouthe I you by hete.

for what le falle or wele or too, That thought forete I neuermo, where fo I laugh, of fo I loure, pot balle a minute of an boure De might I lette out of my mynbe. But if & thought upon that bende, Therof me fhall no fouth lette. Till beath out of this woolde me fette, All though I had on fuche a ryng, As Moyles, though his enchantying Sometyme in Othiope made, whan that he Tharbis webbeb hab. nobiche rynge bare of oblinion The name, and that was by reafon, That where on a finger it fate, Anone bis loue be fo forvate. As though be had it never knowe. and fo it felle that the throwe whan Tharbis hab it on hir bombe,

No knowlageong of hom the fonde, But all was cleane out of memorie, As men male reve in his florie. And thus be went quice awale, That never after thinks base The thought, that there was fuche one, All was forvete, and overgone.

But in good feith fo male not 3. Roz the is ever fatte by conigh, that the myn berte toucheth. That for no thing that flouth boucheth, 3 mafe forpete bie lefene loth. for oner all where as the goth, Myn berte folometh hir aboute. Thus male I fale withouten boute. For bet, for wers, for enght, for nought the paffeth neuer fro my thought. But whan 3 am there, as the is, Myn bert, as 3 you faibe er this, Somtome of bir is fore abrabbe, And fometyme is ouerglabbe, All out of rente, and out of fpace. for whan I fe bir goodly face, And thinke boon bir bigb paile, As though I were in Barabile am fo rauffibeb of the fight, That fpehe bnto bir I ne might, As for the tyme, though 3 wolbe. Sos 3 ne mate my witte bufolde To finde o worbe of that 3 meane, But it is all forpete cleane. And though I frombe there a mile, All is forvete for the while. A tonge 3 baue, and wordes none : And thus 3 fronde, and thinke alone Ofthping, that belpeth ofte naught: But what I had afoze thought To speake, whan I come there It is forpete, as nought ne were, And fonde amaleb, and afforeb. That of no theng, whiche I have noted, I can not than a note finge, But all is out of knowlagering.

Thus what for iop, and what for brede, All is forpeten at neve:
So that my father of this flouth
have you faibe the plaine trouth:
Pe mate it, as ye lifte, represe.

for thus that my forpettilitelle, sell and a And ele mp pulllantmitter pad dagala al de Day nothe forth, tobat pe life to mee, one for 3 woll onely bo by your and and My fon I have well bero, boto their Datt fapt, and that thou mult amende. for lour bis grace woll not fenne to hange To that man, whiche bare afte none. for this we knowen caerichone, din all A mans thought without feetle line God wote : and pet that men beferbe, Die will is : for without bebis Di bothe bis grace in fewe lebis. And what man that foggete bem felue. Amonge a thoulande be not twelve, That woll bom take in remembrance, But let bom fall and take bis chance. for the pull by a belie berte the : 31th and My fonne, and let nothynge afferte Df loue fro the belineffe . for touchynge of forpettilnelle, whiche many a loue bath fet bebynbe, A tale of great enfample & fynde : wherof it is pitee to witte dell squad as of In the maner as it is writte. Die in amopie caufa contra offiniofoe ponit Confesso epemplum, qualiter Demophon vers fue bestum Croianum itmerando a Phist de Rodopea regina non tantum in hospicium, seb etiam in amozem gaudio magno susceptue est, qui postea ab ipsa Croie descendena rediturum infra certum tempue fibeliffime fe compromifit's fed quia fuiulmobi promifionie diem flatutum poff mobum offitue eft. politie officionem Des mopbontie lach pmie paimo beplangene tanbem coabula collo fao cercuitigata fe moatud fufpebit. Lipinge Demophon whan he by thip Ao Trois warde with felauthip, merlend goth byon his weie, It hapneth bym at Rodopeie, As Colus bym bab blowe To londe, and refred for a throline, And fell that plke tyme thus, That the boughter of Lycurgus, whiche quene was of the countree, was folourned in that Litee, within a callell nighthe fronte. where Demophon cam by to londe : tobilles the bight, and of ponge age, and offrature, and ofbilage

Prettit

the bad all that bie bell befemeth ?

aDf Demophon right well hir quemeth, when he was come, and made that there, and be that was of his manere.

A luftle lunight, ne might affecte, and the hoo that within a bate or two.

De thought, howe eure that it go, and and the chought, howe eure that it go, and and the comme with goodly worked in his cre. And for to put hir out of fere,

The fwore, and hath his trouth plight and the be for ever hir owne huight.

And thus with hir he fill above There, while his thip on anther robe, And had enough of tyme and space To speke of lone, and seke grace.

This lable berbe all that he laive, Dowe he twose, and bowe he praire, whiche was an enchantment To hir, that was as an innocent As though it were trouthe and feith the leueth all, that ever he feith:
And as hir formine thilbe,
The graunteth bym, all that he toolbe,

Thus was be for the time in tope Till that he thulbe go to Trope: But tho the made mothell forowe, And he his trouth lepd to borowe To come, and if that he live mate Ageine, within a morreth date, And therupon thei histen bothe. But were hym leef or were hym loth, To thip he goth, and forth he went To Trope, as was his first entent.

The daies go, the moneth patteth, Dir love encrefeth, and his lasteth. For hym the loste stepe and mete, and he his tyme bath all forpete, bo that this wofall pange quene, whiche wate not what it might mene, a letter sent, and prayd bym come, and satth, howe the is overcome with strength of love, in suche a wife, That the not longe mate suffice. To lyven out of his presence:

The trouthe, whiche he had behote, who berot the loueth bym to bote. She faith, that if he lenger lette of fuche a baie as the bym fette, the thulbe treruen in his flouthe, whiche ware a thame but o his trouthe.

Fel. LXVII

This letter is forth bpon hir fonde, Wherof fombele comfort on honde She toke, as the that wolde abide : And watteth bpon that plke tide, Whiche the bath in hir letter write.

But nowe is pitee for to wite. As be bib erft, fo be foggate Dis tyme eftloone, and ouer late. But the, whiche might not bo lo, The tibe awaiteth euermo. and raffe bir ete bpon the fea, Comtime naie, fomtime pea, comtyme be cam, fomtyme nongbt. Thus the bilputeth in bir thought, And wote not what the thynke mate, But faffenbe all the longe bate Dbe was, in to the berke night, And the fhe bath be fet by light In a lanterne on bigbalofte Alpon a toure, where the goth ofte In hope, that in his compng be thulbe fee the light barmpng wherof be might bis weies right To come, where the was by night. But all for nought, the was beceineb . for alenus bath bir bope weineb, and theweb bir boon the Chie, Do v that the baie was faft bp, Do that within a littell throwe The bates light the mibgt knowe. Tho the beheld the fea at large. and whan the figh there was no barge, he thip, als fer as the mate kenne . Downe fro the toure the gan to renne In to an berber all bir owne. where many a wonder wofull mone the mabe, that no life it will As the, whiche all bir tote mift : That now the fwouneth, now the plemeth, and all bir face the biffemeth with teres, whiche as of a well The Gremes from bir eien fell;

So as the might, and ever in one and a special point of the cleped bean Demophoon, and a sum of faite e Allas thou flowe wight, and a special point of the cleped by the c

And the hir eie by to the beuen whe cast, and saybe: D then butyonde, Dere shalt then through thy south finde, (If that the liste to come and see) a lady bete for love of thee, we as I shall my selve spill whom, if it had be thy will, Then mightest save well enough.

with that boon a grene bough A feput of fylle, whiche the there had whe limit: and so hir felfe the lab, That the about hir white swere It dyd, and henge hir felfe there.

And Demophon was reproved,
And Demophon was reproved,
That of the goddes providence
was thape luche an evidence
Guer afterwards apene the flowe,
That Whillis in the lame throws
was thape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might fee:
And after Phillis Philberd
This tree was cleped in the perd.
And pet for Demophon to thame,
In to this date it beareth the name.

This wofull chance bowe that it ferbe Anone as Demophon it berbe, And every man it had in speche, Dis solve was not the to serbe: De gan his southe solve to banne, But it was all to late thanne.

The chus mp some might thou wite Apene this vice how it is write.

For no man maise the harme gette, That fallen through soprettinese, where stallen through sorpettinese, where that I the spifte have berbe, But pet of southe howe it bath ferbe In other wise I thinke oppose, I thou have gelt, as I suppose.

Dum plantare licet, cultor qui negligit orti, Si defini fructus, imputar sple fibi . Preterit Præterit ilta dies bona, nec valebit illa fecuda Hoc caret exemplo lentus amore fuo.

Bic tractat Confeffor be Bithe negfigentie, culus condicio Accidiam amplectes omnes artes fcientia tam in amoris caufa & afiter ignominiofa paetermittene, cum nuffum poterit eminere vea medium fui miniflerii bifigentiam en poft facto in Bacumy attemptare parfumit.

Pulfilleb of Coutbes eremplair. There is pet one bis fecretair, And be is cleped Ofegligence ; whiche woll not loke bis eufbence, upberof be male beware tofoze : But wban be bath bis caufe loze, Than is be wife after the bonbe, poban belpe male no maner bonbe, Than at fird toold be benbe. Thus evermore be fant bebonde. poban be the thong male not amenbe, Than is be warr, and faith at ende :

A wolde god I had knowe, noberof beiaped with a mowe De goth, for toban the great febe Is Role, than be taketh bebe, And maketh the Pable boze faff. Thus ever be pleith an after caft Of all that be thall fair 02 bo. De bath a maner ele alfo, Dom lift not lerne to be wife. for be lette of no bertu palle : But as bom liketh for the while. Do feleth be ful ofte gile, appan that be weneth feker to Ronbe.

And thus thou might wel buderfonde My forme, if thou art fuche in loue, Thou might not come at then about Of that thou woldeft wel acheue. TAMpu boly faver as 3 lene, 3 maie wel with fauf confrience Greule me of negligence Towardes love in all wife. for though 3 be none of the wife, am fo truly amozous, That 3 am ener curious Df bem, that can bett enforme To knowen and witten all the forme, nobat falleth buto lones crafte. But pet ne fond I nought the baft,

webiche might buto the blabe accorne. for neuer berb 3 man recorbe, what theng it is, that might analle To wonne loue, without faile, Pet lo fer coutbe 3 neuer finbe Man, that by reason ne by kynde Me couthe teche fuche an arte, That be ne failed of a parte.

And as toward myn owne witte Contriue I couthe neuer pit To finde any akernelle, That me might other moze oz lette Pfloue make for to fpebe. So; leueth wel withouten brebe, That if there were fuche a weie, As certainly as 3 thall bepe, T bab it lerneb longe a go. But I wote wel there is mone fo, And netheles it mate wel bee, 3 am fo rube in my begree, And the my wittes ben fo bull, That I ne male nought to the full Attaine buto fo bigbe a loze. But this I bare fey ouer moze, All though my witne be not fronge, It is not on my wil alonge. for that is bely night and bate To lerne all that be lerne mate, Dow that I might love wonne. But pet 3 am as to begrinne. Df that I wolbe make an embe. And for 3 not, bowe it thall wende. That is to me my mofte fozoine. But 3 bare take god to bozowe As after mpn entenbement, Done other wife negligent Than I pou fate, baue I not bee. for the pur feint charitee, Telle me my faber, what you femeth. E In good feith fonne wel me quemeth, That thou the felfe ball thus acquite Toward this, in whiche no wight Abibe mate, for in an boure De left all that be maie laboure The longe pere : fo that men fepne, what ever be both, it is in bepne. for through the flouth of negligence There was pet neuer fuche frience, M. IL

De bertne, whiche was bodely, That nis bestroved, and lost therby. Ensample, that it hath be so, In boke I finde writte also.

& Dic cotra Bifium negtigentie ponit Confeffor epemplum Et narrat, quod cum Bhaeton filiue Bolis curril patrie fai per arra regere bebuerat, admonitue a patre, Bt equoe ne deularent equa manu diligetine refrenaret, ipfe confilum patrie fua negligentia preteries, equoe cum curru nimie Baffe errare permifit, Inde non folum incedio ore Be inflammanit, fed et ipfum de curru cadente in quod dam flunium demergi ad interifi caufant.

Phebus, whiche is the fon bote, That Chineth bpon erthe bote And cauleth enery lives belth : De bab a fonne in all his welth, whiche Phaeron hight: and be befireth, and with bis moder be confpireth, The whiche was cleped Clemene for belpe and counfail, fo that be Dis fabers cart lebe might Thon the faire baies light : And for this thong thei both praide Winto the faber : And be faibe. De wolde wel, but forth with all The pointes be bab in Speciall Unto bis fonne in all wife, That he bom thulde wel aufle, And take it as by were of loze.

The first was, that he his hozs to foze

De pryke: And ouer that he tolbe,

That he the repnes fast hold.

And allo that he be right ware, In what maner he leveth his chare, That he miliake not his gate, But doon autlement algate De thuld bears a liker etc, That he to lowe, no to his Dis cart drive, at any throws, where that he might overthrows.

And thus by Phebus ordinance
Toke Phaeton into governance
The Donnes cart, whiche he lad:
Abut he furhe bain glory had
Of that he was fet boon high,
That he his owne estate ne ligh,
Through negligence, and toke none here,
So might he wel not longe spece.

For he the bors withouten laws. The cart let aboute draws, where as bym liketh, wantonly, That at the last fodenly, for he no reason wolde knows, This sirie cart he droute aboute, where the like worlde aboute, where their weren all in doute: And to the god for helpe criden of such betteen.

Phebus whiche fawe the negligence, Dowe Phaeton agene his befence, Dis chare both drive out of the twee, Dibeineth, that he fel aweye Dut of the eart in to the flood.
And dreint: lo nowe howe it flood which hym, that was so negligent, That fro the highe sirmament, for that he wolde go to lowe, De was anone downe overthrowe.

In highe effate it is a vice To go to lowe, and infernice It greneth, for to go to bie, wherefa tale in Boefle.

De Eperum fuper eodem de Geharo filio Des das in carcere Minotauri epistente, cui Dedas tus, Bt inde enotaret afas componens firmiter ina tunpit, ne numis afte propter folis ardorem afces deret, quod Jeharus fua negsigentia post ponens cum actius sustimatus fusfet, subito ad terram coruens eppirauit.

3 finde, how whilom Dedalus, whiche had a fonne, and Icharus De bight, and though bem thought loth, In fuche pation thet were both with Minotaurus, that aboute Thei mighten no where wenden oute: to thei begonnen for to thape, Bowe thei the pailon might elcape. This Dedalus, whiche fro bis pouthe was taught, and many craftes couthe. Of fethers, and of other thonges Z)ath made to flee biuers wonges for bom, and for his fonne alfo : To whom he rate in charge tho, and bad bom thinke therbpon, Dowe that his winges ben fet on with war : and if he toke bis flight To bigbe, all fobenliche be might

Make

make it to melte with the forme. And thus thei baue ber flight begonne Dut of the pation faire and fofte . and whan thei weren both alofte, This Icharus began to mounte, and of the counfeill none acompte De fet, tobiche bis faber taught, Till that the forme his wonges caught: wherof it melt, and from the hight withoutten belpe of any flight, De fell to bis bellruction, and liche to that condicion There fallen oftimes fele, for lacke of gouernance in wele, Thow good faber I you preie, If there be moze in this matere My fonne as for thy biligence, whiche enery mans confcience 13p reason thuide reule and kepe, If that the lifte to take kepe, 3 woll the tellen abouen all, In whome no vertu maie befall, whiche yeueth buto the vices rest, And is of flouth the floweft. Abiq labore vagus vir inutilis otia plectens,

Nescio quid presens vita valebit ei. Nou amor in tali misero viget, imo valoris, Qui faciunt opera clamat habere suos. Die loquitur Confeffos fuper illa fpecle acs eidie , que Deium dicifue, cuius condicto in Birs tutum cultura nulline occupacionie diligenciam abmittes, cuinfelle eppedicione caufe no attigit Among thefe other of floutes kinde, nebiche all labour fet behinde, and bateth all befines, There is pet one, whiche Idelnes Is cleped: and is the nozice In mans kynde of every bice, whiche fechetheales many folbe. In wenter both he nought for colbe, In fomer maie be nought foz bete, So whether that he frele og fwete, De be be in, oz be be out De woll ben poell all about : But if he pley ought at dies. for who as ener take fees, and thynketh worthip to beferne, There is no lorde whome he woll ferne,

as for to bivell in big ferufte, But if it were in luche a wife, Dfthat he feeth perauenture, That by lozofhip and by conerture, De maie the moze frombe fille, And ble his Idelnesse at wille for be ne woll no travaile take To rive for his lavies fahe, But lyneth all byon his willhes, And as a catte wolde ete fifthes Without wetvinge of his clees: Do wolde be do, but netheles De faileth ofte of that he wolve. My forme if thou of fuche a molde Art mabe, now tell me pleine the Chafft. Thay faver god I peue a vift, That toward loue, as by witte, All poell was I neuer pitte, De neuer thall, while I mate go. Thow formetell me than fo. What half thou done of befifthip To love, and to the ladifitio Dfhir, whiche thy ladie is ? My faber ener pet er this, In euery place, in euery febe, what fo me lade hath me bebe, withall menberte obedient 3 have ther to be billgent. and if lo is, that the bid nought, what thing that than in to my thought Cometh frielt; if that I mate fuffife, 3 bowe, and profer my feruice.

Somtime in chamber, fomtome in ball, Right lo as I fee the tymes fall: and whan the goth to bere malle, That tyme thall nought overpaffe, That I ne approrte bir labibebe, In aunter if 3 maie bir lebe Ulnto the chapell, and againe, Than is not all my wey in bayne, Sombele I maie the better fare whan I, that maie not fele bir bare. May lebe bir clotheb ur myn arme. But after warbe it both me harme, Df pure imaginacion. SCOR COCCCC CO RECORD for than this collacion I make bnto my fetuen ofte, And lay : D lorde howe the is fofte,

m m

Dome

Dow the is rounde, boto the is imail, now wolp gob, I had hir all without daunger at my wille, And than 3 fike and fit ffille, di ottong in Df that 3 fee my bely thought Is torned I bell in to nought. But foz all that let I ne maie mban I fee tome a nother date, That I ne bo my befines Unto my ladies worthines. Ho: I therto my witte affaite To le the tymes and awaite, what is to done, and what to lene, And so whan time is, by hir leue, nobat thonge the bot me bon, 3 bo, And where the bot me gon, 3 go, And whan hir lift to clepe, I come: Thus bath the fulliche ouercome Mon idelnelle till 3 ferue, So that 3 mot bir nebes ferue . for as men leyn, nede hath no lame. Thus mot I nevely to hir drawe: 3 ferne, 3 bowe, 3 loke, 3 lowte, Myn eie foloweth bir aboute, nobat to the woll to woll 3, whan the woll fit, 3 knele by: And whan the front, than woll I fronde: And whan the taketh hir werke on honde Di wenng, oz of embrondate, Than can I not but mule and prie Thon hir fingers longe and fmale : And nowe I thinke, and nowe I tale, And nowe I lynge, and nowe 3 like, And thes my contenance 3 pike. And if it fall, as for a tome, Dir liketh nought abide byme, But bulien bir on other thynges . Than make 3 other tarienges To brine forth the longe baie, for me is loth departe awaie, and than 3 am fo fymple of porte, That for to feigne lome bilporte I play with bir littell bounde, Nowe on the bed, nowe on the grounde, nowe with the birdes in the cage . for there is none fo litell page, De pet lo fymple a chamberere, That I ne make bem all chere:

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And all for theishulde speke wele.

Thus mow ye see my besy whele,

That goth not ydeliche aboute.

And if hir lift to riben oute Dn pilgremage, og other febe, 3 come, though 3 be not bebe, And take hir in mon arme alofte, And let hir in bir lable lofte, And fo forth leve bir by the brivell, for that I wolde not ben poell. And if hir lift to rive in chare, And that I maie therof beware, Anone 3 hape me to ribe Right enen by the chares fice, And as I maie, I fpeke amonge, And other while I finge a longe, whiche Quide in his bokes made, And faid : D what foromes gladde, D whiche wofull prosperitee Belongeth to the propirtee Df lone & who fo woll bom ferne, And there feo mate no man fwerut, That he ne mote bis lawe obeie.

And thus I rive forth my weic, And am right belie oner all with herte, and with my bodie all, As 3 hane laibe pon here tofoze, Mp good faber tell therfoze, Di poelnes if I baue gilte. Applonne but thou tell wilte Dught elles, than I maie nowe bere, Thou Galt have no penance bere And netbeles a man maie fee. Dowe nowe a daies that there bee Aul many of luche bertes flowe, That woll not belien bem to knowe, what thynge lone is : till at lafte, That he with Arengthe hem ouercafte, That maulgre bem thei mote obey, And done all poelthip awey To ferue well and beliliche.

But fonne thou arte none of liche.
For love thall the well excule,
But otherwife if thou refule
To love, thou might so par caas
Ben ydell, as sometyme was
A kynges doughter bnaused,
Till that Lupide hir bath chaffsed:

where

Wherofthon thalt a tale here Accordant botto this matere.

Thic ponit Confessor epemplum contra ifos, qui amozis occupacionem omittentes, graviozis infoziumii casus eppectant, Et narrat de quadam Armenie regis ficia, que fluiusmodi condicionis in principio inventutis ocio sapersistens, mirabili postea Disione castigata, in amozis obsequium pre ceteris efficitur.

There was a kynge, whiche Herupus was hote: and he a lustic maybe
To doughter had, and as men saide,
Dir name was Rosphele,
whiche the was of great renome.
For the was bothe wife and fegre
And thulde be hir fathers begre.
But the had one defaut of south
Towardes love, and that was routh.
For so well couthe no man seie,
whiche might set hir in the wese
Of loves occupation
Through none imagination:
That schole wolde the not knowe,

And thus the was one of the flowe, As of luche hertes befinelle, Till whan Venus the goodeffe. whiche lours courte bath for to rule, Zath brought hir into better rule, forth with Cupide, and with his might. for thei meruaile of luche a wight, awhiche tho was in hir luftie age, Defpreth nouther mariage, De ver the loue of peramours, whiche ever hath ben the common cours Amonge bem, that luftie were: So was it after thewed there . for he that hie hertes loweth with frzie darte, whiche he throweth, Cupido, whiche of lone is god, In chaftifynge hath made a rod To drive awais bir wantonnelle. So that within a while I gelle She had on luche a chance Courned. That all hir mode was overtomed, whiche firfte the had of dowe manere. Hoz this it fell, as thou thalt here.

Whan come was the moneth of male, She wolve walke boon a vale, And that was er the some artif, SDf women but a fewe it will, And south the went princly Unto the parke was faste by All softe walkende on the gras, Ayll the came there the launde was, Abrough whiche there ran a great rivere, I woll abive vider the shawe, And bad hir women to withdrawe, And there she stope alone stille. To thinke what was in hir wille.

She fighe the livete floures lpzynge,
She herve glad foules lynge,
The figh beaftes in her hynde,
The bucke, the doo, the hert, the hynde,
The males go with the femele,
And so began there a quarele
Betwene love and hir owne herte,
fro whiche the couche not afterte.

And as the caffe bir eie aboute She figh clad in one fute a route Of ladies, where thei comen ride A longe bober the woodbe fide, On fagre ambulende hors thei fet, That were all white, fagre and great, And enerichone ride on fide.

The fadels were of fuche a prive, with perles and golde fo well begone, Do riche ligh the never none: In kirtels and in copes riche Thei were clothed all aliche, Departed euen of white and blewe, with all luftes, that the knewe Thet were embrondred ouer all. Der bodies weren longe and fmall, The beautee of her favze face There maie none erthip thonge beface. Lozotones on their heades thei bere, As ethe of hem a quene were, That all the goide of Crefus ball. The leafte cozonall of all. Might not haue boughte, after the worth. Thus comen thei ridend forth .

The konges boughter, whiche this figh,

and

And beloe her clofe bnber the bough, And let bem Gill ribe enough. for as bir thought in bir autle To bem that were of fuche a prife, She was not worthie to afte there. Fro when they come, or what thei were, 18ut leuer than this worldes good, Ehe wolde haue will how it froode, Quo put bir bead a litellout : And as the loked bir aboute, the fame comende buder the lynde A woman boon an hors behynde, The boss, on whiche the robe was blacke, All lene, and galled bpon the backe, And halted, as he that were encloied, Wherof the woman was annoied. Thus was the boss in fozie plight, And for all that a fferre white Amiddes in bir front De bad : Dir faddell eke was wonder bab, In whiche the wofull woman fat . And netheles there was with that A riche bridell for the nones Digolde and precious fromes: Dir cote was fomebele to toze, About hir middell twentie froze Df hors halters, and well mo There hangen that time tho .

Thus whan the came the ladie nighe,
Then toke the better bede, and lighe
The woman was right faire of face,
All though his lacked other grace.
And so this ladie, there the flode
Bethought his well, and understode,
That this, which came rivende tho,
Tidynges couthe tell of tho,
whiche as the figh tofoze ride,
And put his fozth, and praide abide,
And faid: A lifter lette me here,
what ben thei, that riden nowe here,
And ben so richely arraied:

This woman, whiche come to elmaied, Antwerde with full fofce speche
And laive: Madame I shall you teche.
These are of the, that whitem were
Bernauntes to lone, and trouth bere
There as thei had their hertes sette.
Fare well. For I mais not be lette,

Citiz

Madame I go to my fernice, So muffe I hafte in all wife. For thy madame yeue me leue, I map not longe with you leue.

A good lifter pet 3 pacie, Tell me why pe be so beleve, And with these halters thus begone? Madame, whilem I was one, That to my father had a hynge But 3 was flowe, and for no thynge Me lifte not to loue obeie, And that I nowe full loze abeie. for I whilem no lone had My boss is nowe feble and badde, And all to toze is myn acraie, And every pere this freshe maie, Thefe luftie tadies ride aboute, and 3 muft nebes felbe ber route In this maner, as ye nowe fee, and cruffe ber hallters forth with mee, And am but her hogle knane, Mone other office I ne haue, Dem thunketh I and worthy no more. For I was flowe in loues loze, when I was able for to lere, And wolde not the tales here Dfhem, that couthe loue terbe . Chow teil me than I pou beleche, Wherfoze that riche bridell ferneth? with that awaie hir chere the Iwerneth, And gan to wepe, and thus the tolde.

This bridell, whiche ye nowe beholde Goriche boon myn hors bede Madame afore er I was dede When I was in my lufty life.
There fell in to myn herte a ffrise. Of love, whiche me ourrome, So that therof hede I nome, And thought I wolde love a lufight, That last well a fourtenight.
Hor it no larger might laste, So nigh my lyse was at laste.

But nowe at lafte to late ware,
That I ne had hom loued are.
for death cam to half bome
Er I therto had any tome,
That it ne might ben acheued.
But for all that I am releved

Of that my wille was good therto, That love fuffreth it be to, That I thall fuche a bridell were. Nowe have ye herde all myn antwere, To god madame I you betake, And warneth all for my take Of love, that thei be nought idell, And bid hem thinke byon my bridell.

And with that worde all sobening the passeth, as it were a skie all cleane out of the ladies sight. And tho for feare hir herte assight, and saide to hir selfe: Ass 3 am right in the same cas, with is I live after this date, 3 thall amende if 3 maie.

and thus bomewarde this lable went, And changed all hir firte entent within hir herte, and gan to lwere, That the no halters wolde bere. Lo fonne, here might thou take bebe, Dowe ibelnes is foz to brebe, Mameliche of loue, as I haue writte. for thou might bnderfronde and witte Amonge the gentill nacion. Loue is an occupacion, whiche for to kepe his luftes faue, Shuloe euery gentill herte bane. for as the labte was chaftiled: Right fo the knight maie be auffeb. whiche well is, and woll not ferus Moloue, be maie percale belerue A greatter peine than the hab, whan the aboute with bir lap The hors halters : and for the Good is to be ware therby. But for to loken abouen all Thefe maibens, bowe fo it fall. Thei fhulbe take enfample of this. whiche I have tolde : foz foth it is.

My lady Venus, whom I ferue, what woman woll hir thanks deferue, what woman woll hir thanks deferue, whe mate not thilks love eschetue. Of pecamours, but the mote seine Lupides lawe, and netheles Men sens surbe love selde in pees, That it nis ever byon aspie. Of sanglynge, and of fals enuse.

full ofte mebled with bifeale, But thilke loue is well at eafe. whiche fette is byon martage. for that bare thewen the bilage In all places openly. a great meruaile it is for thp, Dowe that a maibe woll lette That the hir tyme ne belette, To hafte bnto thilke fefte, wherof the love is all honeffe. Men maie recouer loffe of goob. But lo wile a man pet neuer foode, Whiche maie recouer tyme ploze: So mate a maiben well therfoze Enfample take, of that the frangeth Dir loue, and longe er that the changeth Dir herte bpon bir luftes grene To mariage, as it is lene. for thus a pere, two, or three She lefte, er that the webbes bee, While the the charge might beare Df children, whiche the worlde forbeare De may, but if it fbulbe faile. But what maiden that in bir fponfalle wolve tarie, whan the take maie, She thall perchance an other bais Be let, whan that hir leueff were: Wherof a tale buto thou eare, Whiche is culpable boon this bebe, 3 thuike telle of that 3 reve.

Hoic ponil epemplum super codem: Et nate rat de fil a gepte, que cum ep sui patris Boto in Bol-caustum deo occidirt offerri deberet, ipsa pao eo, quod Birgo suit, et paosem ad augmentatios mem popuri dei nondum genusset. ps. dierum spastium. Bt cum suis sodalibus Burginibus suam des steers Burginiatem pa usquam mozeretur, in epie plum attozum a patre postulauit.

Amonge the icwes, as men tolbe,
There was whilom by baies olde
A noble duke, whiche Jepte hight:
And felle, he thulde go to fight
Againe Amon the cruell kyng,
And for to speke upon this thyng,
within his berte he made a bows
To god, and said, A lorde, if thou
Wolte graunt buto thy man victorie,

I shall in token of the memorie, The firste life, that I maie fee, Df man or woman, wher it bee, Anone as I come home ageene, To the, whiche arte god souereyne, Sleen in the name, and sacrifie.

IYYI U

And thus with his chinalrie De goth hym forth, to as he tholde, And wanne all that he wynne wolde, And overcame his fomen alle.

Maie no man knowe that thall falle. This buke a luftie boughter bab. And fame, whiche the worlbes fprab, Dath brought buto this ladies eare, Dolve that hir father hath bo there. She wavteth bpon his commige, with daunfinge, and with carolynge, As the that wolve be tofore All other, and to the was therfore In Maiphat at hir fathers gate The first : and whan he cometh ther at, And figh his doughter, he to braide 2) is clothes, and wepende he faide: + D mightie god amonge bs bere Nowe wote 3, that in no manere This worldes for maie be plaine. I had all that I couth faine Apene my fomen by thy grace: So whan I came towarde this place, There was no glabber man than 3: But now my lozde all fodeinly My love is tourned in to lozowe.

Through myn anowe, to as it is.

The mainen whan the wift of this, and lawe the forowe hir father made, so as the maie with wordes glade Comforted hym, and bad hym holde His covenant, as he was beholde, Towardes god, as he behight. But netheles hir herte aflight, softhat the lawe hir deathe comende: And than unto the grounde knelende Tofore hir father the is falle, and laith, to as it is falle Thom this point, that the thall deve,

Hoz Imp doughter thall to mozowe. To bewe and beenne in the feruice,

To louvinge of the facrifice

Df one thong firft the wolde bym prepa That forty baies of refpite De wolde hir graunt, bpon this plight, That the the while maie bewepe Dir maybenhobe, whiche the to kepe So longe hath kept, and not be let, wherof hir lufty youth is lette, That the no children bath forth brawe In mariage after the lawe : So that the people is not encrealed, But that it might be released, That the hir tome bath loze fo She wolde by his leue go with other maybens to complaine: And afterwarde buto the paine Df death, the wolde come ageyne.

The father berde his doughter lepne, And therbpon of one allent The maydens were anone allent, That thulden with this mayden wende.

So for to speake but o this ende, Thei gone the bownes and the dales, with weppuge, and with wofull tales, And enery wight hir maybenhede Complaymeth byon thiske nede, That the no children had bore, whereof the hath hir youth loze, whiche never the recover mate, for so selle, that hir laste date was come, in whiche the shulde take Thir dethe, whiche she mate not sorsake.

Lo thus the beyde a wofull maide, for thilke caule, whiche I laide, As thou half invertionde aboue.

The father as towarde the love Of maydens for to telle trouthe, be have thilke vice of flouthe Me thinketh right wonder wel declared, That ye the women have not spared Of them that tarien so behynde.

abut yet it falleth in my mynde Towarde the men, howe that ye speke Df hem that woll no travaile seke In cause of love upon deserte, To speke in wordes so coverte, I not what travaile that ye ment. TMy some and after myn entent I woll the telle, what I thought:

Dows

Dow whilom men her toues boughte Through great transile in Grange londes, where that thei wrought with her hondes. Of armes many a worthy bede, In londry places, as men maie rede.

Que phat armoru phitas Ven apphat, et que Torpor habet reprobum, reprobat illa viru. Vecors leguicies infignia nescit amoria, Nam piger ad brautum tardius ipse venir.

fice poolitae ad armogum fabogie epercitum mullatenus toppefcat.

That every love of pure hynde 3s fyrit foath dawe, well 3 fynde: But netheles pet ouer this Deferte bothe fo, that it is The rather had in many place. for the who fecheth loues grace, where that thefe worth women are, 2)e maie not than him felue fpare Mon bis tranafle for to ferne, wherof that he maie thanke beferne, where as thele men of armes be, Sometyme ouer the great lea, so that by londe, and eke by thip De mote trauaile for worthpp, And make many haffie robes, Somtime in Pruis lometyme in Robes, And Some time in to Martarie: So that thele herauldes on hom crie, Vailant vaylant, lo where he goth, And than he yeueth hem golde and cloth: So that his fame might fpapinge, And to his ladies care barnge Some tiopinge of his worthine ffe, So that the might of his prowelle, Df that the berbe men recozbe, The better bnto bis loue acrozbe, And baunger put out of hir mood, 19han all men recozden good : and that the wote well for hir fake, That he no trauaile woll fogfake.

My foune of this travaile I mene, now theire the: for it thall be fene, If thou arte yoell in this cas.

My father ye, and ever was.

Hor as me thynketh truely,

That energinant both moze than 3, As of this point, and if to is, That 3 have ought done to er this, It is to littell of accompte, As who faith, it maie not amount To winne of love his luftic pifte.

That me were lever hir love winne, Than Rafre, and all that is therinne.

And for to flea the beathen all I not what good there might fall So muche blood though there were that: This fpnde I write, bowe Chriffe bad, That no man other fhulbe flea . what hulce I wynne ouer the fea. 3f 3 my labie lofte at home? But palle thei the falte fome. To whom Chaife bad thei fhuiden preche To all the worlde, and his feth teache. But now thei rucken in ber neft, And reften, as bem liketh befte In all the fwetnes of belices . Thus thei befenden be the bices, And fitten bem felfe all amibbe, To flea and fight, thet be biobe. Dem whom thei fould, as the boke faithe, Converten bnto Chaiftes faithe. But herof bane Tareat mernalle. Dow that thei fhulo me bib tranaile. A faragen if I flea thall, I flea the foule forth withail: And that was never Chaifes loze : But now hoo therof I faie no moze.

But I woll speke opon my shrift, And to Lupide I make a rifte, That who as ever price deserve. Df arme, I woll soues serve, As though I shulde hem bothe kepe, Als well pet wolde I take kepe, when it were time to abide, And sor to travaile, and sor to ride. Hor how as ever a man laboure. Lupide appointed hath his houre.

This affegat Amas in fui epcufatione, qualites Achiffes apud Eroiam propter amorem pos tipene ai ma fua per aliquod tempus dimifit,

Achilles lefte his armes fo,

13othe

Both of hom felfe, and ofhis men, At Troie for Wolfren, a lighter and to all Alpon her lone when he fell: That for no chance that befell Amonge the grekes, or by or downe, and all De wolde nought avene the towne Ben armed, fo; the loue of hir; And fo me thinketh leue foz, A man of armes maie bim reffe Sometome in hope for the belle, If be mate fonde a werre nerre, nobat thulbe I than go lo ferre? In frange londes many a mile To ribe, and lefe at home there while My lone, it were a thorte bevete To winne chaffe, and lefe whete. But ifmy ladie bibe wolbe, That I for hir lone Cholde Arauaile, me thynketh truely, I might flee through out the flie, And go through out the bepe lea, for all ne lette I not affrea, what thonke that 3 myght els gete . what helpeth a man haue mete, mabere brinke lackethe on the borbe: pohat beipeth any mans worde: To faie howe 3 tranaile falte, pobere as me faileth at lafte That thonge, whiche I trauaile fore. Din good tyme were he boze, That might atteine luche a mede. But certes if I might fpede with any maner belinelle Di worldes trauaile than I gelle, There Shulde me none idelfhip Departe from bir ladithip.

Fol LXXII

But this I fee on dates nowe,
The blynde god (I wate not howe)
Cupido, whiche of lone is loade,
De fette the thynges in discade,
That thei that lest to lone entende,
full ofte he woll hem yeue and sende
Moste of his grace: and thus I synde,
That he that hulde go behynde,
Goth many a tyme ferre to soze.
So wate I not right well thersoze,
On whether boade that I shall safe.
Thus can I nought my selfe counsale,

But all I fette on aventure, malidur wolf And am, as who faith, out of cure, place for ought that I can fep or Do . nor and and for euermo 3 fonde it lo, main gomma 102 The moie befineffe & laie, naky urdnol na The moze that I knele and prafe. with good wordes, and with lofte, The moze 3 am refuleo ofte dad to gro with befines, and male not winne. And in good feith that is great finne. for a maie feie of bebe and thought, That fell man hane 3 be nought. for howe as ever that 3 be vellaide, Det euermoze 3 baue allaide. But though my belynette lafte, All is but poell at lafte. Elect nutheless no for whan theffecte is ivelnette, I not what thonge is befinelle. Saje what quaileth all the bebe, whiche nothpinge belpeth at nede. for the fortune of enery fame Shall of his ende beare a name .

And thus for ought is pet befalle, In ibell man 3 woll me calle, And after myn entenbement, But bpon pour amendement Mpn holp father, as you femeth, My reason and my cause demeth. TMp fon I baue berbe of thy matere, Df that thou hall the fhapuen bere, And for to speake of idell fare, Me femeth that thou tharff not care, But only that thou might not fpede, And therof fonne I woll the rede Abibe, and hafte not to faffe Thy bedes ben enery daie to caffe Thou noft, what chance thall betibe: 2Setter is to waite byon the tide, Than roive avenfte the fremes fronge. for though to be the thynke longe: Bercafe the revolucion Difbeuen, and thy condicion The be not yet of one accorde, But I bare make this recorde To Venus, whole prieft that 3 am: That lithen that I hither cam To bere, as the me badde, thy life, wherof thou els be gyltife,

Thou

Thou might herof the confeience Ercule, and of great viligence, whiche thou to love half to vilpended, Thou oughtelt wel to be commended.

But if so be, that there ought faile Df that thou flouthest to trauaile In armes so; to ben absent, And so; thou makest an argument Df that thou saidest here aboue, How Achilles through strength of lone His armes left so; a throwe: Thou shalt an other tale knowe, Whiche is contrarie, as thou shalt witte.

For this a man maie finde writte, when that knighthode thall be weired, Luft maie not than be preferred:
The bed mot than be forlake,
And thelde and spere on hond take,
whiche thing thall make hem after glade,
when thei be worthy knightes made:
wheref, so as it cometh to honde,
A tale thou thalt widerstonde,
what a knight thall armes sewe,
And so the while his ease eschewe.

Misic dicit, a amozis defectameto postposito, miles arina sua paeserre debet, Et ponit epessim de Olosse, ci ipse a besto Croiano pater amozem penesope remanere domi Bosuiset, Naupsus paeter pasamidis cu tâtis sermonidus associus est, ap Ospse espos suc coniugis resicto sabozes are moza Ina cum asiis Trois magnanimis subibat.

Allpon knighthode I rede thus, Proise whilom the king Naupsus,
The fader of Palamides,
Lame so, to prepen Vlysses,
with other Gregois ette also,
That he with hem to Trois go,
where that the siege shulde be.

Anone voon Penelope Zis wife, whom that he loueth hote, Thinkend, wolde hem nought behote: But he shope then a wonder wile, Ziowe that he shulde hem best begile, So that he might dwelle stille At home, and weld his love at wille: Wherof erly the mozowe date, Dut of his bed, where that he late, whan he was vp, he gan to fare In to the felde, and loke and stare, As he whiche feigneth to be wood: De toke a plough, where that it frode, wherin anone in frede of ores De let do yoken great fores, And with great falt the londe he feive.

With Nauplus, whiche the rause knews, Apene the sleighte, whiche he seigneth, Another sleighte anone openeth. Ano sell that tyme V lysses had A childe to some, and Nauplus bad, Dow men that some take sholde, And set hym byon the molde, subject that his sader helde the plough, In this sough, whiche he tho drough. For in such wise he thought assat, Thow it V lysses shulde pase, I that he were wood or none.

Ahe knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemachus anone was fette,
Aofore the plough and even fette,
where that his fader thulde drive.
But whan he fawe his childe as blive,
De drof the plough out of the weye.
And Nauplus tho began to feye,
And hath balfe in a fape cried:

D Vlyffes, thou art afpied, what is all this thou wolbeff mene & for ovenliche it is nowe fene. That thou halt feigned all this thong, whiche is great fhame to a hynge, whan that for luft of am flouthe, Thou wilten a quarel of trouthe Df armes thilke bonour forfake. And owelle at home for loues fake. for better it were bonour to wonne Than love, whiche likynge is ynne. for thy take worthip byon bonde, And eiles thou thalt underffonde, These other worthic konges all Df Brece, whiche buto the call. Towardes the wol be right wroth, And greue the perchans both : Whiche Chall be to the Double Chame, Most for the hyndryng of thy name, That thou for flouthe of any loue, Shalt fo thy luftes fet aboue, And leve of armes the knighthobe. Whiche is the price of thy manhode,

And onght firit to be bellred.

Fel LXXIII

But he, whiche had his herte fired Apon his wife, whan he this herde, Monght one wood there agene answerde, But tooneth home halupn athamed, And hath with in hym selfe so tamed Dis herte, that all the sotie Of love so chivalrie De leste, and be hym leef of loth, To Aroie south with hem he goth, That he hym might not excuse.

Thus kant it, if a knight refuse The lust of armes to travaile.

There maie no worldes eale analle, But if worthip be with all, And that hath thewed overall. For it lit wel in all wife A unight to ben of highe emprife, And putten all drede aweye. For in this wife I have berd feye.

Die narraf super eodem, quasiter Laodomia regie Poothesalai Bood, Bolena ipsum a Betto Evoiano secum retinere, fatatem sibi mostem in postu Erole premmeiauit: sed ipse mistiam postus sio ocia affectana, Evoiam adiit: Bbi sue moze tius precio perpetue saudia Cronicam ademit.

The worthie knight Prothefalaie On his pallage, where he late Moward Troie thilke fiege, She whiche was all his owne liege Laodomie bis lustie wife, whiche for his love was pentife, As he whiche all hie bert had Claon a thong, wherof the brad, A letter, for to make bom bivelle fro Troie, lend hom, thus to telle. Dowe the bath afken of the wife Touchend of bom in luche a wife. That thei haue bone bir bnberftonbe, Toward other howe fo it Conbe, The destyne it hath fo thape, That be fhall not the beth efcave. In case that he arrive at Trois. for thy as to hir worldes tope, with all bir berte the bom prepte, And many another cause allevde, That he with hir at home abide. But be bath caft bir letter a fibe.

As he whiche tho no maner hebe
Toke of hir womanliche diede:
And forth he goth, as nought ne were
To Troie, and was the first ethere,
twhiche londeth, and toke arrivatle.
Ho; hym was lever in the battaile,
He seith, to deven as a hnight,
Than so; to live in all his might,
And be reproved of his name.

Lo thus voon the worldes fame Rnighthode bath euer pet befet, Whiche with no cowardis is let. Bague fuper eodem qualiter Rep Sant, no obstante of Samuelem a Bitoniffa suscitatum et conjuratum responsum, or ipse in besto moreres tur, accepisses fosses tame suos aggrediens mits tie fama cuctis buius bite bladimetis preposuit.

De konge Saul also I finde, Whan Samuel out of his kinde, Through that the Phitones hath lered In Samarie, was arreed Longe tyme after that he was dede, The konge Saul hom asketh rede, If that he shall go fight or none.

And Samuel bym fait anone, The first date of the bataile Thou thaite be flain without faile, And Ionathas the forme also.

But howe as ever it felle lo, This worthy knight of his courage Dath bnbertake the biage, And wolde naught bis knighthode let for no perille be couth fet : wherof that bothe his fonne and he, Thom the Mount of Belboe Allemblen with bir enemies. Por thei knighthode of luche a pris Bo olde baies than belben, That thei none other thyng behelben. And thus the faber for worthin, forth with his fonne of felauthin. Through luft of armes weren bebe, As men maie in the bible rebe, Thei whos knighthode is pet in mynde, and fhall be to the worlde ende.

Dic loquitut, or miles in fuis primordiis ad audaciam pronocari bebet. Et narrat qualiter Ehiro Cetaurus Achillem, qui fecum ab infanstia in motem Peleon educquit, Bt audap efficeres

tur, pzimitus edocuit, quod cum ipfe Benationiona ibidem infifteret, leones, et tigrides Buimmodity animalia fibi refiftencia, et nulla alia fugitiua as gitaret, et fic Achilles in inventute animatus fas mosiffime milicie pzobitate postmodil adoptanit.

Do foz to loken ouermoze, It hath and thall ben euermoze, That of knighthode the prowelle Is grounded bpon hardinelle Dfhom that dare well bnbertake: And who that wolde enfample take Mpon the forme of knightes lawe. Zow that Achilles was forth brawe with Chiro, whiche Centaurus hight, Df many a wonder here be might. for it flood thilke time thus, That this Chiro this Centaurus within a large woldernelle, Where was Ipon and leoneffe, The leparde, and the Trgre allo, with hert, and hond, buk, and do. Zad his dwellpage, as the befile Df Peleon boon the hille: wherof was than mochell fpeche, There bath Chiro this thilbe to teche, What tome be was of twelve vere age. neberof to maken bis courage The more hardy by other weye,

In the fozelf to bunt and pleie whan that Achilles walke wolde, Centaurus babbe, that he ne fholbe After no belt make bis chas, whiche wolde fleen out of his place: As bucke and bo, and herte and hynde, with whiche he maie no werre fynde. But tho, that wolden hym withfonde, There thuld be with his darte on honde Mpon the Tygre and the lion Durchace and make his bentlon, As to a knight is acordant: And therupon a covenant This Chiro with Achilles fet, That enery date without let De thuld feche a cruell beff, Da fle og wounden at the leff, Do that he might a token baynge Df bloude bpon his home compage .

And thus of that Chiro bym taught; Achilles suche an herte caught,

That he no moze a lion drad,
whan he his darte on honde had,
Than if a lion were an alle,
And that hath made hym for to palle
al other knightes of his dede,
whan it cam the great nede,
As it was afterwarde well knowe.
That the rourage of hardinelle
Is of knighthode the prowelle,
whiche is to love lufficant
Aboven all the remenant,
That but o loves courte purfue.

But who that wolve no flouthe esthetwe Apon knighthode, and not tranasle, I not what love hym shulve anasle:
But every lobour asketh why Of some rewarde, wherof that I Ensamples couth tell enough, Of hem that towarde love drough By olde dates, as thei sholde.

I My fader therof here I wolde.

I My some it is well reasonble.
In place; whiche is honourable, I that a man his hertesette,
That than he so, no south lette
To do what longeth to manhede.

Hor if thou wolt the bokes reve Df Launrelot, and other mo, There might thou feen, how it was tho Df armes, for thei wolve atteine To lone, whiche withouten peine Maie not be gette of Idelnes, And that I take to witnesse An olve Aronike in speciall, The whiche in to memoriall Is write sor his lones sake, Lowe that a knight shall undertake.

Discolicit, op mites painfqua amorie ampleon dignus efficiatur, eventus betlicos Victoziofus amplectere debet, at narrat qualiter Percutes et Achilous propter Deianiram Calidonie regis filiam fingulare dueltum adinuicem inierunt, cue ins victo: Percutes, epiftens armorum meritis amorem Virginis laudabiliter conqueftauit.

There was a kynge, whiche Oenes was hote, and he bnder pees

Di

Det

And had a doughter Defanire,
And had a doughter Defanire,
Men wife in thilke tyme none.
So fayze a wight, as the was one.
And as the was a lufty wight,
Right so was than a noble knight,
To whom Mercurie fader was,
This knight the two pilers of bras,
The whiche yet a man maie synde
Set by in the deserte of Inde,
That was the worthy Hercules,
whos name thall ben endeles.
To the merualles, whiche he wrought.

This Her cules the love lought Of Deianire, and of this thynge Unto hir fader, whiche was kynge De spake touchend of mariage.

The kynge knowend his hie linage, And dead also his mightes flerne,
To hym ne durst his doughter werne.
And netheles, this he hym seyde,
Dowe Achilous, er he, syst preyde
To wedden hir: and in acorde
Thei stode, as it was of recorde.

But for all that, this be him graunteth, That whiche of hem, that other daunteth, In armes, hym the thulbe take, And that the kynge hath undertake.

This Achilous was a geaunt, A fubtill man, a beceinaunt, Whiche through Magike and lorcerie Louthe all the worlde of trecherie.

And whan that he this tale heroe, Howe byon that the hynge answerde, with Hercules he must feight: He trusteth nought byon his sleight Al onely, whan it cometh to nede: But that, whiche voideth all drede, And enery noble herte stereth. The love, that no lyfe forbereth, stor his lady, whome he despreth, with hardinesse his herte syreth, and sent hym worde without faile, That he woll take the bataste.

Thei fetten date, thei cholen felde, The knightes conered bider thelds To gyder come at tyme fette, And ethe one is with other mette. It fell thei foughten bothe on foote, There was no ftone, there was no roote, Whiche might letten bem the weie, But all was boide and take aweie.

Thei finiten Arokes but a fewe.
For Hercules, whiche wolde thewe
Dis great Arengthe, as for the nones
De Aret open hym all at ones,
And caught hym in his armes Aronge.

This geamst wote, he mate not longe Endure under so harde bondes,
And thought he wolde out of his hondes
By sleighte, in some maner escape.
And as he couthe hym selfe so, thape
In lykenesse of an adder he slipte
Dut of his honde, and so, the he skipte,
And ofte, as he that fyght wolle,
De to, neth hym into a bolle,
And gan to belowe in suche a soune
As though the worlde shuld all go downe:
The ground he sponeth, and he traunceth,
It is large homes he anaunceth,
And cast hem here and there aboute.

But he, whiche fant of hem no doute, Awaiteth well whan that he came, And hym by bothe hornes nam, And all at ones he hym cafe Unto the grounde, and helde hym faste, That he ne might with no sleight Dut of his honde gete byon height, Till he was overcome, and yolde, And Hercules hath what he wolde.

The kyinge byin graunted to fulfille Dis alkyinge at his owne wille. And the, for whome he had ferued, Dir thought he hath hir well deferued.

And thus with great deferte of armes De wan hym for to ligge in armes, As he whiche hath it dere abought. For otherwise thulde he nought.

Pota de Penthefilea Amazonie regina, que Bectozis amoze colligata, contra Pirrum Bebts fie filium apud Eroiam arma ferre etiam pers fonatiter non recufanit.

Cand over this if thou wilte here Thou knighthode of this mattere, Zow love and armes ben acqueinted, A man maie fee both writte and peinted,

So ferforth, that Penthelile, whiche was the quene of femine, The lone of Hector for to feke, And for thonour of armes eke, To Troje cam with fpere and fhelpe. And robe bir felfe in to the felbe, with maibens armed all a route. In refeus of the Towne aboute. aphiche with the grekes was belein. Dote qualiter Pfilimenie propter militie famam a finibus teure in befenfionem Erole Bes niene , free pueffas a regno Amason anno percipiendas fili et Beredibus fuis impers pefuum ea de canfa Babere promernit. fro Paphlagonie and as men lein, whiche frant bpon the worldes ende, That tome it liked eke to wende Philimenis, whiche was bringe, To Troie, and came boon this thonge In belpe of thilke noble towne. and all was that for the renoune Df morthip and of worldes fame: Df whiche be wolde beare aname, and fo be bib, and forth with all De wan of loue in speciall A faire tribute foz euermo. for it felle thilke tyme lo, Pyrrus the forme of Achilles This worthy quene amonge the pres moth bevely fwerbe fought out, and fonde, And flough bir with his owne bonbe. wherof this hynge of Paphlagonis Bentheffle of Amazonie, mbere the was quene, with bom labbe, with fuche maibens as the habbe Df bem that were left alive, forth in his thip, til thei ariue, nahere that the body was begrave moth worthip, and the women faue.

And for the goodhip of this bede, Thei graunten hym a lustie mede, That every yere, for his truage, To hym and to his heritage, Of mathens faire he thall have three. And in this wife spedde hee, whiche the fortune of armes sought, with his tranaile his ease he bought. for other wise he thulde have failed, If that he had nought tranailed. P fofa poo eo, quod Eneas regem Curnum in bello denicit, non folum amozem Lanine, feb et regnum Italie fibi fubingatum obtinuit.

TEneas eke within Itaile De had he wonne the bataile, And done his might so besily Apene kynge Turne his enemie, De had nought Lauine wonne. But so, he hath hym over rome And gat his pais, he gat hir love.

13p thefe enfamples bere aboue, Lo nowe my fonne, as I have tolde, Thou might wel fee, who that is bolde, And dar travalle, and budertake The cause of love, be thall be take The rather buto loues grace. for comonliche in worthie place The women louen worthinelle Of manhode, and of gentilnette. for the gentils be molt befired. My faver but I were inspired Through loze of you, I wote no weve pohat gentilnelle is for to leve: wherof to telle I you befeche. EThe grounde my forme for to lethe Elpon this diffinicion, . The worldes constitucion Bath let the name of gentfineke Mpon the fortune of richelle: whiche of longe tyme is falle in age, Than is a man of highe linage After the forme as thou thalt bere, But no thonge after the matere.

For who that reason widersonde, Apon richeste it maie not stonde.
For that is thring, whiche faileth ofte, For he that stant to daie aloste, And all the worlde hath in his wones, To morowe he falleth all at ones. Out of riches in to powerte:
So that therof is no deserte, whiche gentilnesse maketh abide.
And so, to loke on other side, Howe that a gentilman is bare:
Adam, whiche was all tofore, with Eue his wife, as of hem two All was aliche gentill tho.
So that of generacion

To make beclaracion, There maie no gentilnes bee. For to the reason if we fee Df mans borthe the measure, It is fo common to nature, That it yeueth enery man aliche. As well to the poore as to the rithe. for naked thei ben bore bothe, The logoe no moze bath for to clothe, As of hom that fike throwe, Than bath the poorest of the roise. And whan thei thull both paffe. I not of hem whiche bath the latte Ofworldes good, but as of charge. The love is more for to charge, Whan god thall his accompte here. 1for he bath had his luftes here. But of the body, whiche thall deve, All though there be diners were To beth, pet is there but one ende. To whiche that every man thall wende. As well the begger as the lozbe, Df one nature of one accorde.

XX 1 1 1

She whiche our olde mother is The erthe, dothe that and this Recevueth, and aliche beuoureth. That the to nouther part fauoureth. So wete I nothpug after kinde, where I mate gentilles finde. for lacke of bertue lacketh of grace, wherof Kicheffe in many place, Whan men belt wene for to fonde, All fabrinly goth out of honde. But bertue lette in the courage, Abere maie no worlde be fo faluage. Whiche might it take and bone alwape, Mill when that the body beve: and than be thall be riched fo, That it maie faile neuermo.

So maie that well be gentlinette, whiche yearth lo great a thernes. Ho; after the condicion Wireasonable intencion, The whiche out of the foule groweth, and the vertue fro vice knoweth, wherofa man the vice escheweth, without flouth, and vertue seweth, That is a very gentill man:

And nothing els, whiche he can he whiche he hath, ne whiche he male.

But for all that yet noive a date, In loues courte to taken hede, The poore vertue thall not spede, where that the riche vice woweth. For solde it is, that love alloweth The gentill man withouten good, Abough his condition be good.

But if a man of bothe rivs
35e riche and vertuous allo:
Than is he well the more worth.
But yet to put hym felfe forth,
Ze must bone his besnesse
For nother good, ne gentilnesse
Maie belpen hem, whiche idel bee.

16ut who that woll in his degre Arauatle fo, as it belongeth, It happeth ofte, that he fongeth Worthin, and eafe bothe two. foz euer pet it bath be fo, That love honeft in fondate wep Paofiteth : for it bothe aweve The bice : and as the bokes fepne. It maketh curteis of the bileyne, And to the colvarde barbielle It yeueth: fo that the very protvette Is caused buon loues reule. To bom that can manhode reule: And eke towarde the womanhede, who that therof woll taken bebe. for though the better affaited bee In every thong, as men mate fee. for love bath ever bis luftes grene In gentill folke, as it is fene, whiche thing there mafe no kind arel.

I trowe that there is no belle, If he with love thulbe acqueint, That he ne wolve make it queint As for the while, that it laffe.

And thus I conclude at laft, That thei ben idell, as me femeth, robiche buto thong, that love demeth, for flouthen, that thei thulben bo.

And over this my fonne also,
After the vertue mozall eke
To speke of love if I shall seke
Amonge the boly bokes wife,

I finde watte in luche a wile.

Or Dota de amoze charifatie, Bbi dicit, qui non bifigit, manet in mozte.

who loueth not, as here is beab. for loue aboue all other is beab. whiche bath the bertues for to lebe. Df all that buto mannes bebe Belongeth, for of ibelibip De bateth all the felauthip. Hoz flouthe is ever to befpile, whiche in diffeigne bath all apprife, And that accordeth nought to man. for he that wit and reafon can, It fit hom wel, that be trauaile Myon luche thong, which might auafle. for theilhip is nought comended, But enery lawe it bath befenbed. And in enfample ther bpon The noble wife Salomon, whiche had of every thong inlight. Beith : As the birdes to the flight 13en mabe, fo the man is boze To labour, whiche is nought forbors To bem, that thinken for to thrine.

For we, whiche are nowe a line, Df hem that bely whilom were (As wel in schole as els where) Powe every date ensample take, That if it were nowe to make Thyng, which that thei Arte sounden out, It shuld not be brought about.

Der liues than were longe, Der wittes great, her mightes frong, Ber hertes full of besmesse, Wherof the worldes redinesse, In body both, and in courage, Stant ever byon his avantage: And for to drawe in to memorie Der names bothe, and her historie Alpon the bertu of her dede In sondry bokes thou might rede.

Expedit de manibus labor, vt de cotidianis Actibus ac vita viuere poscit homo. Sed qui doctrina causa fert mente labores Prævalet, & merita perpetuata parat.

Ef fic toquitur cotra ociofos quofcung, et mas

pime contra ifios, qui epcellentis poudentis inges num Jabentes abig fructu operum toppefcunt. Et ponit epemplum de difigentia predecefforum, qui ad totius fiumani generis doctrind et aupilis fuis estimis laboribus et fludis gratia mediants diuina artes et scientias primicus inuenerunt.

T Df euery wifebome the parfits The highe god of his fpirite Mafe to men in erth bere. Thon the forme and the matere, Df that he wolde make bent wife And thus cam in the firste aprile Df bokes, and of all good, Through hem, that whilom boberffode The loze, whiche to bem was vene: wherof these other, that nowe live Ben euery baie to lerne neme: But er the tyme that men feine. And that the labour forth it brought, There was no come, though men it lought In none of all the felbes oute, And er the wifebome cam aboute Df bem, that firlt the bokes writte, This mate wel every wife man witte. There was great labour eke alfo.

Thus was none idel of the two, That one the plough hath bendertake With labour, whiche the hond hath take

That other toke to flubie and mule, As he whiche wolde not refuse The labour of his wittes all : And in this wife it is befall Df labour, whiche that thei begonne noe be now taught, of that we conne. Der belines is vet to feene, That it fant euer aliche greene. All be it so the bodie bepe, The name of hem thall never aweve, In the Cronicke as I finde, Cham, whos labour is pet in monde, was be, whiche firste the letters fanbe. And wrote in bebretve with his honde Df naturall philosophie. De fonde first also the clergie. Cadmus the letters of gregois firft made bpon his owne chotle.

Theges of theng, whiche that befail the was the first augur of all,

ant

And Philemon by the bilage fonde to beleriue the courage.

NYXX.1.12

Claudius, Esdras, and Sulpices,
Termegis, Pandulfe, and Frigidilles,
Menander, Ephiloquorus,
Solinus, Pandas, and Iosephus,
The first were of endstours
Df olde Eronike, and the auctours.

And Herodot in his science
Of metre, of ryme, and of cadence
The first was, whiche mennote.
And of musike also the note
In mans boyce of softe of tharpe,
That sonde suball, and of the harpe
The mery sowne, whiche is to like,
That sonde Paulius soft with phisike.

Zeuzis fonde first the poztrature:
And Promætheus the sculpture,
After what forme that hem thought,
The resemblance anon thei wrought.

Tuball in your and in fele
fonde first the forge, and wrought it wele.
And Iadahel, as faith the boke,
firste made nette, and fishes toke.

Df huntyng eke he fonde the chace, whiche nowe is knowe in many place. A tent of clothe with coope and Cake The fette by first, and bid it make.

Herconius of coherie first made the delicacie.

The crafte Mynerue of wolle fonde, And made cloth hir owne honde. And Delbora made it of lyne.

The women were of great engene.

Wit thying which peueth mete a danke, and both the labour er for to swynke.

To till the londes, and sette the vines, wherof the corne and the wynes when suffernance to mankynde, In olde bokes as I finde, Saturnus of his owne wit Wath sounde first: and more yit of chapmenhode he sonde the weye, and eke to coygne the money of sondry metall, as it is, we was the first man of this.

But howe that metall cam a place through mans wit and goddes grace

The route of philosophets wife
Contreneden by landay wife.
First for to gette it out of myne,
And after for to trie and fine.

And allo with great diligence Thei fonde thilke erperience, whiche cleped is Alconomie, Wherof the Amer multiplie Thei made, and eke the golde alfo. And for to telle howe it is fo Of bodies feuen in speciall with foure fpirites topnt withall, Stant the lubffance of this matere, The bodies, whiche I fpeke of here, Df the planettes ben begonne The golde is titled to the forme, The moone of Aner bath his part, And Fron that Conde byon Mart, The leed after Saturne groweth, and lupiter the braffe beffoweth, The copper lette is to Venus, and to his part Mercurius 2) ath the quicke filuer, as it falleth, The whiche after the boke it calleth Is first of thilke foure named Df fpirites, whiche ben proclaymed. And the spirite, whiche is seconde, In Sal Armoniake is founde: The thirde spirtte Sulphur is, The fourth lewende after this Arcennium by name is hote, with blowing and with fires hote. In thefe thringes, whiche I fage, Thei worthen by biuers waye. for as the philosopher tolde Df golde and fluer thei ben holde Two principall extremitees, To whiche all other by degrees Df the metalles ben accordant, And fo through kinde refemblant : That what man couth awaie take The ruft, of whiche thei woren blate. and the lauour of the barones, Thei Gulben take the likenes Df golde 02 filuer parfectly. But for to worche it ükerly Betwene the coaps and the fpirite. Er that the metall be parfite

In seven somes it is sette
Dfall: and if one be lette,
The remenant may not availe:
But other wise it mais nought faile.
For thei, by whom this art was sounde,
To every popul a certaine bounde
Droeinen, that a man mais synde,
This crafte is wrought by wey of kinde,
So that there is no fallace in.
But what man that this werke begyn,
The mote awaite at every tide,

fruit of the biffillacion, forth with the congellation, Solucion, Difcencion, And kepe in his entencion The point of fublimarion, and forth with Calcinacion Dibery approbation, Do that there be firacion, with temperate hetes of the fyze, Moll be the parfite Elirer Df thilke philosophers fone Maie gette, of whiche that many one Df philosophers, whilome write: and if thou wolt the names wite Df thilke fone, with other two, nobiche as the clerkes maden tho, So as the bokes it recorben, The kynde of hem I thall recozden .

Octa de tribus lapidibus, quoe phlos soppi composureunt: quozum primus est lapis Begetabilis, qui sanitatem conservat, Secundus dicitur lapis Animalis, que membra et Virtutes sensibiles fortificat, Ecrtius dicitur lapis mines balls, que omnia metalla purificat, et in suum perfectum naturali potentia deducit.

These olde philosophers wise,
We were of kynde in sondie wise
Thre stones made through clergie,
The fyrite I shall specifie,
was cleped Vegetabilis:
Of whiche the propre vertue is
To mans heale for to serve,
As for to kepe and to preserve
The body fro sickenes all,
Till death of kynde voon hym fall.

The feconde from I the behote
Is lapis Animalis hote:
The whose vertue is propre, and couth
for eare, and eie, nose, and mouth,
where a man maie here and see,
And smelle, and taste in his degree,
And for to fele, and for to go
It helpeth a man of both two:
The wittes five he bnoerfongeth
To kepe, as it to hym belongeth.

The thirde ftone in speciall 1By name is cipeed Minerall, Whiche the mettals of every myne Attempreth, till that thei ben fone, And pureth bem by luche a wey, That all the vice goth awey Dfruft, offinke, and of hardnes: and whan thei ben of fuche clennes, This minerall, fo as 3 fonde, Transformeth all the frifte konde, And maketh bem able to conceive Through his bertue, and receive Both in lubstance and in figure Df golde and filuer the nature. For thei two ben thertremitees, Ao whiche after the properties 2) ath enery metall his befire, with belpe and comforte of the fure. forth with this fone, as it is faide, whiche to the forme and moone is laide: for to the redde, and to the white This stone bath power to profite. It maketh multiplicacion Df golde, and the firacion It caufeth, and of his babite De doth the werke to be parfite Df thilke Elfrer, whiche men call Alconomy, as is befalle To bem, that whilom were wife, abut now it Cant all otherwise. Thei fpeken fafte of thilke ftone. But howe to make it, nowe wote none, After the foothe experience. And netheles great biligence Thei letten bp thilke bebe, And fpillen moze than thei fpede. for alway thei fynde a lette. Whiche bringeth in powertee and bette

To bem, that riche were tofoze, The loffe is hab, the lucre is loze: To get a pounde thei fpenden fine, 3 not bow fuche a crafte thall thaint, In the maner as it is bled, It were better be refuled, Than for to worthen byon wene In thynge, whiche frant not as thei wene But not for the who that it knewe. The frience of bom felfe is trewe, Ulpon the forme, as it was founded, wherof the names yet be grounded Of bem, that firft it founden out: And thus the fame goth all about To luche as loughten belines Df bertne, and of worthines, Of whom if 3 the names call, Hermes was one the first of all, To whom this arte is moffe applied: Geber therof was magnifieb, and Ortolan, and Morien. Amonge the whiche is Auicen, nohiche fonde and wate a great partie The partike of Alconomie: whose bokes pleinly, as thei frombe Ulpon this crafte, fewe biverfonde. But pet to put bem in affaie, There ben full many nowe a bate, That knowen littell what thei mene, It is not one to wite, and wene. In forme of wordes thei it trete, Bnt pet thei failen of beyete. foz ofto muthe, oz of to lite, There is algate founde a wite: So that thei foloive not the line Df the verfecte mebicine. Whiche grounded is boon nature: 1But thei that writen the feripture Df Greke, Arabe, and Calbee, Thei were of fuche auctozitee, That thei first fourteen out the wee Df all that thou haft herve me fey. usher of the cronike of her loze Shall fonde in price for euermore. 15ut towarde our marches bere Of the Latins, if thou wolt here Df hem that whilom vertuous were, and therto laborious.

IVEX.ILIAY

Carment made of hir engine
The first letters of latine,
Df whiche the tonge romayn came,
wherof that Aristarcus name,
footh with Donat, and Didymus
The fyzste rule of schole, as thus,
Down that latine shall be compowned,
And in what wife it shall be sowned,
That every woode in his degree
hal frome byon congruitee.

And thilke time at Rome also
was Tullius Cicero,
That writeth open Rethorike,
Dow that men thulve her wordes pike
After the forme of eloquence,
whiche is, men feine, a great prudence.
And after that out of hebrewe
Jerome, whiche the langage knewe,
The Bible, in whiche the lawe is closed,
In to latine he hath transposed.

And many an other writer eke Dut of Calbre, Arabe, and Breke, with great labour the bokes wife Aranflateden, and otherwife The latins of bent felle also Der Audy at thilke tyme lo with great trauaile of schole toke In fonder forme for to loke, That we maie take ber eufbence Alpon the laze of the frience Df craftes bothe, and of clergie, Amonge the whiche in poelle To the loners Quide wrote And taught, if loue be to bote, In what maner it foulde akele. for the my forme if that thou fele, That love wayinge the to foze, Beholde Ouide, and take his laze. My father if thei might fpede, My loue, I wolde his bokes rede. And if they techen to restreyne My lone, it were an idell pepne To lerne a thonge, whiche maie not bee. foz liche bnto the grene tree, If that men take his roote aweie: Right fo myn herte Gulde beie, If that my lone be withogawe, Wherof touchende buto this faine

There is but onely to purseive My lone, and idelship eschewe.

Any good some sooth to sepe,

If there be siker any wepe

To lone, thou hast saide the best.

for who that woll have all his rest,

In is no reason that he spece,

In lones cause for to wynne.

for he, whiche dare nothing beginne,

I not what thing he shulde achene.

But over this thou halte beleve, so as it lit the well to knowe, That there ben other vices lowe, whiche but love do great lette, If thou then herte voon hem fette.

Perdit homo caufam linques fua iura fopori, Et quafi dimidium pars fua mortis habet. Eft in amore vigil Venus, & 9 habet vigilāti, Obfequium thalamis fert vigilata fuis.

Die loquitur de Domnolentia, que Accidie Cameraria dicta eff, cuine natura femimozina alicui? negotil Biglias observari sopozisero toza poze recusat, Onde quatenus amozem concernis Confessoz Amanci diligentus opponis.

Talwarde the flowe progenie
There is pet one of companie,
And he is cleped Somnolence,
whiche dothe to Slouth his renerence,
As he whiche is his chamberlein,
That many an honderde tyme hath lein
To slepe, when he shulde wake.
He hath with love truce take,
That wake who so wake will,
If he mair couche adowne his bill,
he hath all wowed what hym list,
That ofte he goth to bedde bukist,
And saith, that sor no druerie
he woll not leve his sluggardie.

for though no man wold it alowe, To leve lever than to wowe
Is his maner, and thus on nightes
when he feeth the lufty knightes
Revelen, where these women are,
Awey he sculketh as an hare,
And gothe to bed, and leyth hym softe,
And of his southe he dremeth ofte,

Dow that be flicketh in the mire. And howe he litteth by the fire, And claweth on his bare Chankes, And howe he clometh by the bankes, And falleth in the flades Depe. But then who fo take kepe, when he is falle in fuche a breme, Right as a thip against the firems De routeth with a flepie novle, And broutleth as a monkes frople, when it is throwe in to the panne. And other while felde whanne That be male breme a luftie fweuert, Down thinketh as thoughe be were in beut ! And as the world were holly bis. And than be fpeaketh of that and this. and maketh his expolicion After bis disposition, Df that he wold, and in fuche wife De pothe to lone all bis feruife. I not what thonke be thall beferne. But fonne if thou wolte lone ferne, I rebe that thou be not fo. a good father certes no, I had leaver by my trouth, er I were lette on luche a flouth; And beare luche a fleppe inoute, Bothe eien of my head were out. for me were better fully bie, Than I of luche fluggarbis Dab any name, god me fhilbe. for whan my mother was with childe. And I lay in hir wombe close, 3 wolde rather Atropos, pobiche is goodeffe of all beath, Anone as 3 had any breath, Me had fro my mother caft.

But nowe I am nothing agail,
I thanke god: for Lachelis,
De Cloto, whiche hir felawe is,
We thopen no thehe bestinee,
whan thei at my natinitee
My werdes setten as thei wolde.
But thei me shopen that I sholde
Eschewe of slepe the truandile,
To love for to ben excused,
That I no sompnolence have bled.

for certes father Genius, Bet bnto nowe it bath be thus At all tome if it befelle, So that I might come and dwelle In place there my laby were, I was not flowe ne flepy there. for than I bare well bibertake, That whan hir lift on nightes wake In chambre as to carole and baunce, Me thinke I maie me moze auaunce 3f 3 may gone boorbir bonde, Than if I wpnne a konges londe. for whan I maie hir honde berlip, with fuche glabnes I bamice and fkip, Me thinketh I touche not the flooze. The Mo, whiche remeth on the moore Is than nought fo light as 3. So mowe pe witten all for thp, That for the tome flepe I hate, And whan it falleth other gate, So that hir liketh not to baunce, But on the oves to caffe a chaunce, De afte of loue fome bemaunde, Deels that hir lift commanne To rede and here of Troilus, Right as the wolve, fo or thus, 3 am all rebie to confent. And if fo is, that I mate bent Somtome amonge a good lepfer, So as I bare of my belire, I telle a part : but whan I prafe, Anone the biobeth me go mp wepe, And faith : it is ferre in the night, And I fwere, it is even limbe. But as it falleth at laffe, There may no worloes tope laft, So mote I nedes fro hir wende, And of my watche make an ende. and if the than bede toke, Doive pitoufliche on hir I looke, ushan that I thall my leue take. Dir ought of merer for to flake Dir baunger, whiche faith euer naie.

MYNET TOT

But he feith often, Hane good daie, That lothe is for to take his lene. Therfore while I maie belene, I tarp forth the night alonge. For it is nought on me alonge, To depe, that I foome go, Till that I mote algate fo. And than 3 bidde, god bir fee, And fo powne knelende on my knee, 3 take leve, and if 3 thall, 3 kiffe bir, and go forth withall. And other while, if that 3 boze, Er I come fully at boze, I tourne avene, and feigne a thonge, As though I had loft a rynge, De fommhat els, for I wolde Bille bir efeloone, if 3 fhulde. But felden is, that I fo fpebe. And whan I fee, that I mote nebe Departe, 3 beparte, and than with all my berte I curle and banne, That euer flepe was made foz eye. for as me thinketh 3 might brie without flepe to waken ever, So that I foulde not diffeuer fro bir, in whom is all my light. And than I curle also the night, with all the will of my courage, And faie, Away thou blacke image, whiche of the berke cloudie face Makelf all the worldes light beface, And caufelt buto flepe awaye, 23p whiche I mote nowe gone awape Dut of my labies companie.

D flepp night 3 the befie, And wolde that thou lay in preffe with Proferpine the goddelle, And with Pluto the belle hynge. for till 3 fe the bate fpringe, I fette fleve nought at a riffbe. And with that worde I figh and wiffhe, And faie : A why ne were it baie. for pet my laby than I maie Beholve, though I bo no moze. And efte I thinke forthermore. To fome man bowe the night both eafe, whan be bath thyng, that map bom pleafe The longe night by his fice, where as I faile, and go belide. But flepe, 3 not wherof it ferneth, Df whiche no man his thanke beferneth To get bem loue in any place, But is an hyndrer of his grace,

And maketh hym dead as for a throwe, Right as a forke were overthrowe. And so my fader in this wife The slepp nightes I despise: And ever a middes of my tale I thinke byon the nightyngale, whiche slepeth not by wey of kynde for love, in bakes as I synde.

Thus at laste I go to bedde,
And yet myn herte lieth to wedde
with hir, where as I cam fro,
Though I departe, he woll not so,
There is no locke maie thet hym oute,
Hym nedeth nought to gone aboute,
That perce maie the harde wall.
Thus is he with hir overall
That be hir leef, of he loth,
In to hir bed myn herte goth:
And softely taketh hir in his arme,
And feleth howe that the is warme,
And wisheth that his body were
To fele, that he feleth there.

And thus my felfen I tozment, Tyll that the bead flepe me bent . But than by a thouland fcoze, neel moze than I was tofoze 3 am tormented in my flepe: But that I deme is not on thepe. for I ne thynke nought on wull, But I am dzetched to the full Ofloue, that I have to kepe: That nowe I laugh and nowe I wepe, And nowe I lefe and nowe I wonne. And nowe Jende, and nowe beginne: and other while I breme, and mete, That I alone with hir mete, And that daunger is lefte behonde: And than in Repe luche tope I fonde, That I ne bebe neuer awake .

28ut after, whan I hebe take,
And thall arise byon the mozowe,
Than is all tozned in to sozowe:
Nought soz the cause I thall arise,
18ut soz I mette in suche a wise.
And at laste I am bethought,
That all is baine, and helpeth nought.
28ut yet me thynketh by my wille,
I wold have sey and stepe stille,

To meten ener of fuche a sipenen. Foz than I had a slepse henen. Confessor.

CMy some and so; thou tellest so, a man maie finde of tyme a go, That many a sweuen hath be certeyn, All be it so, that som men seyn, That sweuens ben of no credence: 28ut so; to thewe in enidence, That they full ofte soth thynges 18e token, I thynke in my wytinges To telle a tale therupon, Whiche felle by old dayes gone.

Elbic ponit epemplit, qualiter somnia pzenofice beritatis quandoig certitudinem sigurant. Et narrat, quam Ceip rep Crocenie pzo resozmaztione fratris sui Dedalionis in ascipitrem transe mutati peregre pzosiciscens in mari songius a pastria dimersus surrat, Juno mittens Gridem nutciam sum in partes Chimeric ad domum somni instit, quipse Alcione dicti regis poori fluius rei es uentil per somnia certificaret. Quo facto Alciona rem perserutans cozpus mariti sui, voi super structus moztuus iactabatur, innenit: que pzo dos soze angustiata cupiens cozpus amplectere, in alstam mare super insum prositiit, Inde dii miserti amborum corpoza in auea, que adhuc Alciones dicte sunt, subito converterunt.

This fynde I written in poelie, Ceyx the kouge of Arocenie Dad Alceon to his topfe, Whiche as hir owne hertes lyfe Dom loueth, and he had alfo A broder, whiche was cleved tho Dedalion, and be par cas, fro kynde of man forthape was In to a golhanke of likenes, 1whereof this kynge great heavinelle 2) ath take : and thought in his courage To gone bpon a pilgremage In a Grange region, where he bath his denotion To bone his facrifice, and prepe, If that he might in any were Towardes the goddes fynde grace, Dis brobers bele to purchace, So that he might be reformed, Df that he had ben transformed.

To this purpole, and to this ende, This kynge is redy for to wende: As he whiche wold go by thip, And for to done hym felauthip, Dis wife but othe fea hym brought with all hir herte, and hym belought, That he the tyme hir wolde feyne, whan that he thought come ageyne.

within, he faith, two monethes baie. And thus in all the hafte he maie The toke his leve, and forth he faileth. We pend and the hir felfe bewaileth, And torneth home there the cam fro.

But whan the monethes were ago, The whiche he let of his compage, And that the berd no tybynge, There was no care for to feche, wherof the goddes to beleche Tho the began in many wife, And to Iuno bir lacrifice Aboue all other mofte the bebe, And for bir lorde the bath lo bebe, To witte and knowe bowe that be ferbe. That Iuno the goddes hir berne Anone, and bpon this matere Dbe babbe Iris bir maffagper, To Sleves hous that the thall wende. And byd hom, that be make an ende 13p fwenen, and thewen all the cas Ulnto this labie, bowe it was .

This Iris foo the highe stage
(19hiche bindertake hath the message)
Die reinie cope dyd boon,
The whiche was wonderly begone
19th colours of dyners hewe,
An honderd mo than men it knewe,
The heuen lyche binto a bowe
She bende, and the cam downe lowe,
The god of slepe where that the sonde,
And that was in a strainge londe,
whiche marcheth byon Chimerie.
Ho; there, as seith the poese,
The god of sepe hath made his hous,
whiche of entaylle is meruailous.

The poput between the dais and night

There is no fore, there is no sparke, There is no doze, whiche mate charke, Wherofan eie shulve bushee, So that inward there is no let.

and for to fpeke of that withoute. There frant no great tree nigh aboute. weberon there might crows of pie Alight : foz to clepe of crie. There is no cocke to croive bate, De beft none, whiche noile maie The boll, but all aboute rounde There is growend byon the grounde Dopie, whiche beareth the febe of flepe, with other herbes fuche an hepe . A ftill water for the nones Rennend boon the finall fones, Whiche hight of Lethes the riner. Under that bille in luche maner There is, whiche yeueth great appetite To flepe, and thus full of pelite Slepe bath his bous. And of his couche within his chamber if I thall touche, Df Hebenus that Repie tree The bordes all aboute bee . And for he thuld depe fofte, Ulpon a fether bed alofte The lieth, with many a pylow of bolone. The chambre is ftrowed by and botone poith fivenens many a thoulande folde.

Abus came Iris in to this holde,
And to the bed, whiche is all blacke
the goth, and ther with flepe the spake,
And in this wife as the was bede,
The mastage of Iuno the bede.
If all ofte hir worde the reperfeth,
Er the his slepie eares perfeth.
With morbell two but at laste
Dis slamerend eies he bpcasse,
And sato hir, that it shall be do.
Wherof amonge a thousand tho
within his hous, that slepie were
In speciall he chese out there
Three, whiche shulden do this bede.

The first of hem, so as I reve, was Morpheus, the whose nature Is to to take the fygure Of that person, that hym liketh, wherof that he full ofte entriketh

The lyfe, whiche flepe thall by night.

And Ithecus that other hight,
whiche hath the voice of every foune,
The chere and the condicioun
Of every life what so it is.

The thirde lewende after this, 3s Panthafas, whiche maie transforme Df euery thonge the right forme, And chaunge it in an other konde. Cloon bem three, lo as 3 fonde, Of Civenens frant all thapparence, mabiche other while is euidence, Ind other while but a fape, But netheles it is fo thape, That Morpheus by night allone Appereth bntill Alceone, In iphenelle of hir bulbonbe, all naked dead boon the ffrombe. and bow be dreint in speciall Thele other two it thewen all, The tempeft of the blacke clowde, The woode fea, the wyndes lowde, All this the met, and feeth hym dien: upher of that the began to crien Slepend a bedde there the late, and with that noile of hir affraie, Dir women ferten by aboute, uphiche of hir ladie were in boubte, And alken bir, howe that the ferbe. And the, right as the ligh and berbe, Dir Iwenen bath tolbe bem enery bele. And thei it ballen all wele. And feyn, it is a token of good . But till the wiff howe that it food, Dbe bath no comfort in bir berte.

And to the sea (where as the mette
The bodie late) without lette
The door late when that the sam nigh,
Starke dead his armes spade the fighe
Thir lood, fletende doon the wawe:
wherefhir wittes be withdrawe,
And the whiche toke of death no kepe,
And the whiche toke of death no kepe,
And wolde have caught hym in hir arme.
This insortune of double harme
The goddes from the beuen above
18cheld, and so, the trouthe of love,

whiche in this worthie labie floobe, Thei have byon the falt floode, Dir dzeint lozde and bir alfo fro beth to life tomeb fo. That thei ben thapen in to briddes Dwimmend bpon the wane amiddes . And whan the fawe hir loade louend In lykenelle of a birde lwymende, And the was of the fame forte, So as the might do disporte Topon the tote, whiche the hab Dir winges both abzobe the fpzab, And bom both fo as the maie fuffile, Beclipte and hille in luche a wile, As the was whileme mont to bo, Dir winges for bir armes tho She toke, and for hir lippes fofte Dir harde bille, and fo full ofte She fondeth in hir birdes forme, If that the might bir felfe conforme To bo the plefance of a wife, As the bid in that other life. for though the bas bir power loze. Dir wille fore, as it was tofoze, And ferneth bom to as the mate, noherof in to this plke date To geber bpon the fea thei wonne, where many a boughter and fonne Thei bringen forth of byrbes kynbe . And for men thulben take in mynbe This Alceon the trewe quene, Dir baiddes vet as it is fene Df Alceon the name beare. TLo thus my forme it maie the ffers Of Iwenens for to take kepe. for oft tyme a man a flepe Maie fe, what after thall betibe. for thy it belpeth at fome tipe A man to Repe as it belongeth: But Couthe no life bnderfongeth, whiche is to love appertenant My faber boon the covenant I pare well make this anowe, Df all my life in to notive, Als ferforth as 3 can buberfonde, pet toke I neuer flepe on bonbe, nohan it was tyme for to wake. for though myn ele it wolbe take,

Di

Mon berte is ener thete agapite . 1But netheles to fpeake it planne, All this that I have lapbe you bere, Df mp wakpnge, as pe maie bere, It toucheth to my lady fwete . Moz other wife I pou bihete, In ftraunge place whan 3 go, Me loft no thonge to wake fo . for whan the women loften plate, And I hir le not in the waie, Df wbome I bulde mythe take, Me lift not longe for to wake, But if it be for pure hame, Df that I wolbe elchewe a name, That thei ne thulb baue caufe none To lete, a lo where fuche one, That hath fogloge his countenaunce . And thus amonge I lynge and baunce And feigne lut, there none is. for ofte fpth 3 fele this Df thought, whiche in mine herte falleth, whan it is night mon beade appalleth: And that is for I fee hir nought, whiche is the waker of my thought.

And thus as tymeliche as I maie full ofte, whan it is brobe bate, I take of all thefe other leue, And go my wey: and thei beleue, That feen per cas ber lones there, And I go forth as nought ne were Canto my bed, fo that alone 3 mate there ligge figh and grone, And willben all the longe night, Apll that I fee the baies light : I not if that be fompnolence, But bpon pour confrience Myn boly fader bemeth pe . My forme I am well payd with the Df flepe, that thou the fluggardie 38p night in loues companie Escheive half, and do thy pepne So, that thy lone dare not pleyne .

For love byon his luft wakends
Is ever, and wold that none ende,
wherof the longe night is lette,
wherof that thou beware the bette,
To telle a tale I am bethought,
Down love and slepe acceden nought.

o hie bielt, o Bigitia in amantibus, et non formofentia landanda eft. Et ponit evemptum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno sitentio Anrozam amicam suam disigentine amplecteue, Solem et Lunaminterpellabat, videsiet op sol in circulo ab oziente diffantiozi currum ell fue fae retardaret, et quod Luna sphera fua longifima ozbem circuens, noctem continuaret, ita Bt ipsum Cephalum amplevibus Auroze Voluti prinsqua dies illucesceret suis destitis adquiescere diutins permittere dignarentur.

Tho; love who that luft to wake By night, he maie ensample take Of Cephalus, whan that he late with Aurora the swete maie In armes all the longe night. But whan it drough towards the lyght, That he within his herte sie The daie, whiche was the morowe nie, Anone but o the some be pratoe, for luste of love: and thus he saide:

D Phebus, whiche the baies light Bouernett tell that it be night, And gladdeff enery creature After the lawe of thy nature, But netheles there is a thonge. whiche onliche to the knowlechenge Belongeth as in prinitee To loue, and to his butee, Whiche afketh not to ben a pert, But in schence, and in covert Defpreth for to be befhabeb: And thus whan that the light is faded, And befper theweth hom alofte And that the night is longe and lofte Ulnder the cloudes berke and fille . Than bath this thrnge most of his wille. for the onto the mightes hie, As thon, whiche art the dates etc Df love and might no counfeyl bybe, Ton this berke nightes tibe with all myn berte I the befeche, That I plefance might feche with bir, whiche lyeth in myn armes, withdrawe the baner of then armes, And lete the lightes ben bnbozne, And in the ligne of Lapzicozne The hous appropred to Saturne, I preie the, that thou wolt lojourne

where

where ben the nightes berke and longe. For I my love have invertonge, whiche lieth here by my five naked, As the whiche wolve ben awaked, And me lift no thynge for to flepe: So were it good to take kepe Nowe at this nede of my praier, And that the like for to flere.

Thy fyric carte, and so ordeine,

That thou thy swift hors restreine

Lowe inder eithe in occident,

That thei toward thorient

By cercle go the longe weie.

And the to the Diane I preie, whiche cleped art of thy noblette
The nightes moone, and the Goddette,
That thou to me be gracious,
And in Cancro thyn own hous,
Apene Phebus in opposite
Scond at this time, and of delite
Beholde Venus with a gladde eie.
For than boon Astronomic
Of due constellation,
Thou makest prolification,
And bost that children ben begete,
whiche grace if that I might gete,
with all myn herte I woll ferue
189 nyght, and thy bigille observe.

Lo thus this luftie Cephalus Praied but o Phebe, and to Phebus,
The night in lengthe for to brawe,
So that he might do the lawe
In thilke point of lones hefte,
whiche cleped is the nightes fefte,
whiche outen slepe of suggardie,
whiche Venus out of companie
Dath put awey, as thilke same,
whiche luftles fer from game
In chambre doth full ofte wo
A bedde whan it falleth so,
That lone shulde ben awaited,

But flouthe, whiche is enill affaited with slepe hath made his retenue,
That what thenge is to love due,
Of all his dette he paieth none,
De wote not howe the negt is gone,
he howe the date is come aboute,
But onely for to slepe and route,

Mill high miodate, that be arife. But Cephalus did otherwife, As thou my fonne half bert aboue. TMy faver who that hath his loue A bedde naked by his lide, and wold than his eien hide with flepe, I not what man is be. But certes as touchend of me, That felle me neuer pet er this. But other while whan fo is, That I maie catche flepe on bonde Lyggend alone, than I fonde To deme a mery liveuen er baie. And it fo falle, that I maie My thought with fuche a fweuen pleafe, Me thynke Jam fombele at eafe . for I none other comfort hone. Do nebeth nought that 3 thall crave The Sonnes carte for to tarie De pet the Moone that the carie Dir cours a longe bpon the heuen . for I am nought the moze in euen Towardes loue in no degree. But in my flepe pet than I fee Somwhat in fweuen of that me liketh, whiche afterwarde myn herte entriketh, Whan that I fonde it other wife: so wote I not of what fernice That flepe to mans eafe booth. TMy forme certes thou fault footh: But onely that it belpeth kynde, Somtome in Philike as 3 fonde, whan it is take by measure But he whiche can no depe measure Alpon the reule as it belongeth, full ofte of lobeine chaunce be fongeth Duche infortune, that bym greneth.

But who there olde bokes leneth, Of formolence howe it is writte.
There maie a man the foth witte,
If that he wolde ensample take,
That otherwhile is good to wake,
where a tale in Boefie
I thynke for to specifie.

tra istos, qui somnotentie dediti, ea que servas se tenentur, amitsunt, Et narrat quod cum go puetta putesserima a Junone in Baccam D iii Eranssozmata transformata, et in Argi custodiam sic bepositum fuiffe superueniens Mercurius Argum dozmiens tem occidit, It ipsam Vaccam a pastura rapiens, quo voluit, secum perduvit.

Duide telleth in his fairs
Lowe Jupiter by olde baies
Laie by a maide, whiche lo
was cleped, wherof that luno
his wife was wrothe, and the goddeffe
Of lo torned the likenesse
In to a Lowe to goe there oute
The large feldes all aboute,
And gethic mete boon the grene.
And therupon this highe quene
whether his Argus for to kepe.
Indeed he was felden wonte to slepe:
And yet he had an hondred eyen,
And all aliche well thei syen.
Now herken how he was begiled

Mercurie whiche was all affileb This Cowe to fele be came belguiled, And bad a pipe well deuiled Cloon the notes of mulike, poberof be might his eres like. And ouer that be had affaited Dis lufty tales, and awaited Dis time : and thus in to the feloe De came, where Argus be bebelbe meith Io, whiche belive bym went: with that his pype anon be bent, And gan to pipe in bis manere Thonge, whiche was flepte for to bere, And in his pippinge ever amonge De tolde bom luche a luft fonge, That be the fool bath brought a flepe, There was none eie that might kepe Dis beabe, whiche Mercurie of Imote, And forth with all anone fote bote De stale the come, whiche Argus kepte, And all this fell for that he Cepte.

Ensample it was to many mo, That mochell slepe both ofte wo, whan it is time for to wake. For if a man this vice take, In somnolence and hym delite, Men shalde byon his dore write Dis Epitaphe, and on his grane.

Brahm College's

for be to fpille, and nought to laue Is thaped, as though be were beabe. for the me fonne bolde by thin beate, And let no flepe then eie englue, But whan it is to reason bue. My fader as touchend of this, Right lo as I pou tolbe, it is, That ofte a bedde, whan I tholde, I maie not flepe though I wolde. for love is ever falt byme, whiche taketh none bebe of bue tome . for whan I thall mon eten clofe, Anone my bert be woll oppole, And hold his schole in suche a wife Mpll it be baie that 3 arife: That felbe it is whan that I flepe . And thus fro fomnolence 3 kepe Mon eie, and for the if there bee Dught elles moze in this begree nowe alke forth. My fonne pis. for flouth, whiche as moder is, The fourth brawer and the Morice To man of many a deebfull bice, Dath vet another laft of all, whiche many a man bath made to falle, where that be might neuer arife: upherof for thou the thalt anile, Er thou lo with the felfe millare, what bice it is 3 woll beclare.

Nil fortuna iuuat, vbi desperatio ledit. Quo desiccat humor non viridescit humo. Magnanimo sed amor spē ponit, et inde salutā Consequitur, o ei prospera fata fauent.

Dic loquitur fuper plima fpecie accidie, fque Erificia, fine defperacio dicitur, cuine obfinata condicio totius confolationis fpem deponens alis cuins remedii, quo liberari poterit, foziunam [is bi euenire impofficie credit.

Twhan flouth both all that he mate
To drive forth the longe date
Till he become to the nede,
Than at last upon the dede
De loketh howe his tyme is lore,
And is so wo begone therfore,
That he within his thought concedueth
Tristelle, and so him selfe deceiveth,
That he wanhope bringeth inne,

where

pobere is no comforte to beginne. But every tope bym is belated, So that within his herte affraicd A thoulande tome with one breath wepende be willbeth after beath, whan be fortune font abuerle . for than be woll his hope reberle, As though his worlde were all forlore, And faith, alas that I was boze, Dow hall I line : bow hall I bo : for nowe fortune is thus mp fo. 3 wote well gob me woll not belpe: what fluide 3 than of tope pelpe ! where there no bote is of my care. So ouercafte is my welfare That 3 am thapen all to ftrife: Alas that I nere of this life, Er 3 be fulliche ouertake. And thus he will his forowe make, As god him might not auaile: But pet ne woll be not tranaile, To helpe bym felfe at fuche a nede, But floutheth biber fuche a brebe, nobiche is affermed in bis berte: 1. 0 a Right as he might nough afterte The worldes wo, whiche he is inne

Allo whan he is falle in forme, Dom thouseth be is fo fer culpable, That god woll not be merciable So great a firms to fozpene . Mana And thus be leueth to be fhaine . And if a man in thilke throwe woold bom counfeile, be wolde not knowe The foth, though a man it fynde, for trifteffe is of luche a kynte, That for to maintene bis folie De bath with hym obstinacie, whiche is within of fuche a flouth, That be foglaketh all the trouth, And wooll to no reason bowe . And pet be can not alowe Dis owne (kille, but of bebe Thus dwineth he, till he be dede, In hyndrynge ofhis owne effate. fo: where a man is obstinate, wanhope falleth at lafte, whiche maie not longe after laffe, Mill flouth make of hym an ende.

But god wote whether he thall wende. Mp forme and right in luche manere There be louers of heuie chere, That lozowen moze than is nebe, whan they be taried of ber fpebe, And can not them felfe rebe, But lefen hope for to fpede, And stynten love to purseive. And thus thei faden hove and heine, And luftles in ber bertes ware. Derofit is, that I wolve are, If thou my forme art one of tho. Ca good father it is fo, Dut take o point 3 am beknowe. for els I am ouerthrowe In all that euer pe baue leibe, My fozowe is enermoze bnteide. And fetheth ouer all my beynes. But for to counfaile of my peines 3 can no bote do therto. And thus withouten hope I go: So that my wittes ben empeired, And 3 am, as who laith dispeired To winne lone of thilke fwete, without whom, I pou bebete, Mon berte, that is to bestable, Right inly neuer maie be glabbe. for by my trouth I thall not lie. Df pure lozowe, whiche 3 baie, for that the faith the will me nought, with dectehong of mon owne thought, In luche a wanhope I am falle, That I ne can bnethes calle, As for to fpeke of any grace, My ladies mercy to purchace. But pet I laie nought for this, That all in my befaute it is, That I am neuer pet in Webe, woban time was, that 3 me bebe De lapbe, and as I burft tolbe. But neuer fonde I, that the wolde for ought the knewe of mon entent, To weke a goodly woode affent .

And notheles this dare I fate,
That if a finfull wolde mate
To god of his forgenenes,
with halfe to great a befinette,
As I have do to my ladie,

In lacke of alkunge of mercie, De fulbe neuer come in belle. And thus 3 mate you foothly telle, Baufe onely that 3 crie and bibbe, 3 am in triffelle all amidde, And fulfilled of desperance: And therof yeue me my penance Mpn holy father, as you liketh. TMy fonne of that then berte fiketh, with foroive might thou not amende, Tyli lone his grace woll the fende. for thou then owne caule empetrelf, what tyme as thou thy felfe despeires I not what other thong anaileth Df hope, whan the berte faileth Hoz fuche a loze is incurable: And ehe the goddes ben bengeable, and that a man maie right well frede, Thefe olde bokes who fo rebe Df thinge, whiche hath befalle er this . Dowe bere, of what enfample it is.

er HIC narrat qualiter Ippie, regie Ebens eri filme, ob amozem cuiuldam puelle nomine Avaparathen, qua neque donis aut paccious kins eere potnit, desperans ante patris ipsius puelle lanuas noctanter se suspendit, kinde dii commoti, dictam puellam in sapidem durissumm transmustarunt, quam rep Cheucer kina cum filio suo apud Salaminam in Cemplo Benerie pao perpetua memozia sepeliri et locari feett.

Twbflom by olde dates fer, Df Mele was the hynge Theucer, pobithe had a knight to fonne Iphis, Df loue and be fo maifred is, That be bath fet all bis courage, As to regarde of his lignage, Alpon a maide of lowe effate. But though be were a potestate Dimogloes good, he was subierte To loue and put in fuche a plite, That be erredeth the mealure Df reason, that hym felfe affare De can nought. for the more be prato, The laffe love on hom the lapoe. De was with love brivile conftreigned, And the with reason was refreigned. The luftes of his berte be feweth, And the for drede, thame elcheweth: And as the thulbe, toke good bede, To fane and keve bir womanbebe. And thus the thonge fode in bebate Betwene bis luft, and bir effate. De vaue, be lende, be lpake by mouth. But pet foz ought that euer he couth Umto his fpebe be fonde no weie: So that he call his bope aweie, within his berte be gan befpepze fro bate to bate, and fo empeire, That be bath loft all bis belite Dfluft, of flepe, of appetite, That he through frength of loue paffeth Dis witte, and reason onerpasseth: As be whiche of his life ne rought, Dis beath boon bom felfe be fought: Do that by night his weie be nam, There wiff none where be becam. The night was berke, there hone no Tofoze the gates be cam foone, (moone, where that this yonge maide was, and with this wofull worde, alas Dis beadly plaintes be began So fill, that there was no man It berbe : and than be faibe thus : D thou Cupide, D thou Venus, fortuned by tohole orbinance Df loue, is every mans chance. De knowen all myn hole berte, That I ne maie pour hondes afferte. On you is ever that I crie, And you deigneth not to plie, De towarde me pour care encline. Thus for I fee no medicine To make an ende of mp quarele, My beath thall be in frede of bele

Da thou my wofull ladie vere, whiche dwellest with thy father here, and slepest in the bedde at ease, Thou wotest nothing of my disease, Dowe thou and I be nowe onmete, a loose, what sweuen that thou mete: what dremes has thou nowe on honde? Thou slepest there, and I herde stonds. Though I no death to the deserve, Dere shall I so, thy love sterve, Dere shall I a hynges some die fo; love, and so, no felonie.

mober

nohether thou therofhane toy or forow, Were thalt thou se me dead to morowe. D harde herte abouen alle, This death, whiche thall to me falle, for that thou wolde not do me grace, It thall be tolde in many place, That I am dead for love and trouth, In thy defaute, and in thy south. Thy dawnger thall to many mo Ensample be for evermo, whan thei the wofull death recorde.

And with that worde he toke a corde, with whiche byon the gate tree Bebenge him felfe, that was pitee.

The mozow cam, the night is gone. Men come out and fee anone where that this yonge lozde was dede, There was an hous without rede. For no man knewe the cause whie, There was wepping, there was crie.

This maiben, whan the it berbe, And ligh this thrnge bowe it misferde: Anone the will what it ment, and all the cause bowe it went. To all the worlde the tolbe it out, and prefeth to bem, that were aboute Mo take of bir the bengeance . for the was cause of thilke chance. who that this konges fon is fulle: She taketh bpon bir felfe the gilte, And is all redie to the peine, whiche any man bir wolde ordeine. But if any other wolde, She faith, that bir felfe the tholde Do wreche with hir owne honde, Through out the worlde in enery londe, That every lyte therof thall fpeke, Dowe the hir felfe it hulbe weeke. She wepeth, the crieth, the fwouneth ofte, Dhe cafte bir eien by alofte. And faide amonge full piteoutly: Dood, thou wolf that it am 3, for whom Iphis is thus befeine, Debeine fo, that men maje feine A thousande winter after this, Dowe luche a maiden did amis. And as 3 bib, do to me. Hor Ine did no pitee

To hym, whiche for my lone is lore. Do no pitee to me therfore. And with this worde the fell to grounde a fwounce, and there the late alfounde.

The goodes, whiche hir plaintes herde, And lith how wofully the ferde, Dir life thei toke awey anone, And thopen bir into a frone, After the forme of hir image, Df body both, and of bilage. And for the meruaile of this thonge Unto the place came the kynge, And eke the queene, and many mo; And whan thei willen it was lo, As 3 bam tolbe it bere aboue, Dow that Iphis was beare for love, Df that he had be refuled : Thei belben all men ercufeb. And wondeen byon the vengeance. and for to kepe remembrance, This favze image maiben liche, with companie noble and riche, with torches, and great folemnitee, To Salamine the Litee They leade and carie forth withall This deade coaps, and feine it fall, Befvbe thilke image haue Dis fepulture, and be begrane.

This corps and this image thus In to the ritee to Venus, where that goddelle hir temple hab, To gether bothe two thet labbe . This ilke image as for a miracle, was fet bpon an high pinnacle, That all men it might knowe: and bider that thei maden lowe A tombe riche for the nones Df marble and ele of Jafpze frones, wherin that Iphis was beloken, That enermoze it thall be fpoken, And for men thall the fothe witte Thei baue ber epitaphe waitte, As thonge, whiche thulbe abibe fable, The letters graven in a table Df marble were, and faibe this: Dere lieth, whiche flough bym felfe, Iphis for love of Araxarathen. And in ensample of the women,

That

That fuffren men bien fo. Dir forme a man maie feen alfo, Dowe it is tourned fellbe and bone In to the figure of a ffone . De was to nellbe, and the to barbe. Beware for the here afterwarde Bemen and women both two, Enfampleth pon of that was tho. TLo thus my forme as I the fate It greneth by biners maie In bifpeire a man to falle, appliche is the laft branche of all Dfleve, as thou balt berbe beuile. upberof that thou the felfe aufle, Good is, er that thou be beceived. wher that the grace of hope is wefueb . Mp father howe lo that it frombe, Nowe have I pleynly bonberffonde Df flouthes courte the propertee, wheroftouchenbe in my degree, for euer 3 thynke to beware . But ouer this fo as 3 bare, maith all mon berte I pou beleche. That ve me wolbe enforme and teche. pobat there is more of pour apprile In lone, als well as otherwife. So that I maie me cleane fhaine. TMp fonne while thou arte aline, And half alle the full membe, Amonge the vices, whiche I fonde, There is pet one luche of the leuen, nobiche all this woolde bath fet bneuen, And cauleth many a wzonge, where he the cause hath unberfonge, upherof hereafter thou Chalte bere The forme bothe, and the matere .

Explicit liber quartus.

Obstat auaritia natura legibus, et qua Largus amor poscit, strictius illa vetat. Omne quod est nimiŭ, viriosum dicitur auru, Vellera sicut oues seruat auarus opes. Non decet, vi soli seruat iur as, sed amori Debet homo solam solus habere suam.

This in quinto fiszo intendit Confessos tractare be auaritia, que omnium masozum sadio esse discitur, necnon de einedem vicii speciesus, et pais mun ipsius auaritie naturam describit. ¶Incipit liber quintus.

beganne

This worlde, and that the
kynde of man
twas fal into no gret encres,

for worldes good was the no pres, But all was let to the commune. Thei fpeken than of no fortune, D2 foz to lefe oz foz to winne Till Augrice brought it in. And that was whan the worlde was wore Diman, of boss, of thepe, of ore, Ind that men knewen the money: Tho went pees out of the wev. And werre came on enery fibe, whiche all lone leibe alibe, And of common his propre made, So that in febr of thought and spade The tharpe fwozde was take on bonde. and in this wife it came to londe, moberof men mabe biches bepe, and bigh walles, for to kepe The golde, whiche Auarice encloseth. 1But all to littell bom fuppoleth. Though be might all the worlde purchace. for what thing, that he maie enbrace Digolbe, of catell, oz of lombe, De let it never out of bis bonde. But gette bem moze, and halt it faff, As though the worlde thulbe euer laffe . So is be liche buto the belle . for as thefe olde bokes telle. what cometh therin laffe oz moze, It fhall beparte neuermoze . Thus whan be bath bis cofer loken, It fhall not after ben bnffoken, But whan be lift to have a fight Df golbe, Doive that it thineth bright, That be theron maie loke and mule for otherwife he bare not ble To take his parte of lelle of more, Sois be pooze, and ouermoze Dom lacketh, that be bath enough . An ore draweth in the plough Df that bym felfe bath no profite : A thepe right in the fame plite

Dis woll beareth, but on a vale
An other taketh the fices awaie.
Thus bath he, that he nought ne hath.
For he therof his parte ne tath.
To feie howe furthe a man hath good, who so that reasone invertisode
It is improperlishe laybe:
That good hath hym, and halt him taide,
That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
abut is but o his good a theall,
And a subjecte thus serveth he:
where that he shulde maister be.
Suche is the kynde of thauarous.

My fonne as thou art amorous. Tell if thou fare of loue fo. My father as it femeth no, That anarous pet neuer 3 was, Do as pe fetten me the cas. for as pe tolben bere aboue, In full pollettion of lone pet was I neuer bere tofoge : So that me thynketh well therfore 3 maie ercufe well mp bede . But of my well withouten brebe, 3f 3 that treafour might gete, It foulde neuer be fozpete, That I ne wolde it falle bolbe, Tyll god of lone bym felue wolbe, That beath be fhulbe beparte a two. for leneth well, 3 loue bir fo, That even with myn owne life, 3f 3 that livete luftie wife Might ones welben at my wille, for ener 3 wolde bolbe bir fille: And in this wife taketh kepe, 3f 3 bir bab, 3 wolde bir kepe: And pet no fridate wolde 3 fatt, Though 3 bir kepe and belbe fall. fie on the bagges in the chit. 3 had enough, if 3 hir kyft. for certes if the were myne, I bab bir leuer than a myne Of goine: for all this worldes rythe De might me make fo riche, As the that is fo inly good : I let nought of other good . for might I gette fuche a thonge, I hab a treafour for a hynge.

And though I wolbe it fait holbe. 3 were than well beholbe . But I might wipe nowe with laffe. And fuffre that it over palle, Not with my will, for thus I wolve Ben auarous, if that I holde . But father 3 herbe pou fey, Dowthe anarous hath vet fome wey noberof he maie be glad . foz bee Maie, whan hom lift, bis trefure fee, And grope, and fele it all aboute: But I full ofte am thet theroute, There as my worthie trefour is. So is my life liche bnto this. That pe me tolden bere to foze, Dowe that an ore his poke bath boze For thenge that thulbe hom not auafler And in this toile 3 me trauaile . for who that ever bath the welfare, I wote well that I hane the care . for 3 am bad, and nought ne baue, And am, as who faith, loves knaue. Doine beme in your owne thought, If this be anarice og nought. My fonne I have of the no wonder, Though thou to ferue be put bnber moith lone, whiche to kynbe accorbeth: 38ut fo as enery boke recorbeth, It is to kynbe no pleafance, That men aboue bis fultenance, Winto the golde fhall ferue, and bowe. for that maie no reafon auowe . But anarice netbeles, If be maie getten bis encrees Di golbe, that wolde be ferue and kepe. for he taketh of nought els kepe, But for to fplle bis bagges large : And all is to bom but a charge. for be ne parteth nought withall, But kepeth it as fernannt thall . And thus though that he multiplis Dis golde, without treafozis De is, for man is nought amended with golde, but if it be difpended To mans ble, wherof I rede A tale, and take therof good bebe, Df that befelle by olde tibe. As telleth be the clerke Duibe.

HI C loquifur confra iftos anaros, et narrat qualiter Miba rep Frigie Silenum Bacs chi facerdotem, quem ruficet Vinculis ferreis als figarunt diffolnit, et in hofpiciil fuum benigniffime secollegit: pro quo Bacchus quodeung munus sep epigere vellet, donari concessit. Onde rep as naritia ductus, bt quicquid tangeret, in anrum connerteretur, indiscrete petit.

Bacchus, whiche is the god of wine Accordant bnto bis diuine A preff , the whiche Silenus hight, De had, and fell fo, that by night This preft was brunke, a goth a Crapbe, wherof the men were entil apaphe In frigelonde, where as he went But at laft a chorle bem bent with Grength of other felawihip: So that boon his drunkelhip They bounden bym with chepnes falle, And forth they lad bym allo faffe Unto the honge, whiche bight Mibe. But he that wolde his bice bide, This curtois kynge toke of hym bebe and bad, that men Gulbe bem lebe In to a chambre for to kepe, Mill be of lepfer had flepe. And thus this priest was foone bubound, And bpon a couche fro the grounde To slepe be was lepte soft enough. And whan he woke, the kinge him drough No his prefence, and did hom there. So that this preeff in fuche manere, while that him liketh, ther he bwelleth, And al this be to Bacchus telleth, mohan that he cam to bym ageyne.

And whan that Bacchus hard segme, Zhow Mide hath done his curteste, Zhym thinketh, it were a bilante, which he rewards hym so, his dede, who as he might of his godhede. What this kynge this god appereth, and clepeth, and that other hereth. This god to Mide thomketh saye, and that he was so bedonayze. Towards his press, and had hym seye, what thronge it were, he wolde prepe, the shulde it have of worker good. This kynge was glad, and stille stoode, and was of his alkynge in doute,

And all the worlde be caffeth abonte. what thonge was belt for his affate, And with bym felfe fobe in bebate Thon thee pointes, whiche I fende, Ben leueft bnto mans konbe. The first of bem it is belite, The two ben worthip and profite, And than be thought, if that I craue Delite, though 3 delite maie baue, Delite thall patten in my age, That is no liker auantage. For every tope bodily Shall ende in wo, delite for thy woll I not chele. And if I worthip Afte, and of the worlde lorothip, That is an occupacion Df proude imaginacion, whiche maketh an berte baine within, There is no certaine for to winne . for lorde and knaue is all one wep, whan thet be boze and wan thei dep.

And if I profite alke wolve,
I not in what maner I tholve
Pf worldes good have likernes.
For every thefe voon richelle
Awaiteth, for to robbe and fele:
Suche good is rause of harmes fels.
And also though a man at ones
Of all the worlde within his wones
The treasour might have every delet
pet had he but one mans dele
Towarde hym selse, so as I thymke,
Of clothynge, and of meate and drinke.
For more (out take vanitee)
There hath no lorde in his degree.

And thus boon these poyntes diverse Diversly he gan reherce, what poynt hym thought so, the beste. But playnly so, to gette hym rest, the can no siker wase raste. And netheles yet at laste the sell byon the couetise the golde, and than in sand, to wise thought, as I have sate tosoe, thought, as I have sate tosoe, and had an inly great desize Touchende of suther recovere,

To get bym golde withouten faile . within his berte and thus be weileth on? The golde, and faith, how that he peileth Abouen all other metall moffe. The golde, be laith, maie lede an hoffe To make werre avene the honge, The golde put bnber all thonge, and ad And let in what hom lift about : and and The golde can make of hate loue, And werre of pees : and right of wronge, And longe to foote, and foote to longe. without golbe maie be no feft : di at enfi Bolbe is the loade of man and bett, and at and male bem both bie and felle delle So that a man maie fotbelp telle, amin That all the worlde to golde obeieth.

for the this kenge to Baccus preith, To grannte him golbe, but he ercebeth Meafure, moze than hom nebeth . . Men tellen, that the malabie, and ded at whiche cleped is hybraplie, an intel and in Refembled is onto this bice. and man and 25p waie of kynthe of Awarice The moze hyozoplie brinketh, ileg ad mach The moze bym thirffeth: for him thunketh, That he mate neuer brinke bis fille, al die So that there mate no thynge fulfille The luftes of his appetite, ons and diods And right in fuche a maher plice i alla dnia Stant euer Anarice, and euer toobe, do The The moze be bath of worldes good, The more be wolde it kepe ftreite, my all And ever moze and moze coueite; and it And right in fache condiction, and and it Without good difererion, ut nauf it gil talt This konge with Auarice is fmitte, That all the worlde it might witte . A ?! for he to Bacchus than preto, in an inches Abat wherupon his honde be levb. It Chulde through his touche anone a dith Besome golde : and therupon at a said aus This god hom graunteth, as he babbe in

The was this kenge of freige gladde,
And for to put it in affair, and a second to the self that he make,
The toucheth that, he toucheth this a self and in his hond all golde ic is,
The flone, the tree, the leaf, the gras,

The floure, the fruite all golde it was. Thus toucheth be, while be maje laife To go: but honger at lafte Dom toke le, that be mote nebe. 1By wep of kynde his honger fede. The cloth was leto, the bogbe was let, And all was forth tofore bym fet, Dis billbe, bis cup, bis brink, bis meate. But whan he wolbe or brinke er eate, Anone as it his mouth cam nighe, It was all golde: and than he fighe Df Augrice the folie: 23 3300 and And he with that beganne to crie. And prette Bacchus to forpene Dis gylt, and luffer hom for to lone, And be fuche as be was tofoze : So that he were nought forloze,

This god, whiche heroe of this grenance,

Toke routhe boon his repentance,

And bad hym go forth redily

Unto a flood was fall by,

whiche Paccole than hight:

In whiche ala fall as ener he might

De thuld hym walthe onerall:

And faid hynt than that he thall

Recover his field affate ageine.

Ahis kynge eight as he hero lept,
In to the flood goth fro the londe,
And welche hym both foote and houde,
And so forth all the cemenante;
As hym was set in covenant.
And than he figh merualles firange,
The flood his colour gan to thange,
The granelt with the small flones,
To gold thei toine both attones:
And he was quite of that be have:
And thus fortune his chance ladde;
And whan he figh his touch attory,
De goth hym bome the right wey,
And since house of golde befolleth,
And seich, that meate and cloth sufficeth.

Thus hath this kyinge experience, Lowe fooles wone the reverence To golve, whiche of his owne kying Is latte worth than is the cying, To luttenance of many foode;

And than be made lawes good, And all his thenge fet boon fkille ? De bede his people for to tille Der londe, and line under the lawe. And that thei finit allo forthoraire. Beftail, and feche none encrees Di golde, whiche is the breche of pees So; this a man maie fonde maitte, To fose the time, er golde was fmitte In coggne, that men the flozen linewe, There was wel nighe no man bntrewe. Tho was there thelbe ne fpeare, De beably wepen for to beare. Tho was the towne withouten walle, mbiche nome is closed operalle . Tho was there no brocage in londe, whiche nowe taketh every caufe on bonde Do maie men knowe, how the floreyn was moder first of malengin, And bainger in of all werre, me mober of this world frant out of berre, and Through the counfeill of Anarice, pobiche of his owne prome hice Is as the belle wonderfull . med cheff ad for it maieneuermoze befull : go die en That what as ever cometh therinne, A wegne maie it neuer winne. But fonte myn do thou not fo, Let all luche Quarter go; dillanter E. And take the parte of that thou ball : 10112 3 bib not that thou bo wall, tored med a ?? But holde largelle in bis mealure, and and And if thouses a creature, to aid coal of A whiche through ponert is falle in nede, Peue bym lome good : for this Frede what pepue be thall have els inhere ! There is a peyn amonge all 28 enethe in belle, whiche men calls The wortill pepite of Tantalie, De whiche 3 thall the revily and in the sail Deuile howe men therin fonde.

Follow XXXX.

In bell thou thait benterffonde, I and There is a flood of thilke office, I and Whiche ferneth all for anarice: had though the frame that from thail therein. The frame by euch to the chime and the feet for the chime.

Sing

Abone his bede also there bengeth

A fruite whiche to that veine longeth: And that fruite toucheth euer in one Dis ouerlippe, and therupon Suche thirfe and honger bem affaileth. That never bis appetite me faileth. But whan be wolde his bonger fene. The frute withdraweth bom at nebe: And though he bene bis bebe on high, The fraite is ever aliche nigh, Do is the bonger well the moze . And also though hom thurst foze, and to the water bowe a bount, modition The flood in fuche condicion Qualeth, that his brinke areche in ann dans De maje not . lo noive whiche a meche. That meate and brinke is bom fo couth. And pet ther cometh none in his mouth. Liche to the peines of this flood Stant Augrice in worldes good. De hath enough, and pet hom nebeth, for his fcarcenes it byur forbebeth; And euer bis bonger after moze Aranafleth bomialiche foze: So is be peineb onerall, interest a pour soll faz the the goodes forth withall Mp fonne loke thou difpende, and the poherof thou might thy felfe amende Both here, and eke in other place . Ill sille And also if thou wolte purchace The tork To be beloued, thou muft ble Largelle : for thethou refule at an anna at To pene for the lones fake, and at me It is no reason that thou take on your chin Dflone, that thou woldeft crane, for the if then wolt grace haue, other the gracious and bo largelle : Df Augrice and the lebenelle Eschewe about all other thonge. of the And take infample of Mibe the hynge, And of the flood of belle allo, and solutis mobere is enough of all two. a don ameaso And though there mere no matere, 18ut onely that we finden bere, Men ought Aumice eltheine: The or 102 ora? for what man thilke birt feine. Alla die De gete bym felle but litell reft. For howe to that the body reft, the man The herre byon the galve transilech.

moton

mohom many a nightes beebe allafleth. for though he ligge a bed naked, Dis herte is evermore awaked, and bremeth, as he lieth to flepe Dow befy that be is to kepe Dis trefour, that no thefe it fele : Thus bath be but a wofull wele. And right fo in the fame wife, If thou the felfe wolt wele auffe, There be louers of fuche enoine, That wol buto no reason bowe If lo be thei come about, whan thef ben maifters ofher lone, and that thei fhulben be mofte glabbe with loue, thei ben mofte bestabbe: So fayn thei wolde it holden all, That ber berte, ber eie is ouerall, and wenen every man be thefe, To fele awey that bem is lefe. Thus through her oftene fantalie Thei fallen in to Jeloufie.

Than hath the thip to broke his cable, with every wynde and is menable.

CMy fader for that ye nowe telle, I have herde oft tyme telle.

Pet bnderstod I never er this.
Wherfore I wolde you beserbe,
What ye me wolde informe and tethe,
what maner thyng it might bee.

CMy some that is harde to mee.
What netheles as I have berde,
how herken, and thou shalt be answerde.

C Dota de Zetotipia, coine fantastica suspission as moren quannia sidessiftunun mustotide sine caus sa coreupsum imaginatur.

Camong the men lacke of manhod
In mariage, byon wifehode
Maketh that a man him felfe decemeth:
wherof it is, that he conceineth,
That ilke bneafy maladie,
The whiche is cleped Jeloches
Of whiche is cleped Jeloches
Shall telle, after the nicetes,
so as it worcheth on a man:
A fener it is cotidian;
whiche every date wol come aboute,
where so a man be in opoute,

auto Di

At home if that a man woll wome; This feuer is than of comon wonne Moft greuous in a mans ete. for than be maketh bym tote and pale, ubbere lo as euer bis loue go, She thall not with hir litell to Misteppe, but he feeth it all: Dis ele is walkend ouerall . Where that the lynge, or that the baunce, De feeth the left countenance, If the loke on a man a five, D2 with hym rowne at any tide, De that the laugh, or that the loure, Dis eie is there at enery houre. And whan it braweth to the night; Il ihe than be without light, Anone is all the game thente. for than he fet his parliament To ipeake it whan he cometh to bed. And faith : if I were nowe to wed, And lo be tometh in to firife The lufte of lones dutet, alle de lend-colle And all boon dinertitee. I mand al edica e

If the be frefthe, and well arated, De laith hir baner is vilplated Moclepe in quelles by the weis And if the be not well befete, and and And that hir tiff notto be glavde, De beareth on bonde that the is mabbe, And loneth not bir bulbonde. De faith, he maie well underfronde, That if the wolve his companie, She thuld there afore his eie and to continue Shewe all the pleasure that the might. So that by dafe ne by night She not what theng is for the belle; But lineth out of all reft . for what as ener bem life to febit, She bare not fpette o mozbe agepn, But wepeth, and holt hir lippes clofe. She male welle wette, Smice repofe The wife, whiche is to fuche one marteb, Df all women be be waried . Roz with his fener of teloufie, and sois and Dis eche bates fantaffe 2010 fla 2017 Df logowe is einer aliche grene, So that there is no lour ferie, (lanthin all

19 ii

napile

While that him lift at home abide.
And whan to is he woll out rive,
Than hath he redie his aspic
Abidying in hir companie,
A tangler, an evill mouthed one,
That the ne maie no whither gone,
he speke one worde, ne ones loke,
What he ne woll it wende, and croke,
And torne after his owne entent,
Though the no thying but honour ment:
Whan that the lorde cometh home ageyne,
The tangler must somwhat seyn.

So what without, and what withinne, This feuer is euer to begynne. for where be cometh be can not ende, Till beath of bom bath made an ende . for though fo be, that he ne bere, De le, ne witte in no manere, But all bonoure and womanbede, Therof the Jelous taketh none bede: 2Sut as a man to lone bukunde, De call his faffe and as the blinde, And fint Defaulte, where is none. As who to beemeth on a frone Down be is levde, and groneth ofte. moban be lieth on bis pilowe lofte. So is there nought but Arife and cheff, whan lone fhulbe make bis feft . It is great thonge if be bir biffe, Thus bath the loft the nightes bliffe. for at fuche tyme he grutcheth ener, And bereth on honde, there is a leuer, That the wolde another were In frede of hym abedde there. And with the wordes, and with me Df Jelouffe, be tozneth bir fro, And lieth byon that other fibe . and the with that bratveth bir alibe, And there the weperh all the night.

A to what peine the is bight.
That in hir pouth hath so be set
The bonde, whiche maie not ben buknet?
I wote the tyme is ofte cursed,
That ever was the golde buyursed,
The whiche was layd byon the boke,
whan that all other the socioke
for lone of bym, but all to late
The pleineth: sor as than algate

She mote forbeare, and to hom bowe, Though he ne woll it nouht allowe. Hor man is lorde of thilke fegre: So mate the woman but empeyre, If the speke ought agein his wille And thus the bereth her pepre fille.

But if this feuer a woman take, She thall be well moze barbe thake. for though the both fee and bere, And fonde, that there is no matere, She bare but to hir felfe plepne : And thus the fuffreth bouble pepne, The thus my fonne, as I have writte. Thou might of Iclowfie witte Dis feuer, and his condiction. Whiche is full of lulvection. But wherof that this fener groweth. who fo thefe olde bokes trometh. There maie he fonde howe it is. for thei bs teche, and telle this, Dowe that this fener of Jelouffe Sombele it groweth of lotie Df lone, and fembele of butruf. for as a ficke man left his luft. And toban be mate no fanoure geate. De bateth than his owne meate.

Right lothis feuerous maladie, pobiche cauled is of fantalle, Maketh the Jelous in feble plite, To lefe of loue bis appetite Abrough feigned informacion Of his imagination . But finally to taken bebe, Men maie well make a likelphebe ato 3 Wetwene bem whiche is auarous in main Df golde, and hym that is Jelous Df lone : in o begree Thei fronde both, as femeth mee. That one wold have his bagges Bill And nonght Departen with his will, And dare not for the theues flepe, So farne he wolde his treafour kepes That other mate not well be glab. for enermore be is abrab Of thefe louers, that gone aboute, In aunter, if thei put bom oute . . So haur thei both litell tope, and addition As well of loue, as of monete.

Thow half then for of my technings.

Df Jelouse a knowlechings
That then might understonds this,
fro whence he cometh, and what he ist
And the to whom that he is like,
Beware for thy thou be not sike
Of thilke scuer, as I have spoke.
for it woll in hym selfe be wroke.

for loue bateth no thong moze, men mate finde by the loze Dfbem, that whilom were wife, Dowe that thei fpeke in many wife. mp faber fothe is that pe fepn, But for to loke there aven, Befoze this time howe it is falle, wherof there might enfample falle To fuche men as ben Jelons, In what maner it is greuous, Might fann I wolde ensample bere. My good forme at thy praiere, Df fuche enfamples as 3 finde, So as thei comen nowe to monde, Alpon this point of tome agone, I thinke for to tellen one.

E hic ponit Confesso epemplum contra istos maritos, quos Zelotipia maculanit. Et narrat qualiter huscanus, cuius ppoz henus eptitis, suspitionem inter ipsam a Martem edicipies. eozil gestus disigetius epplozabat, hobe ediciti, quel ipse quada bice ambos inter se pariter amplepanstes in secto nudos innenit, et epclamans, omnem cetum deozum et dearum ad fantum spectaculum conuocanit, super quo tamé derisum potius quam vemedium a tota cosozte consecutus est.

EDuide wrote of many thynges, A monge the whiche, in his writynges De told a tale in poefie, whiche toucheth buto Jeloufie, Ulpon a certaine cas of love. Amonge the goddes al above.

It felle at thilke tyme thus:
The god of fire, whiche Vulcanus
Is hote, and hath a crafte forth with
Alligned for to be the fmith
Df Iupiter, and his figure,
Both of vilage and of stature,
Is lothly, and malgracious.
3dut yet he hath within his hous,

As to: the likenge of his life, The faire Venus to his wife. But Mars, whiche of batailles is The god, an ele had bnto this, As be whiche was chinalrous. It felle bim to ben amozous, And thought it was great pitee, To fee fo luftie one as the. the coupled with fo lourd a wight So that his peine date and night De vio, if he hir wonne might. And the that had a good infight Toward fo noble a knightly lozbe, In loue fel of his acorbe. There lacketh nought but tome and place, That be nis ficker of hir grace.

But whan two bertes fallen in one, Do wife a waite was neuer none. That at sometyme thei ne mete. And thus this faire luffie fwete with Mars hath ofte companie,! But thilke bukpnbe Jeloulle, whiche enermoze the herte oppoleth, Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth, That it is not wel ouerall: And to bom felfe be faib, be fall Alpie better, if that he maie. And fo it felle bpon a bate, That he this thong fo flightly lebbe, 2)e fonde hem both two a bebbe All warme, erhone with other naked, And he with crafte all reby maked Df Gronge cheines hath bem bounde. As he together hem had founde, And lefte bem both ligge fo. And gan to clepe and crie tho Unto the gooddes all aboute : And thei allembled in a route Come all at ones for to fee. But none amendes had bee-But was rebuked here and there Df bem, that loues frendes were, And faiden, that he was to blame. for if there felle hom any hame, It was through his milgouernance. And thus be loft contenance, This god, and let his caufe falle, And thei to frome bym laughen all.

19. IIL

and lofen Mars out of his bondes. Wherof thefe erthip bulbonbes for euer might enfample take, If fuche a chamce bem ouertake. for Vulcanus bis wife betwapt, The blame poon bym felfe be laibe, wherof his thame was the moze, whiche ought for to ben a loze for every man, that liveth here, To reulen bem in this matere. Though fuche an bappe of loue afferte, pet fould be not apoynte bis berte with Jeloufie, of that is wought: But feigne, as though be will it nought. for if he let it ouer palle. The fclaunder thall be well the laffe, and he the moze in ele fronde . for this thou might well buderffonde. That where a man thall neors lefe. The latte barme is for to chele .

Tol. LAKENIL

But Jeloufie of his bntriffe, Maketh full many an harme ariffe, whiche elles Chulde not artie . And if a man wolde hom autle Of that befelle to Vulcanus, Dom ought of reason thinke thus: That fith a god was therof fhamed. well thuld an erthily man be blamed, To take bpon bym luche a bice. for the me lonne in theme office Beware, that thou be nought felous, mabiche oft tyme bath thent the hous. My faber this enfample is harde, Dowe fuche thenge to the heuenwarde Amonge the goodes might falle. for there is but o god of all, appiche is the lozde of beuen and belle. But if it like pou to telle, Dowe fuche goddes come aplace, De might mochell thanke purchace . for 3 thall be well taught withall. of My fonne it is thus overall potth bem, that fanden milbileued, That luche goddes ben beleued, In londay place, in londay wife Amonges hem, whiche be bnwife, There is betaken of credence, poberof that I the difference In the maner, as it is waftte, Shall bo the plainly for to witte.

Mentibus illufis fignantur templa deorum, Vnde deos cæcos natio cæca colit. Nulla creaturi ratio facit esse crea um, Equiparans & ad huc lura pagana fouent,

E Quia fecundum poefarum fobulas in Buiafs modi libelli locis quamplaribus nomina et gefina decoum falfozum intitulantur, quozum unfidelis tas, It Christianis clarius innotescat, intendit de ipsozum ozigine secundum Barias paganozum sectas serbere consequêter. Et primo defecta Cals beorum tractare proponit.

Der Christe was bore among bs bere Dethe byleues, that tho were,
In foure fourmes thus it was.
Thet of Chalbee, as in this cas
Dad a beleue by hem selue,
whiche stode byon the signes twelne,
forth eke with the planettes seven,
whiche as thei sighen byon the beuen
Of sondrie constellation,
In her imagination
with sondrie kerse and portraine
Thei made of goddes the sigure.

In thelementes and eke allo Thei babben a beleue tho, And all that was burefonable. for the elementes ben feruifable To man : And ofte of accidence. As men maie fee the erperience, Thei ben corrupt by fondrie weper So mate no mans realon leve, That thei ben god in any wife, And eke if men bem wel auffe. The fonne and moone celipfen both, That be bem lef, oz be bem loth, Thet fuffre, and what thyng is pattible To ben a god is impolible. Thefe elementes ben creatures. So ben thele beuenly figures. Wherof maie wel be inftiffeb. Mbat thei maie not be beifieb. And who that taketh awate the honour, uphiche due is to the creatour, And peneth it to the creature : De bothe to great a forfaiture.

But of Caldee netheles, Thon this feith though it be lette, Thei holde aftermed the creance, So that of helle the penance, as folde, whiche Cant out of beleve, Thei Chall receive as we beleve.

Df the Calbens lo in this wife Stant the beleue out of affile : But in Egypte worfte of alle The faith is fals, bowe fo it falle. for thei biners beaffes there Donour, as though thei goddes were . And nethelelle pet forthe withall The goodes mofte in Speciall Thet haue forth with a goodeffe, In whome is all ber likernelle. Tho goddes be pet cleped thus Orus, Typhon, and Ifirus. Thep were bzethzen all three, git the goodeffe in hir begree, Der after was, and Ifis bigbt : whom Ifirus foglate by night, And helde bir after as bis wife . So it befelle, that bpon frife Typhon bath Ifire bis brother flapne, whiche had a childe, to fonne Orayne: and he his fathers bethe to berte Do toke, that it maie nought afferte, That he Typhon after ne flough, 19 han be was ripe of age enough. But pet the Egyptiens trowe, for all this errour, whiche thei knowe, That thele beetherne ben of might. To lette and kepe Egypt bpright, and ouerthrowe, if that hem like. But Ifis, as feith the cronike, fro Grece in to Egypte cam, And the than boon bonde nam To teache bem for to fowe and ere. whiche no man knewe tofoze there. And whan the Egyptiens lie The feldes full afoze ber eie. And that the londe began to greyne, whiche whilom had be bareyne: for the erthe bare after the konde Dis one charge, this I fonde, A hat the of birth the goddelle Is cleped, lo that in diffreffe

The women therboon childynge To hir clepe, and her offrenge Thei bearen, whan that thei ben light. Lo howe Agypt all out of light fro reason trant in nusbeleue for lacke of lose as I beleve.

De fecta Grecorum.
Camonge the grekes out of the wele,
As thei that reson put aweie,
There was, as the cromike saith,
Of misbeleue an other saith,
That thei her goddes, and goddeses
As who saith token all to gestes,
Of suche as weren full of vice,
To whom thei made sacrifice.

NOTA qualiter Saturnue beogums fummus appellatur .

TThe high god, fo as thei lapbe, To whom thei worthip tapbe, Saturnus hight and kynge of Crete De had be : But of his fece De was put downe, as he whiche frome In frentie, and was fo woode, That fro his wpfe, whiche Rea hight, Dis owne childzen be to plight, And ete bem of his commune iponne. But lupiter, whiche was his fonne, and of full age, his father bonde, And byt of with his owne honde Dis genitalles, whiche also faffe In to the depe lea be caffe : wherof the grekes afferme and fer Thus, whan thei were caffe awev. Came Venus forth by weie of konde. and of Saturne alfo 3 fpmbe, Dowe afterwarbe in to an ile This Iupiter hym byd erile, where that he fobe in gret milchiefe. Lo whiche a goo thei maden chiefe. And fithen that fuche one was bee, whiche flode moffe high in his begree Amonge the goddes, thou might know Thefe other, that ben moze lowe, Ben litell worth, as it is foumbe .

Iupiter deus deliciarum .

Tho: Iupiter was the feronde,
whiche Iuno, hab buto bis wife.

And pet a lechour all bis life De was, and in auontrie De wought many a trecherie. And for he was fo full of bices, Thei cleped hym god of belices. Df whom if thou wolte moze witte, Ouide the poete bath writte. But pet ber ferres bothe two, Saturne and Iupiter allo, Thei baue, although thei ben to blame, Attitled to her owne name. Mars was an other in that lawe, The whiche in Dace was forthe drawe: Of whom the clerke Vegetius wzote in his boke, and tolde thus, Dowe he into Italie came, And fuche fortune there be nam, That he a maiden bath oppzelled, whiche in hir ozoze was profested, As the whiche was the priorette In Veftes temple the gobbeffe : So was the well the more to blame. Dame Ilia this labis name Men clepe, and eke the was allo The konges doughter that was tho. nabiche Minitor by name hight: So that apene the lawes right, Mars thilke time boon bir that Remus and Romulus begat. whiche after, whan thei come in age, Df knighthode, and of ballellage Italy all holle thei ouercome, And founden the great Kome, In armes and of fuche empaile Thei weren, that in thilke wife, Der father Mars foz the merualle The god is cleved of bataile .

Thei weren his thilden both two,
Through hem he toke his name is:
There was none other cause why,
And yet a serre upon the skie
The bath unto his name applied,
In whiche that he is signified.
The whom for counsaple thei beseke,
To whom for counsaple thei beseke,
The whiche was brother to Venus,
Apollo men hym clepe thus.
The was an hunt upon the hilles,

There was with hymrno vertue elles, where that any vokes carpe, Wut onely that he couth harpe: whiche whan he walked over londe, full ofte time he toke on honde, To get hym with his lustenance, fo; lacke of other purveance. And otherwhile of his falsehede The seigneth hym to come a rede Of thyng, whiche afterwarde thuld fall, wherof amonge his seightes all, The hath the lewde solke deceived, So that the better he was received.

Lo nowe through what creation De bath beificacion. And cleved is the god of wit Mo luche as be the fooles pit . Can other god, to whom thet fought, Mercurie hight, and hym ne rought, what thong he fale, ne whom ne flough. Df forcerie be couth enough. That wha be wold bym felfe transforme, full ofte tyme be toke the forme Df woman, and his owne lefte: So bid he well the moze thefte. A great speker in all thonges De was allo, and of lefynges An autour, that men wiften none An other fuche as be was one .

And pet thei maden of this thefe a god, whiche was buto bem lefe, And cleped bym in tho belenes, The god of marchantes, and of theues. But pet a fferre bpon the beuen De bath of planettes leuen . Wit Vulcanus, of whom I fpake, De bab a courbe bpon the backe, And therto be was hippe halte, Df whom thou buderstonde shalte: De was a threive in all his pouth, And be none other bertue couth Df crafte to belpe bym felfe with, But onely that he was fmith with Iupiter, whiche in his forge Diners thynge made hym forge. Do wote I not for what before Thei cleped bym the god offpre. ERPnge of Little Hipolitus

A forme hab, and Bolus De hight, and of his fathers graunt, De helde by wey of conenant, The gonernaunce of euery fle, whiche was longende bnto Sicile, Df hem that fro the londe fozent, Late bpon the topnoe all pleine, And fro thilke iles in to the londe full ofte cam the wynde to bonde . And after the name of hom for the The wyndes cleped Eoli Thei were, and he the god of wynde. Lo nowe howe this belene is blynde. The honge of Crete Iupiter, The lame, whiche I lpake of er, Ulnto his brother, whiche Neptune was hote, it lift hym to commune Parte of his good, fo that by thip De made hom Aronge of the lozothip Df all the lea in tho parties, where that be wrought his tyrannies. And the frange yles aboute De wan, that every man bath doute Thom his marche for to fayle. for he anone hem wolde allayle and robbe, what thong that thei labben. Dis faufe conduit but if thei babben; no berof the commen voice aroos In enery londe, that fuche a loos De caught, all nere it worth a frea, That he was cleped of the fea The god by name, and get he is withhem, that lo beleue amis.

This Neprune eke, was thike also, whiche was the first founder tho Denoble Troie, and he for the Was well the more lette by.

The lorelman of the thepeherdes,
And eke of hem that nether des,
was of Arrade, and hyght Pan :
De whom hath spoke many a man for in the woode of Advantage,
Enclosed with the trees of pigne,
And on the mount of Pariste,
And on the mount of Pariste,
And eke beneth the baltie,
where these the baltie,

The was the chiefe of governours
Df hem, that kepten tame beafes,
wherof thei maken pet the feates
In the citie of Stimphalides.
And forth with all yet netheles,
The taught men the forth drawpinge
Df bestaile, and the the makinge
Df oren, and of hors the same,
Town men hem shulbe rive and tame.
Df soules che, so as we synde,
full many a subtile crafte of hynde
The source, whiche no man knowe to sore.

Men did hom worthop ete therfore That he the fraft in thilke londe Was, whiche the melodie fonde Df reedes, whan thei weren ripe, with double pipes, for to pipe: Therof he pafe the fysit loze, Till afterwarde men couth moze. To every crafte of mans helpe De had a redp witte to belpe Abzough naturall experience. And thus the nice reverence Of fooles, whan that he was beade, The foote was tourned to the heade, And clepen bym god of nature . For lo thei maden his lygure. Can other god, fo as thei fele, Whiche Iupiter boon Semele Begatte in his auoutrie, pohom foz tobibe bis letherie, That none therof fhall take kepe, In a mountagne for to hepe, whiche Dion hight, and was in Inde. De fent, in bokes as 3 fynbe, And be by name Bacchus hight, whiche afterwarde, whan that he might, A wasto, was, and all his rent In wome and bozdell be dispent. But pet all were he mounder bab. Amonge the grekes a name be bab, Thei cleped hom the god of wine. And thus a glotton was binine. There was pet Esculapius A god in thilke tome as thus. Dis crafte Robe bpon furgerie, But for the lufte of letherie That be to Daires bonghter brongh,

It fell, that Iupiter bym dough. And pet thei made bym nought for thy A gob, and wiff no cause why . In Kome, be was longe tyme fo A god amonge the Komaines tho. for as be laide of his prefence, There was bifroied a peffilence, Mohan thei to the ile Delphos went, and that Apollo with him fent This Esculapius bis fonne, Amonge the Romannes for to wome: And there be bwelte for a while, Till afterwarde in to that ple, fro when be cam, avene be tourneth. where all bis life that be folourneth Amonge the grekes, till that be bepbe. And thei bpon bpm than lepbe Dis name, and god of medicine De batte, after that fike lene an other got of Hercules Thei mabe, ivbiche was netheles a man, but that be was fo ftronge, In all this worlde that brode and longe in Do mighty was no man, as bee: Meruailes twelue in bis begree as it was couth in fonder londes De bib with his owne hombes, Ageine geantes and moniters both, The whiche horrible were and loth : hader But be with frength bem ouercant, andit poberof lo great a price be nam, a endiate That thei bym clepe amonges all The god of Arengthe, and to bym calle. And pet there is no reason time . C. so id at for be a man was full of fpune, mobiche proued was boon his ende. Sogin a rage bym felfe be bzenbe. And fuche a cruell mans bebe Accordeth nothunge with godbebe. Thei had of goddes pet an otherang andie mbliche Pluto bight, and mas the brother Of Iupiter, and be for pouth to an intel with energ worde, whiche cam to mouth Df any thynge, whan be was wroth, De wolde Cwere his common othe, dan & 18p Lethen, and Phlegeron, 1 star aid 18p Cocytus, and Acheron, in the tol tuell The whiche after the bokes tell original

WHIRE THE STATE OF

Ben the chiefe flooder of belle 2 mile 18y Segne, and Styge be from allo That ben the bepe pitten two De hell the most principall. Pluto thefe other ouer all Divoze of his common cufformance. Till it befell bpon a chance, That be for Iupiters fake Cinto the goddes lette bo make A facrifice, and for that bebe, Due of the pittes for bis mebe In bell, of whiche I spake of er, was graunted bym, and thus be ther alpon the fortune of this thonge The name toke of belle konge. Lo thele gobbes and well mo Amonge the grekes thei had tho, And of gobbeffes many one, whole names thou thalt bere anone; And in what wife they beceiven The foles, whiche ber feith receinen.

Mater dearum. Tho as Saturne is louerayne Df falle gobbes, as thei fagne So is Cybele of goodeffes denomination The mother, whom without geffen The falke prepu, bonour, and ferne, As they, the whiche her lawe observe. But for to knowen boon this. fro when the cam and what the is, Berecinthia the countret bight . where the cam first to mans light, And after was Saturnus wife, 13p whom the chilozen in hir life She bare, and thei were clepeb the Iuno, Neptunus, and Pluto, The whiche ofnice fantalie The people wolde beifie And for bir children were formalla with a Cybele than was allo Mabe a gobbeffe, and thei bircalt The mother of the goddes all . Do was that name boze forth, And vetthe cause is littell worth. Ta boice bnto Saturne tolbe do da la Dow that his owne forme bom folde Dut of bis reigne put awep: And be because of thilke wep, ... I

That bom toas thave fuche an bate, Cybele his wife began to bate, And eke bir progenie bothe . And thus white that thei were worth. 38p Philyra bpon a bate In his anoutrie be late, On whom he Iupiter begat: and thilke thilbe was after that. me biche woonght all that was propherieb, As it tofoze is fperifieb. so whan that Iupiter of Crete was konge, a wife buto bom mete, The boughter of Cybele be toke, And that wos Iuno, faith the boke, Df his beificacion, After the falle opinion, meinig out and delle That have I tolve; fo as thei mene. And for this Iuno was the quene Df lupiter, and fpfter ete, The fooles buto bir felte, an and Theo deto And feyn, that the is the goddeffe Of reignes bothe, and of richelles And the the as thei broerfonde, add at the The water Mymphes bath in bonde To leaben at bir owne belle : 15 mod hod a And whan bir lift the fate tempet. The reynbowe is hir mellagere . ad ata ne Lo whiche a milbeleue is bere, tobar That the goddelle is of the fate, In other gobbelle is Minerue, To whom the grekes obey and ferue, And the was nigh the great lay Df Triton founde, where the lap A childe for rall, but inhat the was, 1000 There knewe no man the foth cas : while ! But in Affrike the was lepbe, In the maner as I have fepbe, de la con And caried from that tike place win in the In to an ple farre in Thrace, then have The whiche Pallene than hight, in formed! tobere a nogice bir kepte and bight. in diffe And after for the was to wife, it about A That the fonde fyell in hir aufle The cloth makinge of woll and line, and in Men faiden that the was deuine, and And the goddelle of laptence idrio mil Thei clepen bir in that crebence, a grana me De the gobbelle, tobiche Pallas Is cleved, fonder fpeche ipas . Dne faith bir father was Pallant, pobiche in his time was a geant, A cruell man, a bataplous. An other faith, bow in his bous Dhe was the cause why be bepoe. and of this Pallas fome the fapte. That the Martes wife was, and fo Amonge the men that were tho Df mylbeleue in the ryote, The govelle of bataile the bote was, and yet the bereth the name . powe loke how thei be for to blame. Saturnus after bis erile fro Crete, tam in great perile Into the londes of Itaile : And there be bid great meruaile : noberof his name owelleth pit . for be fonde of his owne wit The fyst crafte of plough tillpinge, Of earphge, and of come fowynge, and bowe men thulbe fet bines, And of the grapes make wines . All this be taught, and it fell fo. Dis wyfe, the whiche cam with him tho, was cleped Ceres by name. and for the taught allo the fame, and was his wife that fike throwe, as it was to the people knowe, Thei made of Ceres a goodeffe, In whome her tylthes pet they bleffe, And fagen that Triptolemus, Dir fonne goth amonges bs, And maketh the come good chepe of bere, Ryght as hie lift from pere to pere. Do that this wife, because of this, Goddelle of come cleped is: Elkynge lupiter, whiche his likynge pobilom fulfilled in all thynge, So prineliche abont be lab Dis luft, that he his will had Df Latona, and on hir that Diane his doughter be begat, Ulnknowen of his wife Iuno. But afterwarde the knewe it lo, That Latona for brede fled Into an yle, where the bed

Dir wombe, whiche of chilbe aros, Thilhe ile was cleped Delos, In whiche Diana was forth brought, And kepte fo, that bir lacked nought. and after whan the was of age, the toke none bede of mariage, But out of mans companie bbe toke bir all to benerie. In a and to and In fozeffe and in wilbernelle for there was all bir befineffe By bate, and the by nightes tibe, to ith arowes brobe buber the fibe, And both in bonde, of wbiche the flough, And toke, all that bir lpt enough Df beaffes, whiche ben chareable, apperof the cronike of this fable baith, that the gentils molt of all worthip bir, and to bir calle t And the goodelle of high billes, Di greene trees, of frelibe welles, Thei clepen bir in that beleue, mobiche that no reason mate acheue. Proferpina, whiche boughter was Df Ceres, befell this cas, named to the mbtle the was bwelling in Cecile, 119 Dir mother in that alse while and lere for to weave and frime and divelle at bome, and kepe bir inne. West the caft all that lose awete. and as the went bir out to plete, it To gather floures in a plaine, manaital and that was buder the mountaine Df Ethna, felle the fame tibe girafan and That Plato cam the way ribering an admit 2 and fobeinly, er the was ware, De toke bir by into bis chare. and as thei riben in the felbe, Dir great beautee be bebelbe, that malitage whiche was fo plefant in his ele, dans That for to bolde in companie, and and De webbeb bir, and belbe bir fo To'ben bis wife for euermo . data sand I

And as then hall toface berbe telle, howe be was cleped god of belle, ho is the cleped the goddelle, Because of bym ne more ne telle The thus my forme, as I the tolar. The grekes whilom by bate oldes Der gobbes bab in londale wile: And through the lose of her apprile, The Romaines beide che the fame, And in worthip of her name, To every god inspeciall Thei mabe a temple foath withail: And the of her peres date Attitled bab, and of arrais The temples weren than opbeined, 100 And the the people was confireigned, To come and bone ber facrifice . The preeftes the in her office and and and And thus the grekes like to beaffes That men in febe of gob bonour, wbiche might nought bem felle focont, no bile that thei were aline bere. And oner this as thon thalte bere, The grekes (fulfilleb of fantalle) Dayne eke, that of the billes bye The godden ben inspectall, But of her name in generall a samo sa & Thet boten all Saryri . no ste sa research There ben of nymphes property In the beleue of bem alfo : Oreades that faiben tho the standards Attitled ben to the mountaines.

And for the toobbes in bemeines To hepe, the ben Driades, To he had his Dffrethe welles Naiades. And of the nymphes of the fee and and and I fonde a tale in propertee, Dowe Dorus whilem trying of Grees, wbiche bab of infortune a pece : Dis wife, forth with bis boughter alle, an 101 m so as the bappes thuive falle, with many a gentil woman there, 12 day Dreint in the falte fea thep were: moberof the greken that trine faphen, And fuche a name bpon bem layben, Nereides that thei ben bote The nymphes, whiche that thei note To reigne bpon the fremes falte.

Lo nowe if this belene balt.
Sout of the numphes as thei telle,
In every place where thei twelle,

Thei ben all reby obelfant,
As bamopfelles attenbant
To the goddes, whole fervice
Thei mote obey in all wife:
whereof the grekes to bem befeke,
with them that ben goddelles eke,
And have in hem a great credence,
And yet without experience
Ante onely of illusion,
whiche was to bem bamnacion.

for men alfo that were bebe Thei babben gobbes as I rebe, and the by name Manes bigbten. To wbom full great bonour thei bigbten. to as the grekes lawe fayth : pobiche was apene the right feith . Thus have I tolde a great partie, But all the bolle progente Df gobbes in that ilke tyme To longe it were for to rome. But pet of that whiche theu haft berbe, Di mpsbeleue, bow it bath ferbe, There is a great biuerfitee . I Mp father right fo thinketh mee. But pet one thynge I you befeche, pobiche fant in all mens fpeche, The gob, and the gobbelle of loue, Of whom ye nothunge bere about Daue tolbe, ne fpoken of ber fare, That pe me wolde nowe beclare, Dowe thei fyat come to that name. TMp fonne 3 baue lefte it for thame. Becaule 3 am bir owne preeff, But for theiRonde nigh the breff Clyon the thrifte of thy matere, Thou Chalt of them the footh bere.

And understonde now well the cas.
Venus Saturnus doughter was,
whiche all daunger put aweie,
De loue, and sonde to lust a weie,
Do that of hir in sondie place
Divers men sell in to grace,
And suche a lusty life the labbe,
That the divers children had.
Dowe one by this, nowe one by that,
of hir it was that Mars begat
A thilde, whiche cleped was Armene.
Of hir also cam Androgene:

To whom Mercurie father was. Anchises begatte Eneas Dfbir allo, and Hericon Biten begatte, and therbpon, whan that the figh ther was none other, 13p Iupiter, bir owne brother the lap, and be begat Cupide. And thilke fonne bpon a tibe, whan be was come buto bis age, De had a wonder fapze bilage. And fond bis mother amozons. and be was alfo lecherous : Do whan thei were bothe alone: As be whiche eien bab none To lee realon, bis mother hiff. and the alfo that nothing will, But that, whiche bnto bis luft belonketh. To bene bir louer bym bnberfongeth. Thus was be bipnoe, and the buwis. But neuertheles this caule it is. whiche Cupide is the goo of loue. for be bis mother burff loue, And the, whiche thought hir luftes fonde, Diners loues toke on bonbe well moze than I the tell bere. And for the wolde ber felfe there, the made common that bilposte, And fet a lawe of fuche a poste, That enery woman might take, what man bir lift, and nought forfakt To ben as common as the wolbe. Dhe was the fpift alfo, whiche tolor, That women thulb ber boop felle. Semiramis, fo as men telle,

And so bid in the same wise

And so bid in the same wise

Of Rome saire Neabolie,
whiche solve her body to Regolie.
The was to enery man selaw,
and beloe the tuste of thiske sawe,
whiche Venus of hir selfe beganne,
where sthat the the name wanne,
where sthat the the name wanne,
why men hir clepen the goddest
of souldes luste, and of plesance

Dee nowe the soule mystreance.
Of grekes in thiske tyme tho,
whan Venus toke hir name so.

There was no rank buber the moone, Diwhiche thei habben the to boone. Of well or we where to it was, That thei no token in that cass a god to beipe or a godbelle, where it take my witnelle.

E Dota be epiflota Dinbimi regie Bragmamos bum Afregandzo magno birecta, voi bicit, q Gre ci tile ab coppozie cofernacione p figutie mebbie fingulos beos (pecialiter appropriati crebunt.

The honge of Bragmans Dindimus magete bnto Alifander thus. In blampinge of the grekes fatth: and of the milbeleue be faith. Prowe thei for every membre babben A fonder god, to whom thei fpradben Der armes, and of belpe beloughten. Minerue for the beat thei loughten, for the was wife, and of a man The witte and reason whiche be can Is in the celles of the brayn, noberof thei made bir fouerapn . Mercurie, whiche was in bis bawes A great speaker of fals lawes : Dn bym the keppinge of the tonge Thet late, toban thet fpeke og fonge. Tfo: Bacchus was a glotton eke, Dym for the throte thei befeke, That be it wolde wallben ofte moth foote brinkes and with fofte. The god of Bulbers and of armes mas Hercules, for be in armes The mightieft was to fight, To bym the lymmes thet bebigbt. The got, whom thei clepen Mart, The beeft to hepe bath for bis part. for with the berte in bis image, That be abbreffe to bis courage. and of the galle the godbelle, Hor the was full of baffinelle Df wath, and light to greue alfo, Thei mabe, and fapt, it was Iuno. Cupide, which the brond of fire, Bare in his bonde, be was the fire Df the flomacke, whiche boileth ener, wherof the luftes ben the leuer . TTo the goodeffe Ceres,

whiche of the come pale bir encrees, Apon the feith that the was take, The wombes cure was betake.

Canb Venus throughe the lecherie, for whiche their bir beithe whe kept all boune the remenant To thills office apperteinant.

E Dota de paima Jdologum cultura, que en feis Bus paecipus flatuis exoata est, quarum paima fuitista, quam in filii fui memoriam quida Paina cepa nomine Eirophanes a feulptore Paomothes fabricari conflituit.

Thus was differs in sondie wife
The misbeleue, as I benife,
with many an ymage of entaile
Of suche as might bem not anaile.
For the without lines there
Ulumights be to see, or here
Or speke, or bo, or elles fele,
And yet the sooles to bem knele,
whiche is her owne hande werke.
A lorde howe this belene is derke,
And fer fro reasonable witte:
And netheles they bon it pit.

That was this baie a ragged tree. To mozoine boon bis maieltee totant in the temple well befepne. Bowe might a mang realon fepn. That fucbe a foche maie belpe o; greue ? But thei, that ben of fuche beleue, And buto fuche gobbes calle : It hall to bem right fo befalle, And failen at molt neebe. But if the lpft to take beebe, And of the art ymage witte, Petronius therof bath waitte, And the Nigargarous alfo, And thei afferme, and waite fo. That Promotheus was tofoze. And fonde the fpall crafte therfore. And Cirophanes, as thet telle, Through counfell, which was take in bell, In remembrance of his lignage, Let letten by the fyrit ymage .

De Cirophanes, fetth the booke, That he for forow, whiche he toke Of that he figh his fonne bede, Of comfort kneive none other rede,

But

But lete do make in remembrance
A faire image of his femblance,
And fet it in the market place:
whiche openly to fore his face
brood enery day, to done bym eafe:
And thei that than wolden pleafe
The fader, thuld it obeye,
whan that thei comen thilke weye.

T Secunda flatua fuit illa, quam ad ful patrie Beft eufturam, ren ginua fiert et abogari beeres uit. Et fic de nomine Beft poftea Bet et Befsebub Idolum accreuit.

And of Nilus hongeof Affire I rebe, bow that in his Empire De was nert after the feconde Df bem, that first images founde. for be right in femblable caas Df Belus, whiche bis faber was, from Dembroth in the right line, Lete make of gold and fones fine A precious image riche After bis faber euenliche: And therbpon a lawe be fette. That every man of pure bette, with facrifice, and with truage, Donour Thulb thilke image. so that within tyme it felle, Df Belus cam the name of Belle, De Bel cam Belfabub and fo The milbeleue went tho.

Certia flatua fuit ille , que ab fonozem Apie Regie Gracozii feutpta fuit, cui poftea nome Se rapie imponètee ipfum quafi bell pagani cotuerit

The third image next to this, whan the hynge of Grece Apis was beed, thei made a figure In refemblance of his Pature.

Pf this kynge Apis feith the booke, That Serapis his nome tooke, In whom through longe continuance Pfmilbelene a great creance Thei habben, and the reverence Pflacrifice and of encence To bym thei made, and as thei telle Amonge the wonders, that befelle, whan Alexander fro Candace Lam risend in a wilde place

Winder an bille a caue be fonde. and Candalus, whiche in that londe was bose, and was Candaces fonne, Dim told, bow that of common wome The gobbes were in thilke caue. And be that wolde allage and baut A linowlagering, if it be foth, Light of bis boss, and in be gothe, and fond therin, that be fought. for through the fenbes fleight bim thought, Amonge other gobbes mo, That Scrapis spake to bim tho, whom be ligh there in great arafe. and thus the fende from bale to bale The worthip of ivolatrie Drough forth byon the fantalie Df bem, that were than blynbe, And couthen nought the trouth finde.

Thus hall thou berd in what degree of Greec, Egypte, and Chaldee
The misbeleue whilom Acod,
And howe so thei be not good
he trewe, yet thei sprongen oute,
where the wyde worlde aboute
His part of misbeleue toke:
Til so befelle, as seith the boke,
That god a people sor him selue
Hath chose, of the images twelve,
where the sother redily,
As it is written in Genesie
I thinke telle in surfe,
That it shall be to them a prise.

TDe Ibespeopum feu Gub zopum feela, quopum Sinagoga, ecclefia Ebpifti fuperuenitte, befecit.

Cafter the flood, fro whiche Noe was faufe, the worlde in his degree was made as who letth newe agent Of floure, of fruit, of gras, of green, of beat, of byth, and of mankind, whiche ever bath be to god unkind. For not withfloodinge all the fare, of that this worlde was made to bare, among the men was nothing mored among the men was nothing mored Toward god of good linguinge:
38ut all was torned to likenge after the fielie, to that forgets

11. D.

was be, fobiche pafe bem life and mete, Df beuen and erth creatour . And thus cam forth the great errour . That thei the high god ne knewe, But maden other gobbes newe, As thou ball berbe me laibe tofoze. There was no man that tyme boze, That be ne bab after bis chovce A god, to wom pe pafe his boyce. Wherof the milbeleue cam In to the tome of Abraham: But be fonde out the right weie, Dowe onely men fulbe obeie The bigh god, whiche welbeth all, And euer hath bone, and euer fhall, In beuen, in erth, and ehe in belle, There is no tonge his might maie telle. This Watriarche to bis linage forbab, that thei to none pmage Encline thulbe in no wife : But ber offrende and facrifice, with all the bole bertes loue, White the mighty god about Thei thulben yeue, and to no mo.

And thus in thilke tyme tho
Began that lect byon this erthe,
whiche of belenes was the ferthe,
Df rightouines it was conceived:
So must it neves be received
Of hym that all ryght is in,
The high god, whiche wolde wynne
A people but his owne feyth,
On Abraham the grounde he leyth,
And made hym for to multiplie
Into so great a progense,
That they Agypte all over sprad.

But Pharao with wronge bem lad In servitude agene the pees,
Till god let sende Moises,
To make the deliverance.
And sor his people great vengeance de toke, whiche is to here a wonder,
The kyng was slayn, the londe put buder,
Bob bad the read see devide,
whiche stode opright on enery side,
and pase buto his people a weie,
That thei on sote it passed dreve,
and gone so forth in to deserte,

where to to kepe bem in covert . The dates whan the Conne brent, A large cloude bem querwent. And for to willen bem by night, A firie piller bem alight . And whan that they for bonger plaine, The mighty god began to rayne, Manna fro beuen botone to grounde. usberof that eche of hem bath founde Dis foode, fuche right as bym lift . And for thei thuld byon bom triff, Right as who fet a tonne a broche, De perced the barbe roche. And fpronge out water all at wille. That man and beft bath bonke bis fille. and afterwarde be pafe the lawe To Moyfes, that hem withdrawe Thei thulb not fro that be bab . And in this wife thei be lad. Mill thei toke in pollellion The londes of promittion, where that Caleph and Iofue The marches bpon luche degree Departen after the linage, That eche of bem as beritage Dis pourpartie hath biverfonge. And thus fode this beleue longe, Whiche of prophetes was gouerned. And thei had eke the people lerned Df great honour, that thulo hem falle: But at moff nebe of all They fattoen, whan Christ was boze. But bowe that thei ber feith baue loze, It nebeth nought to tellen all, The mater is lo generall Twhan Lucifer was best in beuert. And ought motte haue fonde in euen, Towardes god be toke bebate. And for that he was obffmate. And wold nought to trouth encline. De fell euer into ruine . Cano Adam eke in parabile, noban be ftode mofte in all bis paffe, After the fate of Innocence. Apen the god bake bis befence, And fell out of his place aweie. And right by luche maner wepe The Jewes in ber belt plite,

Waban

whan that the Chulve most perfite Daue fonde bpon the prophecte, Tho fellen thei to mofte folie, And hom, which was fro benen come. And of a maide his flelfhe bath nome, And was amonge bem boze and feb, As men that wolben nought be fped, Df gobbes fonne, with o boice Thei benge and flough byon the croice: wherof the perfite of her lawe fro then forth bem was withbrawe, to that thei fonbe of no merite, But in truage as folke fubierte. mothout propretee of place Thei linen out of gobs grace, Difpers in all londes out . And thus the feith is come aboute, That wilome in the Jewes frood, Whiche is nought perfitelich good .

To speke as it is nowe befalle, There is a feyth abouen all, In whiche the trouth is comprehended, wheref that we ben all amended.

The fibe Chriftiana, in qua perfecte legis complementil, fummi mifteril factamentil, noftreg fat uacionis filbametil i fallibiliter cofiftere creditur.

The high almighty maieffee, Df rightoulnes, and of pitte, The fynne, whiche that Adam woought, Whan he ligh tome avene be bought, And fend his fonne fro the beuen, whiche mans lowle bath let in even, And hath bis grace reconciled. fro whiche the man was first eriled, And in hym felfe fo foze fall, Thon the poput whiche is befall, That be ne might bim felfe arife. CGregorie faith in his aprile, It belpeth nought a man be boze, If gods fonne were buboze . for than through the first fpnne, mbiche Adam whylom brought be inne, There fbulben all men be loft: But Chrift reffozeth thilke loff, And bought it with his fielthe and blood. And if we thynken, howe it flood

Df thilke ramion, whiche he paide, as laynt Gregorie it wrote and laide, all was behously to the man. If or that, wheref his wo began, was after cause of all his welth, whan he, whiche is the well of helthe, The high creatour of life,
Then the nede of suche a strife, so wold he for his creature
Take on hym selfe the forfeiture, and suffer so, the mans sake.

Thus maie no reason well forlake, That thilke linne oziginall De was the cause in speciall Df mans worthip at laft whiche thall withouten end laft. Hoz by that cause the godhede Affembled was with the manbede, In the birgine, where be nome Der deithe, and bery man become Df bodely fraternitee. usherof the man in his bearee Stant moze worth, as 3 baue tolbe Than he fode erft by many folde, Through baptilme of the newe lawe, Df whiche Christe lozde is and felawe, Through bertue of his might, whiche in Mary was alight To binde mans foule agayne. and this beleue is fo certapne, So full of grace and of bertue, That what man clepeth to lefu, In clene life, forth with good bebe-De maie not failen of beuen mede, So that it font bpon beleue, That every man maie well acheue, whiche taken bath the right feith . for elles, as the gofpeil feith. Saluacion there maie be none . And for to preche ther bon Christ bad to his apostles all, The whole power as nowe is falle On bs, that ben of boly churche, If we the good dedes wurche. for fepth, but if there be good bebe, Thapolite fepth, is worth no mede. Espowe were it good, that thou for thy, whiche through baptiline proprety

Art buto Chriffes feuth profeffeb, Beware that thou be not oppressed with antichaites lollardie. For as the Jewes propherie was let of god for auantage: Right fo this newe tapinage Df lollarbie goth aboute, ing an chain an III To lette Chailtes feithe in doute. The faintes, that were be tofoze, 16p fuhome the feithe was firft bp boze, That holy churche Code releved: Thei quatte better be beleueb. Than thefe, whiche that men knowe, Not holy, though thei feigne and blowe Der lollardie in mennes eare. But if thou wolt love out of feare. Suche newe loze I rebe elcheine. And holde forth right the weie, and feine As then aunceftres did er this: So thalt thou nought beleue amis . Chrifte wought fyzit, and after taught, So that his dede the worde araught : De pafe enfample in his parione, and we the wordes have alone Like to the tre with leues greene, Alpon the whiche no fruite is feene.

Oota geum Anthenos pattabium Crole a templo Minerue abfiulit, Choas ibidem fums mue facerdos auro corruptus, oculos auertit, et fic malum quafinon bidens fcienter fieri permifit,

The priest Thoas, whiche of Minerue
The temple had for to serve,
And the Palladion of Arose
Repte buder keie: for monete
Df Anthenor whiche be hath nome,
Dath suffed Anthenor to come,
And the Palladion to stele,
wheref the worthip and the wele
Of the Arosans was overthrowe.

What Thoas at same throwe, whan Anthenor this Jewell toke, women cast away his loke, for a beceite, and for a wile, As he that shuld hym selfe begile, We hid his even fro the sight, and wende well, that he so might

Groule bis fals confcience.

I wote not if thilke enivence

Pow at this time in her affates,

Ercule might the prelates,

Rnowend how that the feith discretcth

And all morall vertue celleth:

Wherof that thet the keyes bere,

But yet hem liketh not to flere

Her goffly eie for to see

The worlde in his adversitee.

Thei woll no labour bndertake

Ao kepe that hem is betake.

Christe bied bym felle for the fepth, But nowe our ferfull pzelate fepth. The life is livete, and that be kepeth, So that the feith bubolpe fleveth, And thei bnto ber eale entenben. And in ber luft ber life bilpenben. And every man do what hom lift. Thus Cant this worlde fulfilled of mile. That no man feeth the right weie. The wardes of the churche beie. Through milhandlynge ben millweint. The worldes walve bath welnigh breine The thip whiche Peter bath to ffere. The forme is kept, but the matere Transformed is in other wife, But if thei weren goffip wile. And that the prieftes were good, As thei by olde baies froobe, 3c were than litell neve, Among the men to taken bebe, Df that thei beren Pfeudo tell. whiche nowe is come for to pivelle To fowe Lockil with the come, So that the tilthe is nigh forlorne, whiche Christ fewe first his owne bonde, Nowe frant the Cockill in the londe, where fode whilom the good greyne. for the prelates noive, as men feyne, forlouthen that thei thulo tille: And that 3 troine be the faille, whan there is lacke in bem about. The people is Aranged to the lone Df trouth, in caule of ignozance. So; where there is no purue fance Df light, men erren in the barke. But if the prelates wolven warke

Men thulben nought her wate feche
without light as nowe is bled.
Wen fee the charge all date refused,
whiche holy churche hath undertake.

E Gregozius. Quando Petrus cum Judea, Andreas cum Achaia, Chomas cum India, et Paulus eil gente venient, quid dicemus nos mos derni, quoril fossultatentil y nifito coputabitus,

That who that wolde ensample take. Gregorie boon his Dmelie Agene the flouth of Pzelacte Complaineth hom, and thus he faith:

whan Peter, father of the faith At domes date thall with bym barnge Iudea, whiche through his prechynge De wan, and Andrewe with achaie Shall come his bette for to pale, and Thomas eke with his beyete Df Indie, and Porle the routes great De fonday londes to prefent: and we fulfilled of londe and rent, mehiche of this worlde we holden bere, mith boibe honbes thall appere, Touchende our cure fpirituall, whiche is our charge in speciall. I not what thenge it male amount, Cloon thilke ende of our accompte, whiche Christ bom felle is aubitour, whiche taketh none hebe of bein honour, The office of the Chancellerte, D; of the hynges treafogie, De for to write, ne for to talle, To warrant may not than availe. The worlde, whiche noise to well we trow, Shall make be than but a mowe . So palle we without mede, That we none otherwile fpebe. But as we rede, that he fpedde, The whiche his lozdes belaunt hebbe, And therbpon gat none encrees. But at his tyme netheles, what other man his thanke beferue, The worlde fo luffie is to ferue That we with bim ben all accorded. And that is will and well recorded Abzough out this erthe in all londes.

Let knightes wortne with her bombes. for our tonges thall be ffill, And france byon the fieffbes will It were a tranaile for to preche The faith of Christ as for to teche The folke painint, it woll not bee. But euery prelate holde his fee, with all fuche as be maie geate Df lufty bainke, of lufty meate, wherof the boop fatte and full, As buto goffely labour bulle. And flough to handle thilke plough. But els we ben lwifte enough Mowarde the worldes Anarice, And that is as a facrifice, whiche after that thapostle saith. Is openly avene the faith. Unto the tools youe and graunted. But netheles as it is nowe haunteb, And bertue changed into bice. So that largelle is Auarice, In whole chaptre nowe we treate. TMy father this matter is beats to far, that euer while 3 line, I thall the better bede pene Unto my felle by many wepe. But over this nowe wolde I prepe, To witte what the branches are Df Anarice, and howe thei fare, Als well in lone as otherwife. The forme and I the thall benfle, In fuche a maner as thei fonde, So that thou thalt beneettonbe.

Agros iŭgit agris Cupid domiba domolo, Possidiat totam fic quafi solus humum. Solus & innumeros mulieru spirat amores, Vt sacra millenis sit sibi culta Venus,

e lbic tractat Confessos super illa specie auss vitte, quæ cupibitas dicitur, qua in amozie causa pertractana amanti super boc opponit.

Dame Avarice is nought folagne, whiche is of golde the capitagne:
But of hir courte in fondite wife,
After the fehole of hir apife,
She hath of fernantes many one,
whereof that Coverife is one:
whiche with the large worlde about

To feche thauauntages out, i and in in where that he mate the profite winne, Anarice and bayingeth it inne: That one balt, and that other braweth, There is no bate whiche bem bedaweth. Do moze the fonne than the moone, whan there is any thonge to boone, And namely with Couetife. for be fant out of all affile Of reasonable mans fare, where he purpofeth bym to fare Cloon bis lucre, and bis bevete, The fmall pathe, the large frete, The furlonge, and the longe mile, All is but one for thilke while. And for that he is luche one holde Dame Auarice bom bath with holde, As he whiche is the principall, Dutwarde for he is ouer all A purueour, and an efpie. for right as of an bungrie pie The frome beaffes ben awaiteb: Right lo is Couetife affaiteb. To loke where he maie purchace. for by his will be wolde enbrace All that this wipe worlde beclippeth . But ener be fomtwhat ouerhippeth, That be maie not all fulfille The luftes of his gredie wille. But where it falleth in a londe, That Couetife in mightie bonde Is fette, it is full harde to febe. for than be taketh none other bebe, But that be maie purchace and gete, Dis conscience bath all fozpete, And not what thonge it male amounte, That be thall afterwarde accompte . But as the Luce in his degree Df tho, that leffe ben than ber, The fiffbes grebily benoureth, Do that no water bem foroureth: Right lo no laine maie rescome fro hom that woll not righte allowe. for where that luche one is of mighte, Dis will hall fonde in febe of righte, Thus ben the men diffroied full ofte, Till that the great god alofte, Avene lo great a conetile,

Polycuis

Redzelle it in his otone wife. And in example of all tho
I fynde a tale written fo,
The whiche for it is good to lere,
Dereafterwarde thou thalt bere.

Elbie ponit Confesso e pemplum contra mags nates cupidos, Et narral de Crasso Romanor A Imperatoze, qui turrim, in qua speculum Girgilii Rome fivum extiterat, dolosa circumuentus cus piditate eurriit, unde non solum sui ipsius perdis tionem, sed totius ciuitatis intollerabile damnum contingere causaust.

Tuoban Rome froode in noble plite. Mirgile, whiche was the parfite, A mirrour mabe of bis clergie, And lette it in the townes eie Df marbe on a piller without, That thei by thirtie mile about, 18p daie and eke allo by night, In that mirrour beholde might Der ennemies, if any were, with all ber ordinance there, pobiche thei avene the citee caft. So that while thilke mirrour laft . There was no londe, whiche might achene with werre Kome for to greue . upherof was great enuie tho And it fell that ilke tome fo, That Rome bad werres fronge Agepne Carthage, and foode longe The two citees boon debate. Carthage ligh the Gronge affate Df Rome in thilke mirrour fonde, And thought all patuely to fonde To onerthrowe it by some wile. and Hanniball was thilke while. The prince and leader of Carthage, whiche hab fet all bis courage Thon knighthode in luche a wife, That he by worthie and by wife, And by none other was counfailed: wherof the worlde is pet meruailed Df the maiffries that be wought Ulpon the marches, whiche he loughte.

And fell in thilke tyme also, The kynge of Puile, whiche was tho, Thought agene Rome to rebelle, And thus was take the quarelle,

Doine

Dowe to diffrole the mirrour.

Df Kome tho was emperour Crassus, whiche was so couctous, That he was ever desyzous of golde to gette the pillage, where that Puile, and the Carthage, where that Puile, and the Carthage, with philosophers wise and great Begynne of this matter to treat. And at last in this degree There was philosophers three, To do this thyng whiche budertoke, and therepon thei with hem toke a great treasure of golde in cofres To Rome, and thus these philosophers To gether in companie went: But no man wist what thei ment.

whan thet to Rome come were, So princly thei dwelte there, As thet that thoughten to deceine, was none, that might of hem perceine, Eill thei in sondry stedes have Ber golde under the erthe begrave In two treasours, that to beholde Thei shulde seme as thei were olde. And so forth than boon a date, All openly in good araie,

And tolden, it was her entent

To divell under his service.

And be bem alketh in what wife. And thei bym told in fuche a plite, That eche of bem bad a fpirite, The whiche aepende a moght apperet, And hem by fonday breames lereth, After the worlde that bath betio, Tinber the grounde if ought be bid Df olde treafour at any throwe, Thei Chall it in her fweuen knowe. And boon this condicion Thei fein, what golde buber the tolone Df Rome is bid, thei woll it funde, There thall nought be lefte behinde : 38e fo that be the balne bele Dem graunt : and he affenteth wele . And thus cam fleight for to dwelle with Couetife, as I the telle.

This emperour bab rebily, That thei be lodged fall by, Where he bis owne boby late.

And whan it was at mozowe bate, That one of hem favthe, that he mette, Where he a golbe hoozde thall fette. Wherof this emperour was glab, And therupon anone be bad Dis minours for to go, and monet And he hom felfe of that coupne Both forthe withall, and at his honde The treasour reop there he fonde, Where as thei faibe it fhulbe be . And who was than glad but be ? I Upon that other baie feconde Thei haue an other golde hoozde fonde, whiche the lecombe maiffer toke Alpon his fweuen and bnbertoke. And thus the fothe erperience To themperour pafe luche crebence, That all his truft, and all his feith So fikerliche on bem be leith, Df that he fonde bym fo releved. That thei be perfitly beleued, As though thei were godoes three, Dowe berken the lubtilitee .

The thirde mailler thulde mete, whiche as they faiden was brimete About hem all, and couth moste; And he without noyle or boste, All priviliche, so as he wolve Apon the morowe his sweven tolde. To the emperour right in his eare, And saide hym, that he wist where A treasour was, so plentious. Of golde, and ehe so precious. Of tewelles, and of riche stones, That it to all his hors at ones were a charge sufficient.

This loade of opon this conenant was glad, and afterhibbere it was.

The maister saide boder the glas. He tolde hym the as so; the mone De wolde acteine suche engine,
That thei the werke shuld bodersette with tymbre, and without lette Men maie the treasour sauely beine, So that the myrrour by hym seine without empeirement shall stonde.
All this the maister byon bonde

Z)ath bndertake in all wepe.

1

This lozde, whiche had his wit aloey, And was with couetife blent, Anone therto pafe bis affent . And thus to mine forth withall The tymbee fette bp ouer all, wherof the poller fobe bpzight, Mill it befelle bpon a night. Thele clerkes, when thei were ware, Dowe that the tymber only bare The poller, where the mygrour fode, Der fleight no man biberfode Thei go by night buto the mone with pitche, with fulphur, a with rofone: And whan the citee was a flepe, A wilde free in to the depe Thei calle amonge the tymber werke, And fo forth while the night was berke Defquiled in a pooze araie Thei paffeden the towne er daie. And whan thei comen bpon an bille, They lighen bow the mirrour fylle: wherofthei made iove enough, And eche of hem with other lough, And lavde: Lo what couetife Mate doe, with bem that be not wife ? And that was proued afterwarde. for every londe to Rome warde, whiche had be inbierte to foze, whan this myrour was lo forloze, And thei the wonder berde feie, Anone begonne to disobeie with werres byon enery fide. And thus hath Kome loft his price, And was befouled ouer all .

for this I fynde of Haniball,
That he of Romagnes on a date,
whan he hem fonde out of arate,
So great a multitude flough,
That of golde rynges, whiche he drough
Of gentill handes, that ben deade,
Buffhelles full three, I rede
The fylled, and made a bridge allo,
That he might over Ayber go
Ulpon the corps that dede were
Of the Romaynes, which he flough there.
Thus nowe to speke of the suyle,
The whiche after the couetise

Mas take boon this emperour,
foz he destroied the myzrour,
It is a wonder foz to here.
The Romaines maden a chayere,
And sette her emperour therin.
And sayden, foz he wolde wynns
Of golde the superfluttee,
Of golde he shulde suche plentee
Receyue, till he saide ho,
And with golde, whiche thei had tho
Boylende hote within a panne,
Into his mouthe thei pouren than.

And thus the thirst of golde was queint With golde, whiche bad ben atteint. Twherof mp fonne thou might lere Whan couetife bath loft the fere Df reasonable gouernance, There falleth ofte great greuance. for there maie be no werle thenge. Than conetife aboute a kynge If it in his persone bee, It doth the moze aduerlitee. And if it in his counfaile fronde, It barngeth all baie mischiefe to bonbe Df common harme : and if it grows within his court, it woll be knowe. for than thall the konge be pilled. The man whiche bath his londe tilled, Awaiteth nought moze redily The berneft, than thei grebily De make than warde and watche, Where thei the profite mighten catche. And pet full ofte it falleth fo, As men maie lene amonge bem tho, That be, whiche moft coneiteth faft, Dath leaff anantage at laff . for tohan fortune is there agarne. Though be coueite, it is in bavne: The happes ben nought alliche, Dne is made pooze an other riche: The courte to some it both profite, And fame ben euer in one plite, And pet thei both aliche foze Loueite, but fortune is more Ulnto that one parte fauourable. And though it be nought reasonable, This thonge maie a man fene all daie, poherof that I the telle maie

After

After ensample in remembrance,
Down enery man mais take his chance
Drow fo exchesse, or of ponerte,
Drow so it stands of the velerte,
Dree is nought enery thynge acquite.
Hor ofte a man mais see this yit,
That who best both, lest thouse shall have.
It helpeth nought the worlde to crave,
whiche out of reule and of measure
Drath ever stands in auenture,
As well in course as els where
And howe in olde daies there
It stode so as the thynges felle,
I thynke a tale sor to telle.

This ponit epemplum contra Mos, qui in bos misus regum feruientes, pro eo qui pfi fecundum eorum cupiditatem promotinon epiflunt, de regio feruitio quis i eora defectu indiferete murmurat.

An a cronike this I rede,
About a kynge, as must nede,
There was knightes and squiers
Great route, and eke officers:
Some of longe tyme hym had served,
And thoughten, that thei have descrued
Anancement, and gone without:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agone,
And thei avanced were anone.

These olde men boon this thing,
(So as theidurs) agreeme the kings
Amonge hem selse complemen ofter
But there is nothing sayde so softe,
That it ne cometh out at last.
The kings it wist, anone als fast
As he whiche was of high pridence,
The shope thersore an evidence
Of hem that plainen in the cas,
To know in whose defaute it was,
And all within his owne entent,
That no man wist what it ment.

Anone he lette two cofres make, Df one semblance, of one make, Do lyche, that no life thiske throwe, That one maie fro that other knowe: Thei were in to his chambre brought: But no man wote why thei be brought. And netheles the kynge hath bede, That thei be lette in printe flede,
As he that was of wildome fligh.
Whan he therto his tyme fligh,
All prineliche, that none it wiff,
Dis owne hondes that one chill
Of fine golde, and of fyne perie,
The whiche out of his treforie
was take, anone he filde full:
That other coffre of frame and mull,
with frones mened he filde also.
Thus be thei full both two.

So that ereliche buon a bate De bad within there he late. There foulde to fore his bedbe A bourde by fette, and fapze fozedde, And than he let the cofres fette. Cloon the bourde and bid bem fette, De linewe the names well of tho. The whiche avene hom grutcheth fo. Both of his chambre and of his balle, Anone and fent for bem all, And faide to bem in this tople: There thall no man his hap defoile, I wotte well pe hane longe ferued, And ged wote what pe hane beferued, But if it is a longe on me, Dfthat pe bnananceo be. De els if it be longe on von, The foth thall be preued noive, To floppe with your envil worde. Lo bere two cofers on the bozbe, Chefe whiche you lift of both two. And witteth well, that one of the Is with treasour so full begone, That if ve happe therupon, pe thall be riche men foz euer. Dowe chefe and take whiche pou is leuer : But be well ware, er that pe take. for of that one I bubertake, There is no maner good therin, Wherof ye might profite winne. Dowe goth to getherof one affent, And maketh your aduffement. for but I pou this baie auance, It fant boon pour ofone chance All onely in default of grace, So thall ye thewe in this place Cloon you all well affine

That no befante fhall be min.

POLLYXXXXXI

Thei knelen all, and with one boice
The kynge thei thanken of this choice.
And after that thei by artile,
And gon a floe, and hem auile,
And at last thei acozde,
wherof her tale to recozde,
To what issue thei ben falle,
A knight thall speake for hem alle.
De kneleth downe to the kynge,
And saith that thei byon this thynge
De for to wynne, or for to lese,
Wen all autled for to chese.

Tho toke this knight a perd on honde, And goth there as the cofers fronde, And with thallent of enerichone, De leid bis parde bpon one, And fetth the honge, bowe thilke fame Thei chele in requerbon by name. And preith bim that thei might it haue . The kynge whiche wolde bis bonour faue, whan be hath berbe the common boice, Dath graunted bem ber owne choice, And take bem thermpon the kepe. But for be wolde it were leve what good thei bane, as thei fuppole, De bab anone the cofer buclofe, Whiche was fulfilled with fram & ffones. Thus be thet ferued all at ones ,

Ahis kynge than in the fame ftebe, Anone that other Lofer bnbebe, Where as thei fawen great richeffe, Well moze than thei couthen geffe,

Lo, fapth the konge, nowe maie pe fee, That there is no befaute in mee. For the my felfe I woll arquite, And beareth your owne wite Df that fortune hath you refused.

And thei left of her eupll fpeche, And mercy of her kunge beleche.

E Dota de diutitarum accidencia, bbi nerrato quafiter Fredericus Romanopu imperatoz duos pauperes audmit titigantes, quozum Snue dwit, Bene poteft ditari, quem sep witt ditare. Et afine divit, quem dene wult ditare dines erif. que rep eum ad epperimetti poftea probata fuiffet, ute qui

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deum innocabat paftitum auro plenum fogtitue eft, aline Bero caponie paftitum fogte pacelegit.

Sombele to this mater like
I fynde a tale, howe frederike
Of Kome that tyme Emperour
Berde, as he wente, a great clamour
Of two beggers byon the wege:
That one of bem began to leve,

Da loto well may the name be riche,

That other fait no thynge fo, What he is ryche and well bego, To whome that god wol sende wele. And thus thei maden wordes fele. Where this lorde hath hede nome, And did hem both for to come To the paleis, where he shall ete, And bad ordeine for her meate Two passeys, whiche he lete do make. A capon in that one was bake, And in that other for to wynne Of sloreyns all that maie within the lete do put a great riches: And even as liche as man maie geste, Dutwarde thei were both time.

This begger was commanded the, De the whiche held hym to the hynge, That he frite thele boon this thunge.

De sawe hem, but he felt hem nought. So that upon his owne thought De chese the capon, and forsoke That other, whiche his felaive toke. But whan he will howe that it serve, De seyth alowde, that men it herde, Nowe have I certaynely conceived, That he mais lightly be deceived, That tristeth but o mans helpe. Whiche elles shulde go beside, whiche elles shulde go beside, I see my felawe well recover, and I mote divell still pouer.

Thus spake the begger his entent, And pooze he cam, and pooze he went, Of that he hath richeste lought, Dis infortune it wolde nought. So maie it shewe in sonorie wife, Betwene fortune and couetile,

The chance is call boom a bee But vet a man maie full ofte fee Enome offuche netbeles. whiche euer put hem felfe in pres To get hem good, and pet thet faile. and for to fpeke of this entaile Touchende of loue in thy mattere, My good forme as thou might bere. That right as it with the men food Dfinfoztune of worldes good, As thou half herbe me tell aboue: Right fo full ofte it fant by lone, Though thou couepte it euermoze, Thou Chalte hane no bele the moze, But only that, whiche is the hape, The remenant is but a fave. And netheles enote of tho There ben, that nowe coueite fo. That where as thei a woman fee, De ten or twelve though there bee, The lone is nowe fo bnauifed, That where the beautee fant affifed, The mans berte anone is there. And rouneth tales in bir ere, And feith, howe that he loueth freite. And thus he lette bom to coueite An honded though be lawe a daie, So wolde he moze than be maie. So for the great conetile Df fotie and fool empaffe, In eche of bem be fint fomwhat. That pleaseth hom, or this or that: Some one, for the is white of Chynne, Some one, for the is noble of kynne, Some one, for the hath a robie cheke, Some one, for that the lemeth meke, Some one, for the bath epen greve, Some one, for the can laugh and plepe, Some one, for the is longe and imalle, Some one, for the is lite and talle, Dome one, for the is pale and bleche, Some one, for the is lofte of fpeche, Some one, for that the is camulet, Some one, for the bath not be bleb. Some one, for the can baunce and fing. So that fome thong of his likeng De fint : and though no moze be fele, But that the bath a litell bele,

It is enough, that he therfore
Dir lone, and thus an hundred froze,
while thet be newe, he wolde he had,
whom he forfaketh, the is bad,
The blinde man no colour demeth,
But all is one right as him femeth:
ho hath his luft no indgement,
whom conetife of lone blent.
Them thinketh, that to his conetife,
howe all the worlde ne mair fuffife,
for by his wille he wolde have all,
If that it might to befall.
Thus is he comon as the firete,
I fet nought of his beyete.

Mp fonne hafte thou fuche couetile ? Mape faber fuche loue 3 Defpile, And while I live thal don ever. for in good feith pet bad I leuer, Than to coueite in luche aweye, To ben for ener till 3 Depe 9s pooze as lob, and loneles, Dut taken one, for haueles Dis thonkes is no man a line. for than a man foulde all bntbrine. There ought no wile man coneite, The lawe was not fet lo freite. for the my lelfe with all to faue, Buche one there is 3 wold hane, And none of all this other mo. Mp fonne of that thou wolveff fo, I am not worth, but ouer this, I woll the telle, bowe it is. fog there be men, whiche other wife Right onely for the sonetife, Df that thei feen a woman riche, There wol thei all ber loue affiche Dought for the beauter of bir face, De vet for been ne for grace, pobiche the bath elles right enough . But for the parke and for the plough, And other thinges, whiche therto longeth for in none other wife hem longeth To loue, but if thei profite finde. and if the profite be behynde, Der loue is euer leffe and leffe. for after that the bath richelle, Der loue is of proporcion. If thou baft furbe condicion,

for forme telle right as it ie. Myn boly faber nage pwis, Londicion luche have I none Hoz truly fader I loue one So well, with all myn hertes thought, That certes though the had nought, And were as poore as Medea, whiche was exiled for Creufa, 3 wolde hir nought the leffe lone: De though the were at hir aboue. As was the riche quene Candace, whiche to beferue loue and grace To Alifander, that was honge, Pafe many a worthye riche thonge: De elles as Panthafilee, Whiche was the quene of femines. And great richeffe with bir nam, whan the for love of Hector cam To Trote, in rescous of the towne. am of luche combicion, That though my ladie of hir felne were allo riche, as luche twelue, 3 couth not, though it were fo, No better loue hir, than 3 do. for I love in fo plaine a wife, That for to speke of couetile, As for pouerte, or for richeffe, My love is nother more ne lette. For in good feith I trowe this, So conetons no man there is. for why, and be my lable fie, That he through lokynge of his ele De thuld haue luche a Aroke within, That for no gold be might wen, De thulb nought hir lone afferte, But if be lefte there bis berte, 3Be fo it were fuche a man, That couthe fkille of a woman. for there be men fo rude fome, mban thei amonge the women come, Thei gon biber protection, That loue and his affection De thal not take bem by the fleue. foz thei ben out of that beleue, Dem lufteth of no labie chere, 18ut euer thinkend there and bere, where as the golde is in the cofre, And wol none other loue profre.

to file

28at who fo wote, what love amounteth, And by reafon truliche acompteth: Than maie be knowe, and taken bede, That all the luft of womanhebe, vobiche maie ben in a lavis face, My lady bath, and eke of grace. If men thulb peuen hir a prife, Thei maie wel lepe, howe the is wife, And lobze, and fimple of countenance, And all that to good governaunce Belongeth of a worthie wight, She hath plainly : for thilke night, That the was boze, as foz the nones, Dature let in bir at ones Beautee with bountee lo belevn, That I maie well afferme and fepn, 3 fame pet nener creature, Df comly hede, and of feture, In amy kynges region, 3Be liebe bir in comparison. And therto, as I have you tolde, Pet hath the more a thoulande folde Df bountee, and Choatly to telle, Dhe is pure heade and welle, And mygroure, and enfample of goob. who fo hir bertues bnberffood. Me thinketh it ought enought fuffile withouten other couetile, To love luche one, and to ferne, 13biche with hir chere can beferne To be beloued better pivis. Than the par cas that richeft is, And hath of golde a milion: Suche hath be myn opinion, And ener Chall, 2But netheles 3 faie nought the is haueles. That the nis riche, and well at eale, And bath enough, wher with to pleafe (Df worldes good) whome that hir liff. But one thong I wolde wel pe wiff, That neuer for no worldes good Myn hert buto hir warde food, 3But onely right for pure loue, That wote the high god aboue: Nowe fader what fair pe therto Mp fonne 3 faie it is wel bo. for take of this right good belene, what man that wol bym felfe releue

To lone in any other wife,
The shall well fynde his couetife
Shall foze greve hym at laste.
Foz suche a love maie not laste.
But nowe men seyn in our daies,
Men maken but a fewe assates,
Wut if the cause be richeste.
Foz thy the love is well the lesse.
And who that wold ensamples telle,
By olde daies as thei fell,
Than might a man well understonde,
Suche love maie not longe stonde.
How herken sonne, and thou shalt here
A great ensample of this mattere

Ehic ponit epemplum contra istos, qui non propter amozem, sed propter divitias sponsalia sumunt. Et narrat de quodam regis Apulie Se nescallo, qui non solum propter pecuniam vport dupit, sed etiam pecunie commercie Sporem sie desponsat am Bendidit.

To treat byon the cas of loue, so as we tolde here abone, I fende write a wonder thenge.

Df Puile whilom was a kynge, A man of high complexion, And yonge, but his affection, After the nature of his age, was pet not falle in his courage, The luft of woman for to knowe. So it betid byon a throwe, This loade felle in to great likenes, Dhilike hath bone the belines Di londer cures many one To make bym bolle, and therupon A worthie maiffer, whiche there was, Pafe hom counfeill byon this cas, That if he wolde haue parfite bele, De thuld with a woman bele, A freihe, a yonge, a luftie wight, To don hom companie a night. for than he lapde bym redilp, That he thall be all hole therby, And other wife be knewe no cure.

The kynge, whiche flode in a benture Of life and beth for medicine, Affented was and of coupne.

Dis fewarde, whom he truffeth well, De toke and tolde hym enery bele, Dow that this maister had saybe, And ther upon he hath hym prayde, And ther upon he hath hym prayde, And there do make purnesance, Offuche one as be conenable for his plesance, and delitable, And bad hym, howe that ever it stood, That he shall spare for no good. Hor his will is right well to pase.

The sewarde saide, he wold assaie.

But now here after thou shalt witte,

As I synde in the bokes writte,

what couetise in lone both.

Ahis stewarde, for to tell soth, Amonges all the men online a lustic ladie hath to wine, whiche netheles for golde he toke, and nought for lone, as saith the boke. A riche marchant of the londe hir fader was, and he hir sonde worthely and suche richesse worthely and suche richesse. That onely for thilke anantage of good, the stewarde hath hir take for lucre, and nought for lones sake: And that was afterwarde well sene, howe herken, what it woll mene.

The sicwarde in his owne herte Sigh, that his loade maie not afferte Dis maiadie, but he have A lustie woman hym to save, And thought he wolde yeve enough Of treasour, where he drough Great conetife into his mynde, And set his honour ferre behynde.

Thus he, whom golde hath onerfette, was trapped in his owne nette.
The golde hath made his wittes !ame, so that sechende his owne shame, De rowneth in the hynges eare, and said hym, that he wist where a gentill and a lustic one
Tho was, and thicher wolde he gone, what he mote yeue yestes great.
How but it be through great beyete
Of golde, he said he shulde not spede.

The kynge bym bad bpon the nede,

R ii

LIBER

That take an hundrede pounde he Golde, And pene it, where that he wolde, 18e fo it were in worthie place. And thus to fonde in lones grace, This kynge bis golde bath habandoned . and whan this tale was full rouned, The fewarde toke the golbe, and went, within his berte and many a went Df couetife than be cafte, Wherof a purpole at lafte (Apene loue and avene his right) De toke, and faibe howe thilke night Dis wife thall ligge by the hynge, And goth thynkende apon this thynge, Towarde his finne till be cam home In to the chambre, and than be nome Dis wife, and tolde bir all the cas. and the whiche red for thame was, with both hir handes to hym prayde Exnelende, and in this wife lapde: That the to reason and to Skille. In what thonge that he bid woll, Is redy for to bone bis belle : But this thonge that were not honelte, That he for golde bir thulbe felle.

And he tho with his wordes felle, Forth with his gailly countenance, Bayth, that the thall bone obeifance, And folowe his wille in euerp place, And thus through Arength of his manace, Dir innocence is ouerladde, noberof the was to fore adradde, That the bis wille mote nebe obeie. And therbpon was hape aweie, That be his owne wife by night Dath out of all mennes fight, (So prively that none it wiff) 282ought to the kynge, whiche as hym lift Maie do with hir what he wolde . for whan the was there as the tholde with hom a bedde buder the cloth, The Crewarde toke his leue, and goth In to the chambre faffe by : But howe be flepte, that wote not 3. for he figh cause of felouste. Tibut be whiche hath the companie Df fuche a lufty one as thee, 2)ym thought that of his degree,

There was no man to well at eate. She both all that the maie to please, So that his herte all holle the had. And thus this hynge his toic lad Till it was nigh byon the date.

The Crewarde than where the lafe Lam to the bedde, and in this wife Dath bio the Chulve arife.

The kynge faith naie, the thall not go.
The flewarde faide nothynge fo.
For the mote gone er it be knowe,
And fo I fwore, at thilke throwe,
whan I hir fette to you here.

The kynge his tale wolde not here, and leith, how that he hath hir bought. For thy the thall departe nought, Till he the bright date beholde, and caught hir in his armes folde, as he whiche his for to plete, and had his stewards gone awese, and so he did ayene his wille. And thus his wife a bedde stille. Late with the kynge the longe night, Till that it was high some light, 28ut who she was he knew nothenge.

Tho cam the flewards to the kynge, And prayds hym without flame In lauping of hir good name, De might leaden home agene This ladie, and tolde hym pleyne, Dowe that it was his owne wife.

The konge his eare buto this firite Bath lepoe : and whan that he it berbe, neell nigh out of his wit he ferde And lapoe : 2 captife moft of all, where was it ever or this befall, A hat any Coharde in this wife Betoke bis wife for couetile! Abou haft bothe bir and me begfled, And che thon owne effate reniled, wherof that burome buto the Bere after shall the neuer be . for this anothe to god I make, After this Daie, if I the take, Thou fhalte be bonged and to braine. Dowe loke anone thou be withozawe: So that I fee the neuer moze .

This fewarde that dead bym fore,

with

wolth all the baff that he male Is fled awey the fame date, And was exiled out of londe. To there a nice bulbonde, whiche thus his wife bath lotte for ener. But netheles the bab a leuer. The kunge hir webbeth and honoureth, usberof bir name the focoureth, aphiche erft mas loft through couetife Dfhim, that lad hir other wife. And hath hym felfe allo forloze. Mp forme be thou ware therfore, nobere thou halt love in any place, That thou no couetife embrace, The whiche is not of loues kinde. But foz all that a man mate finde Dome in this tyme of thilke rage full great bileale in mariage, ushan benim mebleth with the lugre, And mariage is made for lucre, D2 for the luft, or for the bele, what man that thall with other bele, De maie not faile to repent. TMP faber luche is mon entene : But netheles good is to haue. Hoz good maie oft tyme laue The lone, whiche thuld elles fpille. But god, whiche wote my bertes wille 3 bar wel take to witnelle, Pet was I never for richelle 28e let with mariage none. Hoz all myn berte is boon one So frely, that in the persone Stant all my worldes tope alone. I alke nother parke ne plough, If I hir had, it were enough. Dir loue thulbe me fuffile, withouten other conetile. Lo nowe my fader, as of this, Touchend of me, right as it is, My thatte I am be knowe plepn: And if pe wol ought elles feyn Df couetile ifthere be moze In lone, agropeth out the fore.

Fallere'cu nequeat, ppria vir fraude lubornat Teftes fit peis vera retorta fides. Sicuragros capidus du queritamas mulieres Vult testes fallos fallus habere suos.

Non fine vindicta periurus abibit in eis, Vifu gul cordis intima cuncta videt Fallere periuro non est laudanda puellam Gloria, sed falso conditionis opus.

This ic tractat fuper ittie avaricie fpeciebus.one fallum teftimonium et periurium nuncupantur, quozum fraudulenta circumuentio tam in cupibitatia quam in amogie canfa fui befiberii pzopofitum, quam fepe fallaeiter attingit.

My fonne thou thalt buverfronde, Dowe courtife bath pet on honde In freciall two counfailours. That ben also his vocurours. The first of bem is fals witnesse. whiche ener is redy to witnesse what thong his maifter woll hom bote: Beriurie is the fecond hote, which spareth nought to Swere an othe, Though it be fals, and god be waothe. That one thall fals witnes beare, That other hall the thong forfweare, Whan he his charged on the boke. So what with hepe, and what with croke, Thei make ber mailter ofte winne, And woll not knowe, what is finne far couetife : and thus men fept, Thei make many a fals bargeyn. There maie no trewe quarel arils In thilke quelle of thilke affile, where as thei two the people enforme, for thef kepe ener o maner forme, That bpon golde ber confrience Thei founde, and take her enibende. And thus with fals witnes and othes Thei winne bem meate , brinke, & clothes.

Right fo there be, who that hem knew, Of thele louers ful many butrelve. Dowe maie a woman finbe enowe. That eche of hem, whan he thall woive, Anone be will his bande botone tepne Alpon a boke, and fweare and feyne, That he wol feith and trouth beare. And thus be profereth bom to livears To feruen euer till be bie, And all is bery trecherie. for whan the foth bym felfe trieth, The moze be liveareth, the moze be lieth.

3K. LL. wban no han he his feith maketh all thermen, Than maie a woman trust hym lest. For till he maie his will acheue, De is no lenger for to leve. Thus is the trouthe of love exiled, And many a good woman beguiled.

and the to focke of fals wimelle. There ben now luche many 3 gelle, That lithe buto the pronifours Thei make bem bir preuie proctours. To tell howe there is fuche a man. Whiche is worthy to lone, and can All that a good man fhulbe conne. So that with lefting is begonne The caufe, in whiche thei woll procede. And alfo fiker as the crebe Thei make of that thei knowen fals. And thus full ofte about the balle. Loue is of fals men embraceb. But lone, whiche is lo purchaced Lome afterwarde to litell prife. Ho; the my fonne, if thou be wife, Dome thou half berde this euidence. Thou might then owne confrience Dppole, if thou haft be luche one. Daye gob wote father 3 am none, De neuer was, for as men faith, whan that a man thall make his faith. Dis bert and tonge muff accorde. for if lo be that thei bilcorbe, Than is be fals, and els nought. And I bare faie, as of my thought In lone, it is not discordable Winto my worde, but accordable. and in this wife father 3 Maie right well fivere, and fauffp, That I my laby loue well. for that accordeth every bele, It neveth nought to my loth laine, That I witnelle Chulde brawe Into this Date, for euer pit De might it linke in to my wit, That I my countaile fhulbe fepe To any wight, or me bewreye, To fechen belpe in fuche manere, But onely for my lady dere. And though a thoulande men it wiffe, That I bir lone, and than bem lift

with me to fivere, and to witnelle: Pet were that no fals witnesse. for 3 dare buto this trouth owelle, I loue bir moze than I can telle. Thus am I father gilteles, As ve have berbe : and netheles In your dome I put it all. Mp fonne witte in fpeciall, It thall not commonliche faile. All though it foz a torne faile, That fals witneffe bis caufe fpebe Alpon the point of his falshede: It fall well afterwarde be kib. Wheroffo as it is betid. Ensample of such thonges blombe In a cronike writte I fonde.

be ittie, qui fallum testificantes, amorie innocens tiam circumueniunt, Et nareal qualiter Thetie Arhitem fitiam suum abelescentem musichzi Bes stitum apparatu afferens esse puellam inter regio Lichomedis fitias ad educandum produpit, Et su Arhites decepto rege fiste sue Deidamie socia et cubicularia effectus super ipsam Diresum ges nutt, qui postea mire problitatia militiam esseus tua, mortem patrie sui apud Trolam Deligena Trannice Dindicanit.

The goddelle of the fea Thetis She had a fonne, and his name is Achilles, whom to kepe and warde, While he was ponge, and in to wards She thought bym faufly to betake. As the, whiche dead for his fake Dfthat was laibe of prophetie, That he at Troic fholbe Die. whan that the citee was belepne. for the fo as the bokes feene, She calt bir wit in fondzie wife, Dowe the bom might fo desquile, That no man thulb his body knowe. And lo befelle that fike throwe, while that the thought byon this dede. There was a kyng, whiche Lichomede was bote, and be was well begone; with faire boughters many one, and divelte ferre out in an ple.

Mowe thatt thou here a wonder wife, This quene, whiche the mother was

Di Achilles, boon this cas Dir fonne, as be a maiben were Let clothen in the fame gere, whiche longeth buto womanhebe. And be was vonge, and toke none bebe. But lufreth all that the bom bede, wherof the hath hir women bede, And chargeth by her othes alle, Dowe fo it afterward befall. That thei disconer nought this thonge. But feigne and make a knowlagepinge Alpon the counfeile, whiche was nome. In euerp place where thei come, To telle and to witnelle this, Dowe be bir labis boughter is. and right in fuche a maner wife She bab thei thulb hir bon feruile : so that Achilles bnderfongeth, As to a yong lady belongeth, Donoure, feruice, and reuerence. for Thetis with great diligence Zopm bath fo taught, and fo affaited. That howe fo that he were awaited with fobge, and goodly contenance De Chuide his womanhede auance, That none the loth knowe might, But that in every mans fight De fould feme a pure maibe. And in luche wife, as the bym laide, Achilles, whiche that the while was ponge, bpon bym felfe to fmile Began, whan he was fo befepn. and thus after the bokes feyn, with frette of perle bpon his bebe All freffye betwene the white and rebe. As he whiche the was tenber of age, stone the colour in his bilage: That for to loke byon his cheke, And feen bis childly maner eke. De was a woman to beholde. And than his moder to bym tolbe, That the hom had to begone, Beraufe that the thought gone To Lichomede at thilke tibe, where that the laide, he thulbe abibe Amonge his boughters for to bivelle.

Achilles herd his moder telle, and wift nought the cause why.

GHT

And netheles full buroming Ze was redy to that the bab, Wherof his moder was right glad.

To Lichomede and forth thei went, and whan the kpng knewe hir entent, And lawe this yonge boughter there, And that it came buto his ere, Df luche record, of luche witnelle, De bad richt a great gladnelle, Df that be both figh and berbe, as he that wote not howe it ferbe Apon the counfeil of the neve. But for all that hynge Lichomede 2) ach toward him bir boughter take ! And for Thetis bis moder fake, De put hir in to companie To owelle with Deidamie Dis owne boughter the eldelf, The faireft, and the comlieft Df all his boughters, whiche he had.

Lo thus Theris the caufe lab. Ind lefte there Achilles feigned, As be, whiche hath hym felfe reffreigned In all that euer be maie and can Dut of the maner of a man, And toke bis womanilfhe chere, poherofbuto his bedfere Deidamie behath bo night. mobere konde molde bym felue right, After the Philosophers feyn, There maie no wight be there ageyn, And that was thilke tyme fene. The longe nightes bem betwene Dature, whiche maie not fogbere, Dath made bem bothe for to fere, Thei killen firft, and onermoze The highe wey of loves loze Thei gone, and all was done in debe, weberof loft is the mateden bebe. and that was afterward well knowe. fog it befell that ilke throive At Troie, where the fiege late, Cloon the cause of Menelaie, And of his quene bame Heleine, Abe gregois hadben mochel peine All date to fight, and to affaile. But for thei might nought quaile so noble a sitee for to wynne,

A preupe countaile thei begynne, In londrie wife where thei treat, And at laste amonge the great Thei fellen unto his accorde, That Phorceus, of his recorde, whiche was an Astronomien, And eke a great magicien, Shulde of his calculation Serche of constellation, Dow thei the citee mighten gette.

And he the whiche had nought forpete Df that belongeth to a clerke, Dis studie sette byon this werke, So longe his wit about he cast, Till that he sonde out at last, But if thei hadden Achilles, Ber werre shall benendeles. And over that he tolde hem pleine, In what maner he was beseine, And in what place he shall be sounde. So that within a litell sounde Vlysies south with Diomede, Ulpon this point to Lichomede Agamemnon to gether sente.

But Vlyffes, er be forth went, pobiche was one of the most wife, Debeined bath in fuche a wife, That be the moft riche araye, poberof a woman maie be gape, with hom be toke manifolde. And ouermoze, as it is tolde, An barnois as for a lufte knight. whiche burned was as filuer bright. Dffwerbe, of plate, and eke of mafle, As though he thuide do bataile, De toke also with bym by thip. And thus to gether in felamihin forth gone this Diomede and bee. In hope till thei mighten fee The place, where Achilles is.

The wonde frode than nought amis, what every topfatle coole it blews, Till Vlyffes the marches knewe, where Lichomede his reigne has.

The therefinan to well him labbe, That thei be comen faufe to londe, where thei gone out boon the fronde In to the burgh, where that thei fonde The hynge: and he, whiche hath facounde,

But the countaile of bis courage. why that he came, he tolbe nought, But biberneth be was bethought, In what maner be might afpie Achilles from Deidamie, And fro thele other, that there were, full many a lufte lable there. Thei plaide bem there a bale o; two, And as it was fortuned fo, It fell that tome in luche a toile, To Bacchus that a facrifice Thefe ponge ladies thulben make: and for the ffraunge mens fake, That comen fro the flege of Troic, Thei maden well the moze tote. There was revell, there was baunfinge. And every life, whiche couth finge Dfluffy women in the route. A freithe caroll bath fonge about. 1But foz all this pet netheles. The grekes boknowe of Achilles Do weren, that in no begree Thei couthen witte, whiche was be, De by his boice, ne by his paas.

Vlyffes than boon the caus sthong of high paubence bath woought. for thilke araye, whiche he hath brought To peue amonge the women there, De lette bo fetten all the gere, forth with a knightes barnops eke, In all the countrey for to feke, Men thulben nought a fairer fee, And every thing in his degree Enbelonge tpon a bourbe be lafte. tichomede and than be praide, That every lady thefe tholde pobat thonge of all that the wolve, And take it as by wave of pefte. for thei bem felfe it thulve theft, De laide, after ber owne wille.

Achilles than fore nought fille, whan he the bright helme behelde, The fwerve, the hauberke, and the thelde, Dis herte felle therto anone, Of all that other wolve he none.

The knightes gere he underfongeth,

Ind

And thilke areate, tobiche that belongeth Cinto the women, be forfoke . and in this toyle, as layth the boke, Thei knowen than whiche be was . for be goth forth the great paas Into the chambze, where be late Anone, and made no belate: De armeth hom in knightly wife, That better can no man deutle. and as fortune thuibe falle, De came lo forth tofore bem alle, as be, whiche tho was glad enough. But Lichomede nothing lough, usban that he figh, howe that it ferbe for than he will well and herbe Dis boughter hat be foglenn. But that he was to overfeyn The wonder ouergoth his wit. for in Cronike is written pit Thing, whiche thall neuer be fogpete, Dowe that Achilles hath begette Pirrhus boon Deidamie. usherof came out the trecherie Df fals witnes, when he lavbe, Prome that Achilles was a maple: But that was nothing fene tho . forth be is to the fiege go for with Vlyffes and Diomede Teo thus was proued in the bede and fully spoke at thilke while, If o woman another begile, Where is there any lekymelle? what Theris, which was that the goddelle, Deidamie hath fo betapet, I not bowe it Chall bene elcaped with the women, whole innocence Is note all baie through fuche crebence Deceined ofte, as it is lene with men, that fuche butrouth mene. for thei ben fligh in luche a wife, That thei by flyght, and by queintife Df fals witnes bringen inne, That doth bem ofte for to wonne, That thei be not worthy therto.

Hoz thy my foune door not fo.

Thy father as of fals witnesse
The trouth, and the maner expesse,

Touchende of lone, bowe it bath ferde.

As pe baue toibe, I bane well berde. But for ve layben other wife, Dome thilke vice of couetile Dath vet perfur of his arozbe : If that you lift of fome records To tell an other tale alfo, In loues caule of tyme ago, what thonge it is to be forfinore, I wolve prefe you therfore, Wherof I might ensample take . The good foonne and for the fake, Mouchende of this 3 Mall fulfill Thyn arynge, at thyne ofwne will : And the matere 3 Chall beclare, Dowe the women beceined are. Whan thet fo tenber bertes beare. Df that-thei bere men lo limeare. But whan it cometh bnto thallate, Thei fynde it fals an other bate : As Iafon bib bnto Medee 113 biche frante pet of auctoritee. In token, and in memoziall. 10 herof the tale in speciall Is in the boke of Troic writte, whiche I hall bo the for to witte.

ofic in amoris causa ponit exemptum contra periuros, Et narrat quasiter gason prins ad Insusam Colosos pro aureo vettere isidem cons questando transmearet, in amorrem et coningium Wedee regis Derfice filte iuramento sirmins se aftrinoit, sed suo postea completo negotio est pse secum navigio in Gretiam perdupit, voi illam se nectutem vatris sui Esonis in storidam inventute mirabili scientia resormanit, Ipse Jason sidei sus sigamento, asus Geneficiis postpositis, dictam Wedeam pro quadam Creusa regis Creontie silia periurus deresignit.

TIn greee whilom was a kynge,
Df whom the fame and knowlageyng
Beleveth yet, and Peleus
De highte: but it felle hym thus,
That his foztune hir whele to lad,
That he no childe his owne had
To reignen after his decelle,
De had a brother netheles,
whose right name was Eson,
And he the worthie knight lason
Begatte, the whiche in every londe
All other passed of his honds

An armes, fo that he the beff was named, and the worthieff . De fought worthippe ouer all : Nowe berken, and 3 the tell fhall An aduenture, that he fought, nobiche afterwarde full bere be bouht. There was an ple, whiche Cholchos was cleped, and therof arole Great fpeche in euery londe aboute, That fuche mernatle was none oute In all the wide worlde no where, As tho was in that ple there. There was a thepe, as it was tolde, The whiche his flees bare all of golde, And fo the goddes had it fette, That it ne might awaie be fette. 13v power of no worldes wight: And pet full many a worthy knight It had affaieb, as they boaff, And ever it fell hem to the worft . But be that wolde it nought foglake, But of his knighthode budertake To do, what thenge therto belongeth, This worthy lafon fore alongeth To fee the frange regions, And knowe the condicions Df other marches, where be went, And for that caufe bis bole entent De fet Colchos for to ferbe: And therupon be made a fpecbe To Peleus bis eme the konge . And he well paide was of that thyinge, and thope anone for his passage, Surbe as were of his lignage, with other knightes, whiche be ches, with bom be toke : and Hercules, nohiche full was of thinalrie, with lason wente in companie: And that was in the moneth of maie, 19 han colde Comes were awate. The winde was good, the thip was pare, Thei toke ber leue, and forth thei fare Towarde Colchos: but on the weie what hem befelle, is longe to leie: Dowe Laomedon the hunge of Troit, whiche ought well have made bem foie, Whan thei to reft a while hom prepoe, Dut of his londe be them congepde.

ToloT.

And to befelle the diffencion. whiche after was destruction Df that citee, as men maie bere : But that is nought to my matere. But thus the worthy folke gregois fro that konge, whiche was not curtois. and fro his londe with faple bpozate Thei went bem forth, and many a fawe They made, and many a great manace. Myll at last in to that place, Whiche as thei fought, thei arrive. And friken faple, and forth as bline Thei fente buto the kynge, and tolbe, 110 ho weren there, and what thei wolde. Oetes, whiche was then kynge, Whan that he berde this tidenge Of lafon, whiche was comen there, And of thefe other, what thei were: De thought done bemareat worlbip. for thei anone come out of thip, and Areight buto the konge thei wente. And by the bonde Iason be hente, And that was at the paleys gate, So far the kynge came on his gate, Towarde lafon to done hym chere. And be, whom lacketh no manere, Whan be the konge ligh in prefence. Pafe bym ageyne fuche reuerence, As to a honges fate belongeth . and thus the konge bom underfongeth, And lason in his arme be caught, And forth into the halle be ftraught, And there thei fat and fpeake of thonges. And Iafon toide hom tho tidynges, Why he was come, and faire bym praide To ball his tyme: and the kynge thus laide.

Iafon thou art a worthy knight, But it lieth in no mans might To done, that thou arte come fore, There hath bene many a knight forlore, Of that thei wolden it affaie.

But lafon wolde not hym elmate, And faide: of every worldes cure fortune fant in aventure, Paranter wele, paranter wo: But howe as ener that it go, It shall be with myn honde affayed.

The kynge tho helde hym not wel paled.

For he the grekes fore dredde,
In aunter if lason ne spedde,
De might therof beare a blame.
For the was all the worldes same
In grece, as for to speke of armes.
For thy he drad bym of his harmes,
And gan to preache, and to prepe.

2But lafon wolde not obeye, 2But lafte, he wolde his purpos holde, for ought that any man hym rolde.

The kynge whan he thele woodes herde, And figh how that this knight answerde: Pet for he wolde make hym glad, After Medea gone he bad, whiche was his doughter: and the cam.

and Iafon whiche good bede nam whan be bir ligh, agevn bir goth. And the, whiche was bym nothing loth, welcomed hym in to that londe, and lofte toke hom by the honde, And bowne thei letten both fame. She had berbe fpoken of his name, and of his great worthines. for thy the gan bir eie imprelle alpon his face, and his fature, And thought how never creature and the was fo welfarende, as was bee. the And Iafon right in fuche begree ----De might not withholde his loke, don't But lo good bebe on hir be toke, That hym ne thought binber the heuen, Df beautee fighe be neuer bir enen, moith all that felle to womanhebe. Thus ethe of other token bede, Though there no worde was of recorde, Der bertes both of one accorde Ben fette to lone, but as tho There mighten be no wordes ma.

The kynge made hym great tope a fell,
To all his men he pafe an helt,
So as thei wolde his thanke deferue,
That thei shulde all Iason serve,
while that he wolde there dwelle.
And thus the date, shortely to telle,
with many myrthes thei dispent,
Till night was come, and tho thei went.
Ethone of other toke his leve,

BEGS

I not holve Iason that night slepe, But well I wote, that of the shepe, for whiche he cam in to that sle, De thought but a littell while:
All was Medea that he thought Do that in many wise he sought Dis wit wakende, er it was daie:
Some tyme pe, some tyme nay, Some tyme thus, some tyme so, as he was stered to and fro Of loue, and eke of his conquest, as he was holve of his behest.

And thus he role by by the mozowe. And toke hom felfe feint Iohn to bozow, And faide he wolde firft begrine At love, and after for to wonne The flees of golbe, for whiche he come, And thus to bem good berte be nome. Medearight in the fame wife, Will daje cam, that the muft arife. Lave and bethought hir all the night, Doive the that noble worthy bright, 13p any wave might wedde. And wel the wift, if he ne fpebbe Dfthyng, whiche he had bibertake, Dhe might hir felfe no purpofe take. For the depos of his bataile, She muft than algate faile To getten bym, whan he were bebe. Thus the began to fette rebe. And tourne about hir wittes all To loke howe that it might fall, That the with hym had a leifire To speake and telle of hir beffre.

And so it selle the same date,
That Iason, with that swete make
To gether sette, and hadden space
To speke, and he besought hir grace.
And she his take goodly herde:
And afterwarde she bym answerde
And said: Iason as thou wilt,
Thou mighte be saufe, thou might be spilt.
How witte well, that never man,
Witt if he couth, that I can,
he mighte that souther acheue,
for whiche thou comest: but as I leve,
If thou wolt holde covenant
To love of all the remenant,

I hall thy life and honour faue, That thou the flees of gold thait haue.

NO ME

De laid : All at your owne wille Madame 3 thall truly fulfille Pour heft, while my life maie laffe.

Thus longe he praied, and at last the graunteth, and behight hom this, That whan night cometh, and it time is the wolde hom sende certeinly buche one, that thulde him privally Alone in to hir chambre bronge.

De thanketh hir of that ttopnge.
for of that grace is hym begonne,
Dym thinketh al other thinges wonne.
The daie made ende, and lotte his light,
And comen was the berkenight,
The whiche all the daies eie blent.

Iafon toke leue, and forth he went:
And whan he cam out of the pres,
De toke to counfaile Hercules
And tolbe hym, howe it was betid,
And praide it chuloe well ben hio,
And that he wolde loke about
The whiles that he chulde be out.

Thus as be fobe, and bebe name, a mayben fro Medea came, And to ber chambre lafon lebbe. where that he fonde redy to bedde The faireff, and the wifeft eke, And the with timple there and meke, whan the him figh, wart all althamed, Tho was bir tale newe entamed for fikernelle of mariage. She fette forth a riche image, whiche was the figure of Iupiter; And Iafon fwoze, and faid ther, That alfo wis god bym belpe, That if Medea bib bym belpe, That he his purpole might wonne, Thei Chulde neuer part a twynne, But euer while bom lafklife. De wolde hir bolde for his wife: And with that word thei kullend both And for thei Chulde bem bucloth, There come a maiden in bir wife the Did bem both full feruife. Till that thei were in bed naked. 3 wote that night was well bewaket. Thef babben both what thef wolbe: And than at lepfer the hom tolde, And gan fro point to point enforme Df this bataile, and all the forme, The whiche that be thulbe finde there, whan he to that ple come were : She faibe, atentre of the pas, Dowe Mars, whiche god of armes was, 2) ath fet rivo oren ferne and foute, That caffen fire and flam aboute, Both at mouth and at nale, Do that thei fetten all on blafe. nobat thong that palleth bem betweene, And forthermore bpon the greene There goth the flees of golde to kepe, A ferpent, tobiche maie neuer flepe.

Thus who that ever it Chulde wonne, The fire to ftoppe be mote begonne, The whiche that the fierle beattes caft : And Daunt be mot bem at laft, So that he maie bem poke and bafue: And there boon be als bline The ferpent, with fuche ftrength affaile, That be maie flein bom by bataile, Df whiche be muft the teeth outozaine. As it belongeth to that lawe: And than be muft the oren poke, Ail thei haue with a plough to broke A forow of lond, in whiche a rowe The teeth of thabber he mult low, And therof thull arife linightes well armeb at all rightes : Df bem is nought to taken bebe. foz eche of bem in ballibebe Shall other flea with bethes wounde. And thus whan thet be brought to grounds And go fo forth, and take his praie, Than muff he to the goddes praie.

But ifhe falle in any wife Of that ye here me beutle, There mate be fet non other weie, That he ne mote algutes beie.

Nowe have I tolbe the peril all,
I will pow telle forth withall
(Must Medea to Iafon tho)
That ye hall knowen er ye go
Ageyne the benym and the fire
what thall be the recovere.

But fir, for it is nigh bate, Artieth op, fo that I mate Beliner you, what thying I have, That mate your life and honoure faue.

Thet were both loth to rife: But for thei were both wife, Mlp thei rifen at laft. Iafon his clothes on bym caff, And mabe bom reby right anone. and the bir thirte bib bpon, Aun caff on bir a mantell clofe naithouten moze, and than aros. Tho toke the forth a riche tie Made all of golde and of perie: Dut of the whiche the toke a rynge, The frone was worth all other thonge : Dhe fato, whiles be wold it were, There might no perill bym bere : In water maie it not be bzeinte, where as it cometh the fire is queint. It baunteth eke the cruel belle : There maie none quad that man arelf : uphere lo be be on lea og londe, That bath this rynge bpon his honde.

And over that the gan to feyne, That if a man wil ben bufeyne, within his honde holde close the frone, And he mate invitible cone.

The ronge to Iason the betaught, And fo forth after the bom taught, what facrifice be fould make. And gan out of hir cofer take Dym thought an heuenly figure, pobiche all by charme and by confure was wrought, a che it was through writ with names, whiche he thulb witte, As the hom taught the to rebe. And bab bym as be wold fpede, methous rest of any while, uphan be were londed in that ile, De fould make bis facrifice, and rede his carecte in the wife, As the bym taught, on knes boun bent The lithes towerd orient. for fo thuid he the goddes pleafe. and won bom leife mochel eale.

And whan he had it theile radde, To open a bore the bym badde,

That the there toke hom in prefent. And was full of furbe ofgnement. That there was fire ne benym none, That thulde faffenen bym bpon, whan that he were anount withall. for the the taught hom howe he thall Anoputhis armes all aboute : And fo; he thulbe nothing boute, She toke bem than amaner glue, The whiche was of fo great bertue. That where a man it thulbe call, It thulbe bonbe anone fo falt. That no man might it done awave. and that the bab by all wave, De Chulde into the mouthes throws Df tho two oren, that fire blowe, Therofto Roppe the malice The glue thall ferue of that office. And over that bir oignement, Dir ronge, and bir enchauntement, Apene the ferpent thulbe hym were, Till be bom lea with fwerde og fpeares And than be maie laufely enough Dis oren poke in to the plough, And the teeth fowe in fuche wile, Till be the knightes fe arife, And eche of other bowne be laide, In fuche maner as 3 baue faibe. Lo thus Medea for lafon Debeineth, and prageth therbpon, That be nothing forvete thulbe. and eke the prayeth hym that he wolde, Whan be bath all his armes bone, To grounde knele, and thonke anone The goddes, and fo forth by eafe The flees of golde be Chulde leafe : And whan be bab it fealed fo. That than be were fone ago, without any tarienge.

whan this was faide into weppinge the fel, as the that was through nome with lone, and so forth overcome, That all hir worlde on hym the fette. But whan the ligh there was no lette, That he mote nedes parte hir fro, the toke hym in hir armes two, an honderde tymes and gan hym kille, and saide: D all my worldes blisse,

My truff, my lufte, my life, myn hele, To ben thyn helpe in this quarele I pray but the goddes all.
And with that word the gan downe fall Of fwoune: and he hir by nam, And forthe with that the maiden cam, And thei to bedde anone hir brought: And than lason hir belought, And to hir levde, in this manere.

My worthye luffpe ladie dere Comforteth vou, for by my trouth, It thall not fallen in my flouth, That I ne woll throughout fulfille Pour heltes, at pour owne wille. And yet I hope to you bringe within a while fuche tidynge, The whiche shall make be bothe game. But for be wolde here bir name whan that he will it was nigh date, De faibe, abewe mp fwete maie. and forth with bom be nam bis gere, Whiche as the had take hym there, And fraught buto his chambre went, And goth to bebbe, and flepe bym bent, And laie, that no man bom a woke. for Hercules hebe of bym toke, Till it was biberne high and moze, And than be gan to figh foze, And lobeinly be brande of depe, And thei than toke of hom kepe. Dis chamberleins ben foone there, And maden redy all his gere, And he arole, and to the kynge De went, and faide, bewe to that thing, for whiche be cam, be wolde go.

The kynge therof was full wo,
And for he molde hym fagne withdraw,
De tolde hym many a dredefull fawe.
But Iason wolde it nought recorde,
And at laste thei accorde,
whan that he wolde nought abide,
A bote was redy at tide,
In whiche this worthy knight of Grece,
full armed by at every pece,
To his bataile whiche belongeth,
Toke sore in honde, and sore hym longeth,
Till he the water passed were.
Tiwhan he cam to that ile there

De fet bom on bis knees bom tfraught, And his carecte, as be was taught, De rad, and made his facrifice, And lithe anounte hom in that wife As Medea hom bath bede: And than arole by fro that febe. And with the glewe the fire be quepnt, And anone after he atternt The great fervent, and bom flough. But erft he had forowe enough. for that ferpent made bom trauaile Do bard and fore of his bataile. That nowe be frood, and nowe be felle. for longe tyme it fo befelle, That with his fiverd, and with his fpere, De might not the ferpent dere : De was fo therbed all aboute. It beld all edge toole withoute. De was fo rude and bard of farm, There might no thong go there in, Menpm and fire to geder he calt, That he Iafon foze a blaft. and if it ne were his owntement. 2) is rynge, and his enchauntement, nobiche Medea toke hym befoge, De had with that worme be loze. But of bertu, whiche therof cam Iafon the bragon overcam: And be anone the tethe out brough, And fet his oren in his plough, with whiche be brake a pece of londe, And feive it with his owne honde. Tho might be great merueile fee Df euerptoth in bis begree, Sprong by a knight with fpere and thelbe, Df whiche anone right in the felde. Echone flough other, and with that Iason Medea not forgat, Dn both bis knees be gan bowne falle, And gafe thonke to the goddes all.

The flees he toke, and gothe to bote:
The some thineth bright and hote,
The flees of gold shone forth with all
The water glisterd overall.
Medea wept, and sighed ofte,
And stode byon a towre alofte,
All privaly within hir selfe,
There herd it not ten ne twelfe,

She praid, and faid: D goigm spede, The knight, which hath mnaiden hede. And aic the loketh toward thie. But whan the ligh within a bile, The flees glifferyng ageyn thonne, She said: D lozd all is ywonn My knight the feld hath ouercoen, howe wolde god, he were come D lozde god, I wolde he were tronde.

But I dare take this on hondi
If that the had wonges two,
She wolde have flowen to hym the
Atreight there he was into the bot
The date was clere, the some hote,
The grekes were in great doute,
The while that her lozde was oute,
Thei will not what thuld bettee,
Wut wayted ever upon the tive,
To see what ende thulde falle.

There foden eke the nobles all, forth with the common of the towner. And as thei loken up and downe, Thei were waren within a throw, where cam the bote, which thei wel know, and figh how Iason brought his prepe. And the thei ganen all seye, and criben al with o feeren,

Diwhere was ever voter the henen So noble a knight, as lafon is: And wel nighe all faiden this, That Iason was a faire knight. Ho; it was never of mans might The flees of golde so for to wonne: And thus tellen thei begrane.

with that the kynge cam forth anone, And ligh the flees, howe that it thone. And whan Iason cam to the londe, The kynge hym selfe toke his honde, And killed bym, and great sove made.

The Brekes weren wonder glade, and of that thing right mery hem thought, and forth with hem the flees thei brought, and eche on other gan to ligh.

But wel was hym that might nigh and the there of the propertee.

And thus thei pallen the ritee, and and gone but o the paleis fraught.

Medea, tohiche forgat hir naught,

COLD!

was rebythere, and faide anon: Welcome, D worthy knight lafon. She wolde haue kill bym wonder farm: But hame tourned bir agapne. It was nought the maner as tho. for the the vorfte nought do fo. he toke bir leue, and lafon went Into his chambre, and the hom fente Dir maiden, to fene bowe he ferde: The whiche whan that the figh and berbe, Dowe that he had faren out, And that it fobe well all about, She tolde hir ladte what the wiff. And the for tope, bir maiden kiff. The bathes weren than araied with herbes tempzed and affaied, And Iafon was bnarmed foone, And bid, as it befelle to boone. Into his bathe be went anone, And willbe bom cleane as any bone De toke a loppe, and out be cam, And on his belt arape he nam, And kempt his bead, whan he was clad, Anugoth hom forth all mery and glad Right Granght in to the kinges balle. The kynge cam with his knightes alle, And made byte glab welcompage.

And he hem tolve tho tivinge De this and that, howe it befelle, whan that he wan the thepes felle.

Medea whan the was after fent Come Coone to that parlement ; And whan the might lafon fee, was none fo glad of all as the. There was no tope for to lethe, Of hym, made enery man a speche. Dom man laid one, fom faid other. But though he were goddes brother, And might make fire and thonder. There might be no moze wonder. Than was of hym in that citee. Ethone taught other, this is be, whiche hath in his power within, That all the worlde ne might wonne. Lo here the bette of all good. Thus thei faiden, that there floode, And eke that walkende by and bowne, 18 oth of the court, and of the tolone.

The tyme of louper cam anone: Thei willben, and therto thei gon. Medea was with Iafon fette. Tho was there many a beintee fette And fet tofoge bem on the boozbe. But none fo likping as the woozbe, whiche was there fpoke among bem two, So as thei booft fpehe tho. But though thei had litel fpace, Pet thei acopben in that place. Dowe Iafon thuld come at night. noban enery torthe and enery light Were out, and than other thynges, Thei fpeke alouve for supposinges Dibem that foben there aboute. for lone is evermore in doute. for if it be willy governed Df hem, that ben of loue lerneb. WHEN THE

Fol CHIL

whan al was boone, that offh and cup, and cleth, and boost, and all was bp, Thei wake, while bem lift to wake, And after that thei leue take, And gon to bed for to reffe delities and one Ano whan bym thought for the belle, That enerp man was fall on flepe. Lafon, that toolbe his tyme here. Goth forth ffalkyng all princip Winto the chambre, and rrolly There was a maide, whiche bym kepte. Medea woke, and no thong flepte. But netheles the was a bebbe. and he with all half hom fpebbe, and and and made bym naked, and all warme Anone be toke bir in his armewhat neve is for to fpeke of eale, ... Dem litteche other foz to pleale, So that thei bab tope enoine, and the theiletten, whan and how, That the with bym awey that fele, with wordes luche and other fele.

ushan all was treted to an ende,
Iason toke lene, and gan forth wende
Unto his owne chamber in pes,
There will it non but Hercules.
The slept, and ros whan it was tyme,
Ind whan it fel towardes prime,
Ere take to bym suche as he triffe
Inserve, that none other will,

11 0

Selec Selec

And taide, at his will were,
And laide, at his will were,
That thet thip had all thyng
So princin the enemyng,
That no an might her dede alpie,
But tho at weren of companie,
Hoz he vil go without lene,
And len'r woll he nought belene,
But hee wolde at thilke throwe
The kige or quene thulde it knowe.

The laide all, this thall well be do:
And fon trust well therto.
Maca in the meane while,
whise thought hir father to begile,
The reasour, whiche hir father had,
withir all prively the lad.
And the stale, and some no lette,
And the stale, and some no lette,
Andraught the goth hir but thip
Debrece with that felauthip.
And all that night this was counsaile.
And erly whan the some thone,
mer sigh, that thei were agone,
And come but the kynge, and tolde.

And he the foth knowe wolde, And afketh where his doughter was.

There was no worde, but out alas, the was a go, the mother wepte,
The father as a wood man lepte,
And gan the tyme for to warie,
And twore his othe, he wold not tary
That with Laliphe, and with galeye,
The same cours, the same wepe,
to hiche lason toke, he wolde take,
If that he might bym ouertake.

To this thei faiten all pea Anone as thei weren at the lea, And all, as who faith, at one woozde, Thei gone within thippes boozde. The faile goth by, and forth thei tranght, What none exploit therof thei caught: And so forth thei tourne home ayene. For all that labour was in bayne.

Lafon to Grece with his prate and all of Goth through the fea the right wate.

Whan he there come, and men it tolbe, Thei maden tope ponge and olde.

@Com

Eson whan that he will of this, Zowe that his sonne comen is, and hath acheued that he sought, and whom with hym Medea brought, In all the wide worlde was none So glad a man as he was one.

Together bene thele lovers tho, Till that thei had formes two, whereof thei weren bothe glade. And olde Eson great toge made, To seen the encreas of his lignage. Hot was of so great an age, That men awayten every date, when that he shulde gone awate.

Iason, whiche sigh his fader olde, Thom Medea made hym bolde Df art magike, whiche the couth, And praieth hir, that his fathers youth whe wolde make apenewarde neive. And the that was towarde hym treive, when that the tyme sigh therto. When that the tyme sigh therto. But what the do in that matere, It is a wonder thynge to here. When the tothe nonelrie, I thinke tellen a great partie.

A Dota quibus medicamentis Effonem fenectute decrepitum, ad fue inventutis adolefcentiam paudens Medea redunit.

Thus it befell bpon a night. whan there was nought but ferre light, She was baniffed right as bir lift, That no wight, but bir felfe wift ; And that was at midnight tibe, The mosibe was fille on every fibe. with open bead, and foote all bare, Dir beare to ippad, the gan to fare, Mpon hir clothes gyate the was, All specheles byon the gras She globe fouth, as an abber both, none other wife the ne goth, Till the came to the frellhe floode And there a while the withfrome Thries the turned hir aboute, and thries the the gan downe loute, and in the floode the weat hir heare And thries on the water there She galpeth, with a dretchynge onde, and the the toke kir fpeche on honde.

first the began to cleve and call Clowarde buto the ferres all. To wynde, to ayze, to fea, to londe She preide, and che belor by ber bonde To Echates, and gan to crie, whiche is the goodelle of Sozeerie, She faide, helpeth at this nebe, And as ve maden me to frebe, whan lafon came the flees to feche: Do belpe me nowe, I you beferhe. with that the loketh, and was ware Downe fro the faie there came a chare, The whiche dragons aboute drowe: And the the gan hir bead bowne bowe, And by the trighe, and faire and welle . She drofe forth by chare and whelle About in the aver amonge the fkies The londe of Crete, in the parties She fought, and faft gan hir highe, And therbyon the bylles highe Df Othryn, and Olympe allo, and eke of other bolles ma She fonde, and gethereth berbes Cote, She pulleth op Come by the roote, And many with a knife the thereth And all in to bir chaare the beareth.

Thus whan the bath the bolles fought, The floodes there forpate the nought Eridian, and Amphrifos, Penelee, and the Sperceidos, To bem the went, and there the nome Bothe of the water, and of the fome, The fonde, and the the fmall fromes, whiche as the chefe out for the nones, And of the rebbe fea a parte. That was behoueliche to hir art She toke, and afterwarbe than about She lought fondap lebes out. In feldes, and in many greues, And the a parte the toke of leves. But thing, whiche might bir moff anafle She fonde in Crete, and in Theffaile, In daies, and nightes none, To make with this medicine, She was purneyed of enery pere, And tozneth homward in to Grece,

D. tit.

Before

Before the gates of Efon Dir chare the lette awaie to gone, And toke out first that was therin. for the the thought to begen Suche thong, as femeth impolible, and made bir felfen muifible. As the that with the aire enclosep. And might of no man be difclofed : She toke up turnes of the londe, without belpe of mans honde, And beled with the greene gras, Df whiche an Aulter made there was Ulnto Echares, the gobbelle, Df arte magike and maiffreffe, And efte an other to inuent. As the whiche did hir holle intent. Tho toke the felowoode, and berneptte, Df herbes ben not better twepne, Df whiche anone without let, Thele aulters ben about let : Two fonder pittes fall by She made, and with that baffile A wether, whiche was black, the flough, And out therof the bloud the brough, And bid in to the pittes two: warme milke, the put allo therto, with bony meynt, and in fuche wife She gan to make bir facrifice. And cried and praide forth withall To Pluro the god infernal, And to the quene Proferpine: And to the fought out all the lyne Df bem, that longen to that crafte, Bebonbe was no name laft: And praid hem all, as the well couth. To gramt Efon his first youth.

This olde Eson brought forth was tho: Awaie the bad all other go
Thom perill, that might fall:
And with that worde thei wenten all,
And lefte there them two alone.
And tho the began to gaspe, and gone,
And made signes many one,
And said hir wordes therepon:
And with spellying, and hir charmes
She take Eson in both hir armes,
And made hym sor to sepe fast,
And hym byon hir berbes cast.

The blacke wether tho the tooke, And bewe the Rellhe, as both the cooke, Dn either aulter part the laibe, And with the charmes, that the laide, A fire bowne from the Thre alight, And made it for to brenne light. and whan Medea lawe it brenne, Anone the gan to ferte and reime The firpe aulters all about. There was no belt, whiche goth out Moze wilbe, than the femeth there. Aboute bir fhulbers benge ber bere, As though the were out of hir mynde, And torneth in to another hynde. Tho lave there certaine woodbe clefte, Df whiche the peres nowe and efte She made bem in the pittes wete, And put bem in the firpe bete, And toke the bronde, with all the blafe, And thries the began to rafe About Efon, there as be Cepte, And efte with water, whiche the kepte, be made a cercle about hom thies, And efte with fire of fulphur twies. full many a other thong the bebe, whiche is not written in the febe. But the ran by lo and boune, She mabe many a wonder foune. Somtome liche buto the cocke, Somtyme buto the lanerocke, Somtome cacleth as an benne, Somtyme speketh as bon the men, And right to as hir fargon frangeth, In londap wile ber forme chaungeth : She femeth fatre, and no tooman, forth with the craftes that the can. She was as who faith, a goddelle, And what hir lift moze oz leffe She bid, in bokes as we finde, That palleth ouer mans kinde. But who that woll of wonbers bere, What thong the woought in this matere, To make an enbe of that the gan, Duche meruaile berb neuer man. Apointed in the newe moone, whan it was tyme for to boone, She fet a caulozon on the fire, In whiche was all the hole a tyze,

w here

pohere on the medicine froode Df Jeule, of water, and of bloobe, And lette it bople in luche a plite, Till that the figh the foume white. and the the caft in rynde and roote, and febe, and floure, that was for boote, moith many an berbe, and many a fone, noberof the bath there many one. and the Cimpheius, the ferpent, To bir bath all bir fcales lent. Chelidre bir pafe bir adders fkpn, And the to bople caft bem in, and parte eke of the horned oule, The whiche men bere on nightes boule : And of a rauen, whiche was tolde Dfnpne bondzed wonter olde, She toke the head, with all the bille, And as the medicine it wille, the toke hereafter the bowele Df the fee foule, and for the hele Of Efon, with a thouland mo Df thonges, that the had tho In that caldeon to gyber as blyue She put, and toke than of olive A pape braunche bem with to ffere. The whiche anone gan floure and bere, And ware all freffhe, and grene ageyne, nohan the this bertue had feyne, She lette the leafte daoppe of all Cloon the bare floure downe fall, Anone there fprong bp floure and gras, where as the droppe fall was. And ware anone all medowe greene, So that it might well be feene.

Medea than knewe and wift Hir medicine is for to trift,
And gothe to Eson there he lave,
And coke a swerbe was of aslaye,
with whiche a wounde voon his side
The bloud within, whiche was olde,
And sicke and trouble, seble, and colde,
And tho she toke but his ble
Of herbes of all the best Juse,
And poured it in to his wounde,
That made his beines full and sounde.
And tho she made his woundes close,
And to she had honde, and by he rose,

And the the pafe bym brinke a braught, Df whiche his youth agapne he caught, Zis head, his berte, and his bilage Liche bnto twenty wynter age. Dis hoze beres were awaie. and liche buto the freffhe maie, whan paffed bene the colde thoures: Right lo recouereth he his floures. Lo what might any man deuile A woman thewe in any wife, More bertely lone in any frede, A han Medea to lafon Debe ? firft the mabe bom the flees to lovime: And after that from kith and kynne, with great treafoze with hom the fale: And to his fader forth with all Dis elde hath torned in to vouthe, nohiche thong none other woman couth. 2But howe it was to hir aguit Abe remembraunce dwelleth pit. Tikonge Peleus bis eme was dead, Iafon bare cronne on his bead, Medea hath fulfilled his will But whan he thuld of right fulfill The trouth, whiche to bir afoze De had in the fle of Colchos finoze, Tho was Medea most beceived. for be an other bath received. whiche doughter was to hynge Creon, Creusa the hight, and thus lason, As he that was to love butrewe Medea lefte, and toke a newe. But that was afterwarde fo bought, Medea with hir art bath woonght Df cloth of golde a mantell riche. nobiche femeth worthe a kynges riche, And that was bnto Creufa fent, In name of pefte, and of prefent, for fifterbode bem was betwene. And whan that ponge frefthe quene That mantil lapped bir aboute. Anon therof the fire fpange oute, And beent hir both fleffhe and bone. Tho cam Medea to Iafon, with both bir fonnes on ber bonde, and faide : D thou of enery londe The moffe bntrewe creature, Lo this thall be the forfaiture.

with

to ith that the both bis fonnes fough Befoze bis ete, and be out brough Dis fwerde, and wold hane flame bir the But farewell the was ago Winto Pallas the court about, Where as the pleineth boon lone, As the that was with that goddeffe, And he was lefte in great biffrede. Thus might y fee, what fogoto it booth, To fwere an othe, whiche is not footh In loues cause namely. My fon be well ware for thy And kepe, that thou be not fozimoze. for this, whiche I have tolbe tofore, Quide telletheuery bele. IMp father I may lene it wele: for I baue berbe it ofte fape, Dowe lafon toke the flees awave fro Colchos, But pet berbe 3 nought, 160 whom it was first thiber brought. And for it were good to bere, If that you lift at my praiere, To telle I wolde pou befeche. My fonne, who that woll it feche, In bokes he may finde it waitte. And netheles, if thou molt witte In the maner as thou haft prepbe, I thall the tell, howe it is lepbe.

eeum Beltus in partes insule Colesos primo des uenit. Athamas rep Deiobyley habuit coiugem, ep qua Phripmum et Helley genuit, Mortus austem Deiphyley Athamas Inonem regis Cads mi filiam postes in Brozen dupit, qua more nos uerce dictos infantes in tantum recollegit odium, op ambos in mare proici penes regem pracuracuit, Inde guno compatiens quendam Arietm grandem aureo Vestirum Velleve ad titus natans tem desinant, super cuius dorsum pueros aps poni iusti, quo facto Asies super Indas regress sus cum solo Phripo sisti adherente, in Colesos applicuit, Bis Juno dictum Arietem cum solo Decleve, prout in alie canitar cronicis, sub arcta custodia collocauit.

The fame of thilke thepes felle, whiche in Colchos, as it befelle, was all of gold, that never bege: where f 3 thunke for to leve, 20 owe it cam first into that ile.

There was a honge in thinke while Towardes Greee, and Athamas
The cronicke of his name was,
And had a wife, whiche Neiphyle hight,
By whom, so as fortune it dight,
De had of children younge two.

Frixus the first was of tho,
A kname childe, right faire with all,
A doughter eke, the whiche men call
Helle, he had by his wife.

But for there mate no mans life Endure boon this erth bere, This worth quene, as thou might bere, Er that the chilozen were of age, Toke of hir ende the pallage with great worthip and was begraue, What thing it liketh gob to hane, It is great reason to ben bis. for the this kenge, fo as it is, with great fuffrance it biberfongeth. And afterwarde, as bym belongeth, noban it was tyme for to webbe, A neine mife be toke to bebbe, whiche Ino hight, and was a maide, And eke the boughter, as men faibe, Df Cadme, whiche a kyng also mas bolbe in thilke paies tho. Twoban Ino was the kunges make, She caft how that the might make Thefe childre to ber father loth. And thope a wile avene bem both,

pobiche to the kyinge was all binknowe. A pere or two the let bo fowe The lond with fooden wheate aboute, wberof no come maie lpapingen oute, And thus by fleight, and by conpne Aros the berth, and the famine Through out the londe in luche a wife, So that the hunge a lacrifice. Alpon the pointe of this diffreffe, To Ceres, whiche is the goodeffe. Df come, bath Chape bom for to peue, To loke, if it maie be forvene The mischiere, whiche was in bis londe. But the, whiche kneive tofoge the honde The circumftance of all this thenge, Ageyn the compng of the kynge In to the temple, bath Chape fo,

Of her accorde that all tho. whiche of the temple preftes were, Dane faibe, and full beclared there Tinto the kynge: 18ut if fo bee, That he delpuer the countre Df Phrixus, and of Helle bothe, with whom the goodes ben lo wrothe, That while tho childre be within, Suche tilthe thall no man begyn, mberofto gette bym any come. Thus was it faide, thus was it fwozne Df all the preffes, that there are. And the, whiche cauleth all this fare, Sepoe che therto, what that the wolve, And euery man than after tolbe, So as the quene had bem prepte. Tap

The kynge, whiche bath bis ere leybe, And leueth all, that euer be berbe, Unto ber tales thus anfwerbe, And feith, that leuer is bym to chefe Dis chilozen bothe foz to lefe, Than bym, and all the remenant Df hem, whiche are appertenant Tinto the londe, whiche he Mall kepe : And bade his wife to take hepe, In what manere is belt to boone, That thei belimerbe were foone Dut of this worlbe, and the anone Two men ozbeineth for to gone. But firft the mabe bem for to fweare, That thei the children thulbe beare Unto the fea, that none it knowe, And hem therin both throwe.

The children to the sea ben lad, where in the wise, as Ino bad.

These men be redy for to do.

But the goddesse, whiche Iuno
Is hote, appereth in the stede,
And bath unto the men sorbede.

That thei the children noughe ne dea,
What they bem loke in to the sea,
And taken hede of that thei sighen.

There swam a shepe to sore her even,
whose sees of burned golde was all.
And this goddesse forth with all
Commandeth, that without let,
Thei shulde anone the children see

And all was do, right as the spake, whereof the men gone home agepne.

And fell fo, as the bokes fepne, Helle the ponge maiden tho, whiche of the fea was wo bego, for pure brebe bir bert bath loze, That fro the Geepe, whiche hath bir boge, As the that was fwomende feint, She fell, and bath hir felfe abreint. with Phrixus e this theepe forth fwam, Mill be to the the of Colchos cant, uphere Iuno the goddelle he fonde, 110 hiche toke the theepe buto the londe, And let it there in fuche a wife, As thou tofoge baff berbe beutle: wherof cam after all the wo, month why Iafon was fortwore to Tinto Medee, as it is Spoke. ser sylet on My father who that bath to broke Dis trouth, as pe bane tolbe abone, De is not worthy for to lone, and annual fe be beloued; as me lemeth. a al anoi al But enery newe loue quemeth saur of call To bym, that netwefangle is. And netheles notice after this, If that you lift to taken bebe, Cloon my fhrifte to procede In loues caule agene the vice, Df conetile and marice, what there is more, I wolde witte. Cary forme this 3 finde waitte, There is pet one of thilke brood, V door be nehiche only for the worldes good, To make a treasoure of money, Put all confrience aweyer and la Barrate noherof in thy confession, The name and the condicion and add an emp 3 thall bere afterwarde beclare, main whiche maketh one riche, an other bare.

Plus capit vsura fibi, quam debent, & illud Fraude collocata fape latenter agit. Sic amor excellus quam fape suos vi anarus Spirat & vnius tres capit ipse loco.

E fle fractat de illa fpecie Auaricie, que Bfura dicitur, cuine creditor in pecunia tantum numes vata pine quam fibi de inre debetur incrementum fucri adanget.

arbou

Talpon the benche littende on high
with Anarice Vine I lighe,
ful clothed of his owne lute,
whiche after golde maketh chale and lute
with his baccours, that renne aboute
Liche buto ratches in a route
Suche lucre is none aboue grounde,
whiche is not of the ratches founde.
for where theilee beyete flerte,
That shall bem in no wife afterte,
18ut thei it drive in to the net
Dflucre, whiche Vine bath let.

Vhine with the riche dwelleth, To all that euer he breth and felleth De hath ozbeined of his fleight Mefure bouble, and bouble weight. Durwarbe be felleth by the laffe, And with the moze he maketh his talle, Wheroffis hous is full within: De recheth nought be fo be won, Though that there lefe ten or twelue, Dis love is all toward hom feine, And to none other : but he fee, That he maie wonne fuebe thie for where he thall ought peue or lene, De woll avenward take a bene, There be bath lent the fmal pele. And right fo there ben many of thefe Louers, that though thei loue altte, That fkarfly wolve it wepe a mite: pet wolde thet have a pound ageyn, as both Voure in his bargavne. But certes fache Vfiere bnliche, It falleth moze bnto the riche, als well of loue, as of bepete, Than bnto bem, that ben nought great And as who fatth ben fimple and pouere. for felben is, whan thet reconere, Bat if it be through great deferte, And netheles men fee pouerte with pursuite of countenance, wings and full ofte make a great chenefance, Sic secon and take of love his quauntage. for with the belpe of his brocage, That maken feme where is nought. And thus full ofte is lone bought. Cor litel what, and morbell take, with falle weightes that thei make: de ital

Dowe fonne of that I faide about, Thou woteff what V fure is of love, Tell me for the what fo thou wilt, If thou therof haff any gilte ? CMp father nape, for ought 3 bere. for of the pointes pe tolben bere, 3 will pou by my trouth affure, My weight of love, and my melure Dath be moze large, and moze certeyne, Ahan euer I tobe of loue agepne. fox fo pet couthe I neuer of lleighte, To take agepne by bouble weighte Df loue, moze than I haue peue. fozallo wis mote 3 be thatue, And have remission of finne, As fo pet couth I neuer wynne, De pet fo muchel, foth to feyne, That euer 3 might haue halfe agepne Df fo full loue, as I have lent.

And if myne hap were so well went, That so, the hole I might have halfe, My thinketh I were a goddeste halfe. So, where Vine wolde have double, so, conscience is not so trouble, I bid never as to my dele, But of the hole an halven dele, That is none ercesse, as me thinketh. But netheles it me so, thinketh. So, well I wote, that wol not bee. So, every date the better I see, That howe so ever I yeve of lene, so, go ought that ever I are of crave, I can nothynge ayenewarde have.

But pet for that I wol not lete, what I ne shall gene and lene
My thought, and all my lone so clene,
That towards me shall nought belove.
And if the of his good lene
Rewards wolds me nought agepne,
I wote the last of my bargepne
Shall stonds open so great a lost,
That I mais never more the cost
Recours in this worlds till I bis.
So that touchends of this partie
I mais me well ercuse, and shall.
And so, to speke forth withall,

If ony brocour for me went,
That point come neuer in myn entent:
So that the more me meruaileth
what thyng it is, my lady effeth,
That all myn herte, and all my tyme
She hath, and do no better byme.

T haue berbe faibe, that thought is free. And netheles in prinitee To you my fader, that bene here, Mon hole Maifte for to bere, 3 Dare myn berte well difclofe Mouchende blurie, as 3 fuppole, nobiche, as pe tellen, in loue is bled. Mp ladie maie not bene ercufed, That for o loapinge of bir eie, Mon hole berte till 3 beie, with all that euer 3 male and can, She bath me wonne to bir man : wherefine thinketh, good refon wolde, That the sombele rewarde tholde, And youe a parte, there the bath all: I not what falle berafter thall.

But in to nowe pet bare I fevne, Dir lift neuer yeue ageyne A goodly worde in luche a wife Wherof myn hope might arife, Mp great loue to recompenie, 3 not howe the hir confrience Ercufe wol of this meafare, 15p large weight, and great meafure She hath my loue, and I baue nought Dfthat, whiche I haue bere abought: and with mon herte I have it papes, But all this is affor lapoe, and 3 go loueles aboute. Dir ought fonde in full great boute, Mill the redzelle fuche a finne, That the wol al my love wonne, And veueth me not to live by, Monght al fo muche, as grant mercy Dir lift to lege, of whiche I might Some of my great peine alight. But of this point, lo thus 3 fare, As he that payeth for his chaffare, And bieth it dere, and pet hath none: So mote he nedes poure gone.

Thus bie I dere, and have no loue, That I ne maie nought come aboue To wome of loue none encrece. But 3 me wil ne the lefe Touchende blure of loue acquite, And if my laby be to wite, I pay to god fuche grace bir fende. That the by tyme it mote amende. My fonne of that thou haft answerde, Touchende blure, I haue al berbe, Dowe thou of love baff wonnen imale. But that thou telleff in thy tale, And thy lady therof acculeft, Me thinketh thele wordes thou miluleff. for by then owne knowlecheng, Thou layer, howe the for one lokying, The hole berte fro the the toke. She maie be fuche, that bir o loke Is worthe thone berte many folde. So haft thou well then berte folde, whan thou haft that is more worthe. And eke of that thou telleft forthe, Dowe that hir weight of lone bneuen Is buto thone, buder the henen Stonde neuer in euen that balance. whiche front in loues gouernance. Suche is the fatute of his lawe, That though thy loue moze brawe, And peple in the balance moze, A hou might not alke agepn therfore Df duetie, but all of grace. for loue is lorde in enery place. There maie no lawe hom infifie 1Bv reddour, ne by companie, That be ne wol after bis wille. pohome that bym liketh faue or fpille. To loue a man maie welle begonne, But whether he Chall lefe oz topnne, That wote no man, til at laft. for the couest not to falt My fonne, but abide then ende Bercale all male to good wende. But that thou haft me tolbe and faibe Df a thonge I am right well paide, That thou by deight, ne by gile Df no baocour, haft otherwhile Engrned, loue of fuche bebe Is foze bengeb as I rebe.

This ponit exemplum contra iftos marifos, qui Altra id quod proprias habent Apores, ad nous Volups Bolaptatie incrementum, atias mulieres fupers flue incrari non Berentur. Et narrat qualiter Juno Bindictam fuam m Eccho, in huiufmodi mulierum fucris adquiredis de confitio mariti fui Jouis mediatrip epfiterat.

TBzokers of love, that bereiven,
No wonder is though thei receiven,
After the wzonge, that thei deferven.
Hoz whom as ever that thei ferven,
And do pleasance foz a while,
Pet at the last her owne gile
Whom her owne head descendeth,
The whiche god of his bengeance sendeth.

As by ensample of tyme ago A man may finde, it bath be so.

It felle some tyme, as it was seene,
The high goddesse and the quene
Iuno tho had in companie
A maiden full of trecherie.
For the was ever in acorde
with supiter, that was hir lorde,
To get hym other lones newe
Through suche brotage, and was untrewe,
all other wise than hym nebeth.
18ut the, the whiche no thame dredeth,
with queint wordes, and with sie
18lent in suche wise hir ladys etc,
As the, to whom that suno trist,
So that therof the nothern wist.

But so privile mate be nothing, That it ne commeth to knowleching. Thinge done byon the berke night Is after knowen on dates light.

So it befelle, that at last,
all that this sligh maiden cast,
was over cast, and overtheolive.
for as the soothe mote be knowe,
To sum it was done invertionde,
In what manere hir husbonde
with fals becage hath taken blure
Of sone, moze than his mesure,
whan he toke other than his wife,
wherof this maide was giltife,
whiche had bene of his astent
and thus was all the game shent.
She suffered bym, as the mote nede,
that the become of his missede
he, whiche hir counseile pase therto,

Dn hir is the bengeance do. For Luno with hir wordes hate, This maiden, whiche Eccho was hote Reproueth, and faith in this wife:

D traftrelle, of whiche feruice Daft thou then owne lable ferned, Thou half great peine well beferued: Thy fligh wordes for to pernt with flaterie, that is lo queint Towardes me, that am the queene, Wherof thou mabelt me to wene, That mp bulbombe trewe were. whan that he loueth els where, All be it lo, hom nebeth nonght: But bpon the it hall be bought, The whiche art privite to the bornges. And me full ofte of thy lefinges Decepued halt: nowe is the date, That I thy while quite maie. And for thou half to me counceled, That my lozde bath with other dealed, 3 Chall the lette in luche a kynbe, That ever buto the worldes ende, All that thou bereff, thou halte tell. And clappe it out, as both a belle. and with that worde the was forthape, There may no bice bir mouthe escape, what man that in the worlde crieth, withouten fatle Eccho replieth. And what woode that hom luft to fayn, The fame woode the faith agayn. Abus the, whiche whilom had leve To dwelle in chamber, mot beleue In woodes, and on billes both. for fuche brocage as wines loth. whiche both her lozdes bertes chaunge, And love in other places fraunge.

For the if ever it to befalle,
That thou my fonne amonges all
Be wedded man, hold that thou hall.
For than all other love is walte:
D wife that wel to the fuffile,
And than if thou for covetile
Of love, woldest aske more,
Thou chuldest don agen the love
Of all bem that trewe be.
TMy fader as in this degre
My conscience is nought accused.

for I no luche brocage hau bled, we her of that luft of love is wome.

For thy freheth forthe, as ye begonne, and for thy freheth forthe, as ye begonne, and for some open my firste.

I say for I thall the branches thifte and the open when he her fet, and the open who may be fet.

Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere seddi Conuentt, vt pondus æqua statera gerat. Proptérea cupido non dat sua dona cupido Nam qui nulla serir, gramina nulla meter.

E hie tractat auctoz super illa specie Anaricie, que parcimonia dicitar, enius natura tenas afis qualem sue substantie pozitionem, aut des aut hos minibus participare nullatenus consentit.

Tiblind Anarice of his lignage,
for counseille, and for colinage,
To be witholde apen largelle
Dath one, whose name is said Scarsnesse,
The whiche is keper of his hows,
And is so throughout anarous,
That he no good lete out of honde,
Though god hym selfe it wolve sonde,
Of yest thuld he no thrng have:
And if a man it wold crave,
he must than saile nede,
where god hym selfe mate not spede.

And thus scaffics in enery place 18y refor mate no thonke purchace, And netheles in his begree dell soil pet Shoue all other molt prince With Auerice frant be this. for he gouerneth that there is SHOW THE HER In eche affate of his office, After the reule of thilke bice, De taketh, be kepeth, be balt, be bynt, That lighter is to fie the flynt, Than gete of hym in hard of nepline Dnly the value of a repfihe. Df good in helpyng of an other Dought, though it were his owne brother. for in the cas of pette and lone Stant enery man for bym alone 16 1606 ... Ziym thinketh of his bukynothippe, That hym neveth no felatothip the fo the bagge and be accorden, Dom recheth nought, what men recorben

Df hynt, beit eufil oz good. aund for all his truffe is on his good to So that alone be falleth ofte, 110 ban be beft weneth fonde alofte. Als well in lone as other wife. for love is ever of fome revrife To hom that woll his love holve. for thy my forme, as thou arte holde Touchende of this telle me the fhifte, 2)aft thou be fearle oz large of gifte Cluto the love, whom thou ferneft. for after that thou well beferueft Digifte, thou might be the bette. for that good bolde I well be fette, for whiche thou might the better fare: Than is no wifebome for to fpare. forthus men levite in enery nede, ! De was wife, that firft made mebe. for where as mede maie not fpede, I not what helpeth other bebe. full ofte be faileth of his game, That will with voell bonde reclaying Dis hawke, as many a nice both for the me fonne telle me foth, And faith the trouth, if thou haff bee Unto the tone or fearle, or fre 2 e My father it hath fronde thus, That if the treafour of Crefus, And all the golde of Octavian, Forth with the richelle of Indian, Df perles and of riche flones, were all to gether men at ones, 3 lette it at no moze account, inche Than wolde a bare frame amount, To grue it hit all in a bate, Be lo that to that fwete mair 3t might like moze oz lette. and thus because of my largette Pe maie well bnberffonde and leue, That I thall nought the worle achene The purpos, whiche is in my thought, But pet I pale bir neuer nought, De therto burlf a profre make. for well I wote, the woll nought take: And peur woll the nought alfo, She is eschewe of bothe two. And this I trome be the faill Towardes me, for the ne will, That I have any cause of hope. Dought als muche as a broper it aid lie But toward other as I maie fee, taketh and yeueth in luche begret, That as by wep of frembelphebe, the can to kepe bir womanbebe. That enery man fpeketh of bir wele: But the mal take of me no belever the And pet the wote wel, that I wolbe Pene, and bo both what I tholbe, To plelen bir in all my might, 1By reason this wote surry wight. for that mate by no were afterte. There the is mailler of the berte. Dhe mote be maifter of the good. for god wote wel, that all my mood And all myn herte, and all my thought And all my good, while I have ought, Als frely as god bath it give, It Chall be hirs, while I line, Right as bie lift, bir felue commande, So that it mebeth no bemanbe To alke me, if I have be fearle To lone, for as to the parle and and I wille antwere, and fep no. Mp fonne that is right well bo. Foz often teme of fearrenelle : " dish and a It bath be feen, that for the leffe Is loft the moze, as thou that here a tale. like to this matere.

This loquitur confra iffoe, qui enaricia firiefl largitatis beneficium in amorie caufa confuns dunt. Et ponte epemplam, qualiter L'vocens lavs que et filarie Babionem auatum et tenacem de amore Diole, que pulchereima fuit, dome lars giffimie circumuenit.

The fact cenes and lone acord never.

Ho; every thyng is wil the lever,
whan that a man hath bought it dece.
And for to speke in this matere,
Ho; sparping of a litell cost.
Hull oft tyme a man hath lost
The large cote for the bode:
what man that scarle is of his good,
And wol not give, he shall noughe take,
with gifte a man may bidertake
The highe god to please, and queme,
with gift a man the worlde mais seme.

For every creature bore
If thou hym yene, is glad therfore,
And every gladhip (as I finde)
Is comforte but loves kinde,
And causeth ofte a man to spede.
So was he wise, that first pase mede.
For mede kepeth love in hous,
What where the men be covertous,
And sparen for to yene a parte,
Thei knowen nought Cupides arte,
If or his fortune, and his apprise
Disdetyneth alle coverse,
And hateth alle migardie:
And for to loke of this partie
A fothe ensample, howe it is so,

I finde weitte of Babio, nobiche bad a loue at his menage There was no fapzer of hir age, And hight Viola by name, whiche full of youth, and full of game was of bir felfe, and large and free: 18ut fuche an other chinche as bee Men wifen nought in all the londe, And had affaited to his bonde Dis fernant, the whiche Spodius was bote : and in this wife thus The worldes good of fuffilance was had, but liking and pleafance Of that belongeth to richelle De loue Robe in great diffreffe: So that this ponge luftie wight Dfthing, whiche felle to loues right was entil ferued ouer all, That the was two bego withall: Til that Cupide and Venus eke A medicine foz the feke Debeine wolden in this cas, Product for So as fortune than was Df lone boon the deffmee Je fell right, as it Chulde bea A freiche, a free, a frendly man, That nought of anarier can, whiche Croceus by name hight, Towarde this livete caft his light, And there the was cam in prefence. She figb bym large of bilpenle, and amozous, and glab of chere So that hir liketh well to bece

The goodly wordes, whiche he faibe, And therbyon of loue he praide.

Df lone was all that he ment. To loue and for the thuibe affent, De gafe bir giftes ener amonge. But for men layen, that mebe is fronge, 3t was well fene at thilke tibe in all and for as it Chulbe of right betibe, und sala This Viola largelle bath take, And the nigarde the bath forfake. Df Babio the well no moze. for he was grutchende enermoze, There was with bym none other fare, 28nt for to pinche, and for to spare, Df worldes muche to gette encres : So goth the weetche loneles Beiaped for bis fcarfitee. And he that large was and free, And lette his berte to bilpende, This Croceius his bowe bende, nobiche Venus toke hym for to holbe, And fotte as ofte as ener be moloe. Lo thus beparteth loue bis laine, That what man woll nought be felame To peue and fpende, as & the telle, De is nought worthie for to bivell In loues courte to be relieueb. for thy my fonne, if it be lieuen. Thou thalt be large of thy Difpenie. My father in my confcience If there be any thonge amis I wolde amende it after this, Towarde my lone namely. Tony fonne well and reddy Thon faiff, fo that well patte withall 3 am, and further if 3 thail Ulnto the Apilte Specifie Df Anarice the progenie, nohat bice fueth after this, Thou thalt have wonder howe it is Amonge the folhe in any reigne, That luche a bice might reigne, vohiche is comune at all affaies, As men maie finde now a daies.

Cuncta creatura deus, & qui cuncta creauis, Damnant ingrati dictag facta viri. Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam Traxit, & in sine deserit esse suam.

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E fic loquitur fuppa illa abopta fpecie auaricie, que ingratitudo dicta efi, cuius conditioni non fos lum creator, fed etiam cuncte creature aspoininal bilem detefiantur.

TThe bice like buto the fembe, Whiche neuer pet was mans frende, das And cleved is bukinbethip, la a andhidas Of course and of felauthin noith Ausrice be is witholne. Dyen thinketh be thuld nought ben bold Winto the mother, whiche bym bare: Of bom maje neuer man beware, De wol not knowe the merite: for that he wolde it not aguite, was a fine whiche in this worlde is morbel bleb. and fetoe ben therof erented. To tell of bom is endeles : And thus & fate netheles, where as this bice cometh to londe. There taketh no man his thonke on hode, Though be with all his might ferne, De thall of bom no thonke beterne : De taketh what any man wil your : But while he hath o baie to line, Zie wol notheng rewarde agreene 2)e grutchethfo; to gyue a grepne, where be bath take a berne fulle, That maketh a hinde berte bulle, To lette his truft in fuche frenbefhip, There as he fint no kindelbip.

And for to fpeke wordes pleine, Thus here I many a man completne, That nowe on dates thou thatte finds At nede , fetve frendes binde : what thou half boone for bem tofore. It is foggetten, as it were loze. The bokes fpeken of this bice, And telle howe god of his Juffice. By wave of kinde and the nature, And every liuis creature, The lawe allo, who that it can, Thei bampne an bukinde man. It is all one, to fer bukinbe, As thong, whiche boone is againe kinns. for it with kinde neuer froobe A man to pelbe eufli for good. for who that wolve taken bebe, A beeft is glad of a good bebe,

A. II.

לבוא בער מום

Anto loueth thillie creature. divide spin acq After the lawe of his nature, and both bym eale : and for to lee Df this matere auctezitee, full oft tyme it hath befalle, " mid ad " wherof a sale amonge be atl, and addited whiche is of olde enfamplacte, della della 3 chinke for to fpecifie. in la can antago TO:

Allate narrat quod Beffie in fale Beneficile Bomis nem ingratum naturalites precellunt . Et ponit Exertum de Adriano Rom fenatore, qui in quas Dam fozefta Benationibus infifens , bum pzedam perfequesetur,in cifernam profundam nefcia fas milia cozruit, 86i fuper perurniens quidd pauper, nomine Bardue, immiffa coponla putana fomine eptraviffe , ppimo Simiam eptravit . Secunda feepentem, Terfio Bozianum, qui pauperem des fi iciena aciquid ei poo benefacto reddere vereifas Bat. Ded tam ferpene quain fimia gratuita Benea molentia ipfum fingulia donte semmeramerunt.

Tofpeke of an bukynde man I finde, bolve libilome Adrian - Indian Df Mome, whiche a great lorde was, Cinon a pate as be par cas To woode in his buntying went, It bapneth at a lobein wente, After the chale as be purfueth, Through bap, inbiche no man elebemeth, De felle bainare in to a pit, mabere that it might not be let. The pit was bepe, and he felle lowe, That of his men none might knowe pobere be became, for none was nigh, pobiche of bis fall the mischiefe figh. And thus alone there be laie Clepende, and criende all the date for focoure and Deliverance, Till agepre eue it fell par chance, A while er it began to night, & poure man, whiche Bardus bight, Come forth walkende with his alle, And had gethered bpm a taffe Df grene fliches and of baie, To felle, whom that wolde bem bie, As be, whiche had no livelobe, But whan be might fuche a lobe To towne with his affe carte. And as it felle bem for to tarie

19

That tike tome nighe the pitre, STORY OF STREET And hath the truffe fall knitte. De berbe a boice, whiche ertes bymme, And be his ere to the baymine Dath leibe, and berbe it was a man, webiebe lame: D belpe bere Adrian, And 3 will genen halfe my goob.

The poure man this bnberftoob, As he that wolve glably wyn, the Valle And to this lose, whiche was within, De fpake and faibe : if 3 the faue, what likernes thall 3 haus Of conenant, that afterwarbe Thou wolt me goue fache rewarde, As thou behighteft nowe befoge ?

That other bath his other ftooze, 18v beuen, and by the goodes all, If that it might fo befalle, That he out of the pit hom brought, Di all the goodes, whiche be onght, De Chall haue euen haluen bele.

E his Bardus feibe, he wolde wels And with this worde his afte anone De let butruffe, and therboom ! 16 ft 16 1 Downe goth the caste in to the pit, To whiche he hath at ende knit A fraffe, wherby be latte, be wolne, That Adrian hom Quide bolte.

But it was the per chance fallen, In to that put was allo fallery and in the Th In ape, whiche at thilke trowe, whan that the corbe cam bowne laine, All fodenly therto be fkipte, and all and it in both his armes clipte: And Bardus with his affe anone Down bath by draw, and be is gon. But whan he figh it was an ape, De wend all bad ben a fave Df faierie, and loze bym bzabbe. Inb Adrian eft foone grabbe for belpe, and cribe and preibe faffe : And be eft foone bis corbe caffe. 18ut wban it cam bnto the grounde. A great lerpent it bath by wounde, The whiche Bardus anone by brongh: And than hom thought welenough It was fantalie that be berbe The boys, and he therto animerd,

mbat

19 abt wight art thou in goddes name! 3 am (quod Adrian) the fame. whole good thou fhalte haue euen balle. Quob Bardus than a goos halfe, The thirde tyme affage I fall, and call his ropbe forth withall In to the pit, and whan it came To bom, this logde of Rame it name, and therbpon bym hath abreffeb, and with his honde ful ofte bleffeb: and than he bad to Bardus bale. and he, whiche bnberftobe his tale. Betwene hom and his affe all fofte, Bath Datwen, and fet bom by a lofte, potthout harnte all eafely. De faith not ones grant mercy, But fraught bym forth in to the citee, and let this poore Bardus bee. And netheles this fimple man Dis couenant, lo as be can, Dath afked : and that other faide, Trit fo bethathe bybaibe Df ought, that bath be looke or bo, It thall be benged of bym lo, mais we at a That hom were better to be bebe.

And he can tho no other rede, But on his alle agayne he call Dis trulle, and hieth homewarde falle. And whan that he came home to bed,

De tolde his wife, bowe that be fped. But finally to speke ought moze alnto this lozde, he drad bym fore, So that one worde be burft not farne. And thus byon the mozoive agagine In the maner, as 3 recorde, forth with his alle, and with his corbe, To gather woodbe, as he bib er, De goth, and whan that he cam ner Unto the place, where he wolde, De gan his ape anone beholde, nobiche had gabred al abonte Dffickes bere and there a route, And lepde bem redy to bis bonde : wherof he made his trulle and bonde. fro paie to bate, and in this wife This ape profreth his feruile, so that be had of woodde enough. Cloon a tyme and as be brough

Aowarde the woodde, he ligh belide
Ahe great gaftig ferpent glide,
All that the cam in his prefence,
And in hir kinde a reverence
She hath hym do, and forth withall
A frome more bright than a Christall
Out of hir mouth to fore his waye
She let downe fall, and went awaye,
for that be hall not be adrad.

Tho was this poose Bardus glad,
Thankende god, and to the stone
Ze goth, and taketh it by anone,
And hath great wonder in his witte,
Zowe that the beast hym hath aquitte,
where that the mans son bath failed,
for whom he had most transited.
But all he put in gods honde,
And tometh home, and what he sonde
Unto his wife he hath it thewde,
And thei that were bothe lewde,
Acorden, that he shalle it selle.

And he no lenger wolde dwelle, But foith anone bpon the tale The frome be profreth to the fale, And right as he bom felfe it fette. The feweller anone forth fette The golde, and made his papement, Therof was no belaiement. Thus whan this Cone was bought & fold, Demward with love many folde This Bardus goth, and whan he cant Zom to his hows, and that he nam Dis gold out of his pours within, De fonde his Cone also therin: wherof for love his herte platte, Unto bis wife and thus be faire. T'Lo bere my golde, lo bere my ffone. Dis wife hath wonder therbpon, And afketh bym howe that mave be.

Nowe by my trouth I not (quod he)
But I dare tweete boon a boke,
That my marchant I it toke,
And he it had, whan I went.
So knowe I nought to what entent
It is nowe here, but it be gods grace.
For thy to morowe in other place
I wille it fonds for to felle,
And if it woll not with hym dwelle,

A 52 5 2 2 1

A. 111.

18nt crepe in to my purle agegine, Than bare I fauely livere and feyne, It is the bertue of the frome.

The mozowe came, and he is gons
To ferbe about in other steve,
Dis stone to selle, and so he vede,
And leste it with his chapman there.
But whan that he came els where,
In presence of his wife at home,
Out of his purs and that he nome
Dis golde, sonde his stone withal.
And thus it felle hym overal,
where he it solde in sondzie place,
Suche was the sozume, and the grace.
But so well mase nothing be hid,
That it nis at last hid.

This fame goth about Rome
So ferforth, that the worder come
To the emperour Lustinian,
And he let sende for the man,
And asked born, howe that it was.

And Bardus tolde all the cas,
Dowe that the worme, and eke the beffe,
Al though thei made no bibeffe,
Eis trangile hadden well aquitte:
But he, whiche had mans witte,
And made his covenant by mouth,
And fwore therto all that he couth,
To parte and gous halfe his good,
Dath nowe forpete howe that it flood,
As he, whiche wol no trouth holde.

But at last nethelese,
for the partie, whiche bath pleined,
The lawe bath demed, and orderned
the hem, that were aussed wele,
That he shal have the baluen dele
Throughout of Adrians good.

And thus of thilke bakinde bloob

Deant the memorie buto this bais, where that enery wife man mate where that enery wife man mate when the first that the first that the same it is, to be nonkynde, agepue the whiche reason bebateth, and enery creature it hateth.

for the my loure in the office and a me I rebe the fter that fike bice. for right as the cronicle feith mit and Of Adrian, bolve be bis feith forpate for worldes conetile : ful oft in luche a maner wife Oflowers notice a man male fee and the fal many, that bukpnbe ber the day for wel bebote, and enel latt and mothing That is ber life, foz at laft, noban that thet have ber totlle bo. Der loue is after foone ago. pobat fapt thou forme to this ras & CMp faber 3 wil fate allas, hand and That ener fuche a man was bore, mobiche toban be bath bis trouth (trope And hath of lour tohat be toolbe, That be at any tyme tholbe and ad hall the Quer after in his bert finbe To lin fal, and to ben bukinde. and and

16ut faber as touchend of mee, I maie not frond in that begree, , and for I toke neuer of loue toby, andul That I ne mate go therby, and aid And bo my profite els tohere. fo; any spede I finde there, I bare wel thenken all about : But I ne bare not speke it out: And if 3 booff, 3 wold pletne, That the, for whom I fuffer peine, And lone hir ener a liche bote, That nother pene ne behote, and and the In rewarding of mp fernice, all and artis It lift bir in no maner wife. mille not lep, that the is kinbe, And for to lep, the is bukinbe, That bare 3 not by god abone, the Whiche benneth every herte of love, De wote, that on myn owne for Shall none bonkinbenes abibe. If it thall with my labte divelle, Therof dare I no more telle.

Dowe

nowe good father as it is 高四段 Tell me, what thinketh you of this ? On fonne of that bukinothip, The whiche towarde thy ladiffhip, Thou pleinelt, for the woll the nought, Thou art to blamen of thy thought. for it maie be, that the belire, Though it beenne euer, as both the fire, Bercale to bir honour millet, win one Dzels tome come nought yet, nobiche fant boon the deffinee. for thy my forme, 3 rede thee, Thomke well, what euer the befall. for no man bath his luftes all: But as thou tolbeff me befoge, mild to the dilet That thou to loue art nought foglwoge, and balt doone no bukindnelle, Thou might therof the grace bleffe, and leue nought that continuance, That there mate be none fuche greuance To love, as is bukindthip, naberof to heps thy worthip, he want our So as thele olde bokes tale, the trad out? I thall the telle a redy tale. now berken, and be ware therby. for I will telle it openly.

E hie ponil epemplum cotra Bivos amozl ingras tos. Et parrat qualiter E hefens Beget filius cos sitio fullus Boziane regis Minos file in domo, que L abyzinthus dicitar, Minosauri Vicit, unde Ehefens Artadne sponsalia certifisme pzomits tens, ipsam Ina rum Phedza sozoze sua a Creta secti nausgio duvit, Ded statim postea oblito gratitudinis beneficio, Ariadnam ipsim safvante, in insula Chion special post tergil retiquit. Et phes dram Athenie sibi sposatam ingratus cozonauit.

Animos, as telleth the poete,
The whiche whilom was kyng of Crete,
A some had, and Androchee
The hight, and so befelle that bee,
Unto Athenes so; to lere
was sente, and so be bare hym there,
fo; that he was of high lignage,
Suche prine he toke in his corage,
That he sorpeten hath the schooles,
And in epot amonge the sooles,
Le did many thynges wronge,
And vied thilke life so longe,
Til at last of that he wrought

SENIO.

De fonde the milithiele, whiche he lought, wherof it fell, that he was layne.
Dis fader, whiche it herde layne,
was worth, and all that ever he might,
Of men of armes he hym dight
A fronge power, and footh he went
Ulnto Athenis, where he beent
The plaine countrey al aboute:
The cities flode of hym in boute,
As theichat no defence had
Ageyne the power, whiche he lad.

Egeus, whiche was there konge, Dis counsell toke boon this thonge. for he was than in the citee: So that of pees in to treatee, Betwene Minos and Egeus A bei fell, and bene acrozded thus: That hynge Minos fro pere to pere Recepue that as thou thalt here Dut of Athenis for truage Df men, that were of mighty age Barlons none : of whiche he thail Dis will boninfpeciall. for bengeaunce of his formes beth fone other grace there ne geth But for to take the Juple, And that was bon in luche a wife, Ulpon whiche flobe a wonder cas. for that tome foit was, wberof that men pet rebe and finge, Trynge Minos had in his keppings A cruell monfter, as feith the teft. for be was balle man and halfe beit. and Minotaurus he was bote, pobich was begotten in a riote Ulpon Paliphae, his owne wife, whiles be was out boon the frife, Df that great liege of Troie. 38nt the, whiche loft hath all tope, pohan that the lighe this montire bore, 28ab men ogbeine anon therfoge, allin and And felle that fike tyme thus, There was a clerke, one Dedalus, whiche had ben of bir affent, Df thathir lozde, was fo milwent, And he made of his chone witte, noberof the remembrance is pit. for Minotaure had furbe a hous,

That was fo fronge, and meruaflous, That what man that within went, There was fo many a fondave went, That he ne Childe nought come out, But gone amaled all about : 14 10 18 18 18 And in this boufe to locke and warps was Minotaurus put in warbe That what life, chat therin cam. De man og beeft, be ouercant, And flough, and fedde hom therboon. and in this wife many one, and the street Dut of Athenis for truage, walle to Denoured weren in that rage. for enery pere thei thopen bem fo Thet of Athenis er thet go Towarde that ilke wofull chance, As it was fette in ozbinance, Thon fortune ber lotte thei caff, Till that Thefeus atlatte, and the whiche was the kunges forme there. Amonges other that there were, In thilke pere, as it befelle, and The lotte bpon bis chance felle: Ze was a worthye knight withall. and whan he figh bis chance falle, De ferde, as though be toke none bebe, 38ut all that euer he might fpebe with hom, and with his felanthip, Sforth in to Crete be goth by thip, where that the kyng Minos be fought, And profereth all that he bym oughte Apon the point of her accorde.

This Gerne konge, this cruell loade

Toke enery date one of the none,

And put hom in to the discipline

Of Minotaure to be denouted.

But Theseus was so favoured,
That he was kepte till at last,
And the meane while he cast,
what theng hom were best to do.
And felle, that Ariadne tho,
whiche was the doughter of Minos,
and had herde the worther los
Of Theseus, and of his might,
And ligh he was a lustic knight,
Dir holle herte on hom the laide.

And he also of lone hir praide

And the ozdeineth, that anone,
In what maner the thuld hym faue,
And thope to, that the did hym hane
A cleive of theree, of whiche within
first at doze he shall begynne
with hym to take that one ende:
That whan he wold ageynward wende,
De might go the same were.

And ouer this fo as 3 fepe, Df pitche fhe toke bom a pelote, The whiche be finibe in to the throte Df Minoraure caff right. Suche wepon allo for hym the bight, That he by realon mafe not faile To make an erioe of his bataile. for the hom taught in fondrie totle, Tille be was knowe of thilke emprife, Dowe he this best thuld quelle. And thus thortely for to telle, So as this maiden bym had taught. Thefeus with this monfter faught. And imote of his bebe, the whiche be nam. And by the threbe, fo as be cam De goth ageyne, til be were oute : So was great wonder all aboute.

Minos the tribute hath releced,
And lo was all the werre feced
Betwente Athenes and hem of Crete,

But nowe to speke of that swete,
The whose beautee was withoute wan,
This faire maiden Adrian:
Whan that the figh Theseus sounde,
was never yet byon this grounde,
I gladder wight than the was tho.

Theseus dwelt a date of two,
where that Minos great chere hym ded.
Theseus in a prente ted
Dath with this maiden spoke and rowned,
That she to hym was abandouned
In al that ener she couth,
so that of hir lustic pouth,
All princly betwene hem twey,
The first shoure he toke awey.
For he so faire tho behight,
That ener while he live might,
De thus hir take so; his wife,
And as his owne hertes life
De wolde hir love, and trouth beare.

And the, whiche might not forbeare, so fore loueth hym ageyne, That what as ener he wold feyne, with all hir hert the it leueth. And thus his purpole he acheueth, so that assured of his trouth with hom the went, and that was routh

Phedra his ponge lufter eke,

I luftie maide, a sobze, a meke,

fulfilled of all curtofie,

foz sufferhode and companie

Of love, whiche was hem betwene,

To see his suffer be made a quene,

Dir faver lefte, and sozth the went

with hym, whiche all his first encent

fozgat within a litel throwe,

to that it was all over throwe,

whan she best wend it shuld fonde.

The ship was blowen fro the londe

where that thei salend were,

This Adriadne had mochel fere, Of that the wonde fo lowde bleme, as the whiche of the lea ne knewe, And prato for to refte a while. and fo felle, that byon an ple, upbiche Chio bigh, thei ben breue, mobere be to bir leue bath veue. That the thall lond and take hir reft : But that was nothing for hir beff. for whan the was to lond brought, &be, which that tome thought nought But all trouth, and toke no kepe, Dath laibe bir foft foz to flepe: Is the whiche longe hath ben forwatcheb. But certes the was entl matched, And fer from all lours kinde. for more than the bealf bukinbe Thefeus, whiche no trouth kept, (while that this yonge lable flept) fulfilled of all bukundhip, Dath all forgeten the goodhip, webiche Ariadne bym had bo, and bad buto the thipmen the Dale by the faile, and nought abide, And forth be gothe the fame tibe Towarde Athenis, and hir en londe De left, whiche laie nigh the aronde Slepend, til that the awoke, 13ut whan that the raff by hir loke Towarde the fronde, and figh no wight, Dir berte was lo loge aftight, That the ne will what to thinke, But brough bir to the water brinke. where the behelve the fea at large ! She figh no thip, the figh no barge Als ferforth as the might kenne : Da lorde (fhe faid) whiche a fenne, As all the worlde thall after bere Elpon this wofull woman bere, This worthie knight hath boones incought I wend I had his love bought, And fo Deferued at nebe, Whan that he Robe byon his brebe. And eke the loue, be me bebight. It is great wonder, howe be might Towardis me nowe ben bukunde, And lo to lette out of his minbe Thong, which he faid his owne mouth. But after this, whan it is couth, And ogawe to the worldes fame, 3t thall ben bynbapnge of his name. for well be wote, and lo wote 3, De vafe his trouthe bobtly. That he mon honour thulve kepe. And with that wozde the gan wepe And fozoweth moze than enough. Dir faire treffes the to brough And with bir lette the toke furb frife, That the betwene the beth and life Swounende lay full ofte amonge : and all was this on bom alonge, whiche was to love bukinde fo, poherof the wronge thall evermo Stonbe in cronike of remembrance, And the it alketh a bengeance To ben bikinde in loues cas, So as Theleus than was. All though he were a noble knight. for he the lawe of lones right forfaited bath in all wape, That Ariadne be put awaye, whiche was a great bukunde bebe. And after that, fo as I rebe, Phedra, the whiche hir liter is, De toke in frebe of hir, and this fell aftermarbe to mekell tene,

For thilke vice, of whiche 3 mene.

The trouthe of mans here it falleth,
The trouthe of mans here it palleth,
That he can no good bede acquite:
So maie he fronce of no merite
Towardes god, and eke also
Men calle hym the worldes so.
For he no more than the sende
Unto none other man is frende,
18ut all toward hym selse alone.

For the my fonne in the performance with the bire about all other flee.

I My fader as ye teche me,

I thinke to be in this mattere.

But over this I wolve fayn here, where f I hall me theire more.

I My good forme as for thy lore,
After the reule of touetile,
I hall the properties deutle
Of enery vice by and by.
Nowe herhen, and be wel ware therby.

E Bic tractat fuper illa fpecie empida, que vapina nlicupatur, cuine mater eptozcio ipfam ab defers niendum magnatit curile fpecialine comendanit.

In the ligurage of Anarice My lonne per there is a vice, Dis right name it is Rauine, me cand and uphiche bath a coute of his couine. Rauine amonge the maillers owellerb, And with his fernantes as men relleth, Extorcion is nowe witholde. Rauine of other mens folde Maketh his larver, and paveth nought. for where as euer it maie be fought In his hous there thall no thong lacke, and that ful ofte abteth the parke Df pooze men, that bwelle aboute. Thus fant the commune people in boute, uphiche can bo none aniendenient. for whan hym faileth patement, Rauine maketh non other fadle, But taketh by Arength al that he walle.

So ben there is the fame wife Louers, as 3 the thall benile:
That whan nought elles male analls,

for the my forme thrine the bere, If thou ball ben a Raumere Dfloue. Lertes father no. for 3 mp ladplone fo. Matty all and the for though I were as was Pompeye That all the morles me wolve obeve: De els fuche as Alifandre, I wolde nought bo fuche a sciander. It is no good man, whiche lo both. In good frith forme thou failt foothe. for he that woll of purueance, 18p fuelle a wep bis latte auance, De Chall it after loge abte, 28ut if thele olde enlamples ite. Dowe good father telle me one, So as pe connen many one, Touchende of loue in this matere. Chowlift my forme, and thou thalte heres So as isbuth befall er this, In loves cause howe that it is, S man to take by raufne 4 2 2010 The prepe, whiche to feminine

A libic ponit epeptam estratitos in amopie caufa raptozea, Et narrat qualiter padien rep Athen. it. fittas, Bideficet pagne 7 philomend habuite pagne ante regi Traste Ehreo desposat figit, quod cam Berens, ab inflantiam Byoom fue phismenam de Athen. in Trastam sopra fue pationic causa secunquadam sice perduceret, in escupiscentia phismene tanta seneritate in Itismere diapsus est, quod ipse non solum sue biscens tia rapine Birginitatem eine oppaessi, sed et ipsus singuam, ne factum detegeset sopcipe mutulanit, Inde imperpetue memozie cronicam tăti raptozia austeritatem, miso opoine di postca Sindicarunt,

There was a riall noble hynge,
a riche of all worldes thenge,
whiche of his propre enheritance
Athenis had in governance,
and who so thinketh theropon,
his name was hynge Pandion.

A two boughters had he by his wife, The whiche he loned as his life. The first doughter Progne hight, And the seconde, as the well might, was cleped faire Philomene,

To lobom fell after morbel tene. To seden The father of his purueance, Dis boughter Progne wolde anance, And gafe bir buto mariage a worthy kyng of high lignage, a noble knight eke of his bonbe, so was be hid in enery londe. Df Trace be bight Thereus, The clerke Quide telleth thus. This Thereus his wife bome lab, a lufty life with hir he had, Will it befelle boon a tide, This Progne, as the lay hom bette, Bethought bir, howe that it might bee, That the bir lufter might fee, And to bir lozde bir will the faide naith goodly wordes, and hym prate. That the to hir might go. And if it liked bym not fo, That than be wolde bem felfe wende, De els by fome other fende, mbiche might bir bere lufter grete, and hape, howe that thei might mete.

Dir loade anone to that be berde pale his accorde, and thus answerde.

I will (faide he) for thy fake, The wey after thy fifter take My felfe, and bryng bir, if I male.

And the with that, there as the laye, 18 igan hym in hir armes clippe, And kill hym with hir fofte lippe, And faide: Are graunt mercy. And he foone after was redy, And toke his leve for to go.

In fazy tyme did he fo.
This There us goth fazth to thippe,
And with hym his felauthippe.
By fea the right cours he nam,
What the countrey till he cam,
where Philomene was dwellynge,
And of hir fuffer the tidynge
De tolde, and tho thei weren gladde,
And mothel tope of hym thei made.
The father and the mother bothe
To leave her doughter were lothe,
But if thei were in pzelence:
And netheles at reverence
De hym that wolde hym felfe travaile,

Thei wolde nought be thulbe faile. And that thet maibe gene bir leue, And the that wolde not beleue, In all half made hir pare Towarde bir lufter foz to fare with Thereus, and forth the went, And be with his bole entent, Whan the was fro bir frendes go, Affotteth of bir lone lo, That his eie might be not witholbe, That he ne must on hie beholde, And with the light gan beffre, And let his owne berte a fire: and fire , whan it to towe approcheth, To bom anone the ftrength accrocheth, Mill with his bete it be benoured, The towe ne map not be fouccoureb. And fo the tyranne rauener, whan that the was in his power, and he therto fawe tome and place, As he that loft hach all grace, forgate, he was a webbeb man. And in a rage on bir be ran, Right as a wolfe, that taketh his prape.

And the began to erie and praye, D father, o mother dere, Dotve belpe. but thei ne might it bere. And the was of to litell might, Defence agepne lo rube a knight Mo make, whan be was fo woode, That he no reafen bnberftoobe, But beloe bir bnber in luche wille, That the ne might not artie, But lape oppreiled and Dilealed, As if a Goulhauke had lepled A byzbe, whiche durff not foz fere Remme. and thus this tyranne there Beraftbir fuche thong , as men fepne, May neuer moze be polben ageyne, And that was the birginitee: Df luche raupn it was pitee.

But whan the to hir felfe come, And of hir milchiefe hede nome, And knewe, how that the was no maios, with wofull herte thus the laide.

D thou of all men the werft, where was there ever man that derif Do luche a dede, as thou half do ?

That

That date thall falle, I hope to,
That I thall tell out all my fille,
And with my specke I thall suffille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
I hat thou half doone to me by frength,
If that Famonge the people dwelle,
Unto the people I thall it telle.
And if I be within walle
Of fromes closed, than I thalk
Unito the fromes clepe and cris,
And tell hem thy felonte.
And if I to the woodes wende,
There thall I tell all and ende,
And trie is to the byrdes out;
That ther thall here it all aboute.

for I to lowde it that reberfe,
That my doite that the henen perre,
That it that fowne in godoes eare.
A fals man, where is thy fere ?
D more exual than any best,
Lowe hast thou holden thy behest,
whiche thou but one my sifer mades?
D thou, whiche all love buglades,
And artentample of all outcome:
Nowe wolve god my lister knowe
Df then outrouthe, howe that it stope.

And be than as a lion woode. noith his unhappye hondes fronge, De caught hie by the trelles longe, with the whiche he bonde both hir armes, That was a feble bede of armes, ... And to the grounde anone bir raft. And out he clippeth allo fail Dir tonge, with a patre of theres. Do what with blobe, and what with teres. Dut of hir even, and of hir mouthe De mabe bir faire face bncouto. Dhe lave fwoluninge unto the bethe, There was buneth any brethe. But pet wharhe hir tonge refte, 1201 640 A litell parte therof be lefte : 1985 300 But the withall no woode maie folone. But chitre, and as a by be targowne. And nevertheles that woode bounde Dir bodie hent by fro the grounde, and fent hir there, as by his will, She thalbe abide in prifone Bill fo: ener mo, but note take bebe,

tobat after felle of this millocoe. Motici a Whan all this mifchiefe was befall This Thereus, that fould bom falle, Cluto his countrep home he tigh. And one and whan he come his palais nigh 40 12 Dis wife alreop there hom kepte. whan be bir figh, anone be wept, And that be bib for beceite. for the began to afke bom freite, Where is my fifter : Ino he faide, That the was bede, and Progne abzaide, As the that was a wofull wife, and fobe betwene hir beth and life, Beraufe the berbe fnche tibringe. 28ut foz the figh hir logo weppinge, She wende nought but all trouth, And had wel the more routh. The perles were tho forfale To bir, and blacke clothes take, As the that was gentill and hynde, In worthip of bir lifters mynde. She mabe a riche enterement. for the fonde none amendement To fighen oz to lob moze : so was there gple biter the goze. Doine leane we this konge and quene, and tozne apene to Philomene.

As I beganne to tell erfte, when the cam in to prilon ferff,
It thought a kenges boughter frange.
To make to lode inte a change
fro welth, but o lo great a wo:
And the began to thenke tho,
Though the by mouth nothern praise,
within hir herte thus the laide.

D thou almighty Iupiter,
That hie littelf, and lokelf ferre,
Thou luffrest many incongfull dopinge,
And yet it is not thy willynge.
To the there mate nothing ben hid,
Thou wolk, howe it is betto.
I wolde I had not be boze.
Hoz than had I nought forloze
My speche and my dirginitee.
But good lozde all is in thee,
whan thou thereo wolte be bengeance,
And shape my dessure and wepte.

and

And thought that the neuer kepte To be a worldes woman more, And that the willheth euermoze. But ofte bnto bir liffer bere Dir berte fpeketh in this manere, And laid : D fifter, if pe kneive Di mpn effate, pe wolde rewe, I troive, and my beliverance Be wold thape, and bo bengeance On hom, that is fo fals a man : And netheles fo as 3 can, I will you lende lome tokenpng, poherof pe thall have knowlageping Dfthyng, I wote that thall you lothe, The whiche pou toucheth, and me both. And the within a while as tite Dbe mafe a cloth of filke all white, with letters and imagerie, In whiche was all the felonie, nobiche Thereus to bir bath bo, And lapped it to gether tho. And lette bir lignet therbpon, And fent it buto Progne anon.

The mellager, whiche forth it bare, pohat it amounted is nought ware, and netheles to Progne be goth, And prinelp taketh bir the cloth, and went again right as be cam: The courte of bym none bede name. Troban Progne of Philomene berbe. the wolde knowe bow that it ferbe, And openeth that the man bath brought, And toot therby, what hath be wought, And what milchiefe there is befall. In fwoune the the gan bowne fall, And efte arole, and gan toffonde, And efte the taketh the clothe on bonde, Behelbe the letters, and thomages: But at laft of fuche outrages Dhe laide : weppinge is nought the bote, and fwereth, if that the leue mote, in ad It fhall be bengeb other tolle: Carrant and And with that the gan bir autle, Dow first the might buto bir wen, de griff Dir fifter, that no man within, mital rack But onely thei, that were fluore, the It thulbe knowe, and thope therfore, That Thereus nothing it will : wait and And pet right as hir feluen lifte,
Dir fifter was belivered foone
Dut of prison, and by the moone
To Progne the was brought by nighte.

whan erhe of other had a fight,
In chambre there thei were alone,
Thei maden many a pitous mone.
Whiche figh hir lifter pale and fade,
And specheles, and dithonoured,
Of that the had be befloured.
And she boon hir lorde she thought,
Of that he so bustruely wrought,
And had his esponsate broke,
She maketh anowe it shall be wroke.
And with that word the kneleth downer repynge in great denotion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus
She prato, and said than thus:

D ye, to whom no thing afters Df loue mate, for every herte Pe knowe, as pe that ben about The god and the goodeffe of lone, Pe witen well, that ener pit withal mp wille, and all mp wit, Sith firft pe thope me to webbe, That I laie with mplozde a beade, 3 haue ben trewe in my begrer, And ever thought for to bee, And neuer lone in other place, But all onely the kynge of Trace; Whiche is mp lozde, and 3 his wife. But nowe allas this wofull artie, and the That I hym thus ageinward finde The most buttelve, and most bukinde, That ever in labtes armes late. And wel 3 wote that he ne maie Amend his wange, it is fo gret. for to litell of me be lete. In andione al whan be mon owne fifter toke, and Toda And me that am bis wife forfohe.

Lo thus to Venus and Cupide
the prate, and fertherings the criss
Unto Apollo the highest,
and fair: D mightie god of rest,
Thou do bengeance of this debate,
My lister and all hir estate
Thou wost, and how she hath forlore

Dir matbenhede, and I therfore
In all the worlde thall beare a blame,
Of that my lifter bath a thame,
That Thereus to hir I fent.
And well thou wolf, that suyn entent
was all for worthip and for good.
O lorde, that geneff the lines foode
To enery wight, I praie the here,
These wofull lifters, that ben here,
And let be nought to the ben loth,
we ben thyn owne women both.

Thus plaineth Progne, a areth wzerhe, And though hir after lacke speche, To bum, that all thunges wate, Dir sozowe is not the less hote.

But he, that than herd them two, Dym ought have logowed evermo. For logowe, whiche was hem between, with fignes plaineth Philomene. And Progne laith, it that be wreke, That all the worlde therof thall freake.

And Progne the Achenes feigned,
where funte hir larde the pleined,
And pretth, the mote hir chambre kepe,
And as hir liketh wake and flepe.
And he hir graumteth to be fo.
And thus to gether ben thei two,
That wolde hym but a litell good.

Nowe herken hereafter, how it knobe
Di wofull auntres that befelle.

These fifters, that ben both felle, and that was not on hem alonge, But onely on the great wronge, whiche Thereus had hem do:

Thei thopen for to benge hem the.

This Thereus by Progne his wife A some hath, whiche as his life He loueth, and Irys he hight. His mother wift well the might Do Thereus no more greue, Than flea his childe, whiche was so leue. Thus the that was as who saith madde of wo, whiche hath hir overladde, wo thout insight of motherhed, so gate pitee, and lost drede, and in hir chambre princip
This childe without noyle or crie and the slongh, and heive by mail to peres:

And after with biners fpieles The ftelibe, whan it was fo to beive, She taketh, and maketh therof a feior, with whiche the faber at his meate was ferued, till be had bym eate, That he ne will, howe that it Coose : But thus his owne fielibe and bloods Dom felfe benoureth agepne kinde, As he that was to fore bukinde. And than er that he were arife, for that be fhulbe bene agrife, To thewen bym the childe was bede, This Philomene toke the bede Betwene two biffper, and all wathe Tho came forthe the lifters bothe, And letten it bpon the bozbe. and only on the And Progne than began the maple And feibe : D werft of all wikhe, Of confrience whom no parkke Maie Cere, lo what thou ball bo, Lo bere ben nowe we litters two.

D ranener, lo here thy prete,
which whom to fallely on the weie
Thou half thy tyranny wrought,
Lo nowe it is som bele abought:
And better it shall: for of thy bebe
The worlde shall ever singe and rebe,
In remembrance of thy befame.
Hor thou to love half bone suche shame,
That it shall never be forgete.

And thous the borde in to the flore, And thous the borde in to the flore, And taught a floorde anone, and floore, That thei fluide of his hondes bie.

And thei buto the goddes erie
Began, with so loude a freuene,
That thei were herde buto bevene,
And in the twomkelping of an eie
The goddes, that the mischiese sete,
Der formes channged all thre,
Eche of hem in his degree
was turned in to a briddes kinde
Diverseliche as men map finde,
After the Late that thei were your
Der sommes were set a twome:
And as it telleth in the tale
The first in to a nightyngale
thas shape, and that was Philomene,

whiche

usbiche in the winter is not lene. for than be the leues falle, After soldy 2018 as And naked ben the bullhes alle. for after that the was a batobe, Dir mille mas ener to be bib, And for to divelle in prine place, That no man fhuld fe bir face foz hame, whiche maie not be latto Df thong that was tologe pallib, moban that the loft hir maidenhed. for ever boon bir womanhede. (Though that the gods wold hir change) Dhe thynketh, and is the moze frange, And holt bir clos the winter bate. But whan the winter goth awaie, And that nature the gobbelle will of bir owne fre largelle, with herbes, and with flours both The felbes, and the medowes clothe, And eke the woodbes, and the greaues Ben billed all with grene leaues, Do that a baidde bir bide maie Wetwene March, Appil, and Male, She that the winter beld hir clos for vure hame, and nought aros, Whan that the figh the bowes thicke, And that there is no bare ffiche, But all is his with leaves grene, To moobbe cometh this Philomene, And maketh bir firft pers flight, where as the lingeth baie and night: And in bir longe all openly Dbe maketh bir plaint, and laith : D wbp pobp ne were I pet a maibe ? for fo this olde wife faib, whiche buberfood, what the ment, Dir notes ben of luche entent. End eke thet faib, boto in bir fonge Dhe maketh great tope, a mirthe amonge, and faith : ha note 3 am a bribbe, Da noine my face may ben bib, Though I have loft my maidenbebe, Shall no man fee my chekes rebe.

Thus medleth the with love wo, And with her lozowe myth also: So that of loves maladie She maketh divers melodie, And latth: love is a wofull bliffe, A wifedome, whiche can no man wife, A luftie fener, a wounde lofte, This note the reperfeth ofte To bem, whiche bnoerstonde hir tale.

Nowe have I of this nightyngale, whiche erft was cleped Philomene, Tolde all that ever wolde mene, woth of hir forme, and of hir note, where men maie the frozie note.

And of hir lifter Progne I finde, Dow the was tourned out of hynde In to a fivalowe fwifte of wynge, whiche eke in winter lieth fwownynge There as the mate no thong be fene, But whan the woode is woren grene, And comen is the fommer tibe, Than fleeth the forth, and ginneth to chibe, And chetereth out in hir langage, what fallebebe is in mariage, And telleth in a maner fpeche De Thereus the Ipoule breche: She wol not in the wooddes dwelle, for the wolde openlich telle, and the for that the was a froute, Amonge the folke the cometh to boule, To bo thefe wines buderftonde The fallhode of her bulbonde, That thei of bem beware alfo. for there be many butrelve of tho.

Thus ben the litters baiddes bothe, Ind ben towarde the men fo lothe, That thei ne will for pure thame To no mans bonde be tame. for euer it dwelleth in ber mynbe, Of that thei fonde a man bukynbe, and that was fals Thereus, If fuche one be amonge bs I note, but his condicion Men laie in enery region, mothin towne and the without. nowe reigneth comonly about. And natheles in remembrance 3 will beclare, what bengeance The gobbes habben byen ordeineb. Df that the lifters habben pleined. for anone after be was chaungeb, ad and and from his owne kinde ftraungeb, an " A laptopulte made he mas.

W1, if.

And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
And on his beed there front by right
A creft, in token of a lunight.
And yet unto this day, men feith,
A lappake hath loft his feith,
And is the birde fallest of all.

Beware my fonne er the fo fall. for it thou be of furbe couine, To get of loue by raufne Thy luft : it mate the falle thus, as it befelle to Thereus. My father got forbebe : Me were leuer be faztrebe with wilde bosles, and to braine, Er 3 ageine loue, and his lawe, Did ony thyng, or loude or Will, whiche were not my lables will. Men laven, that every love bath brene : Do foloweth it, that I bir brebe. for 3 bir loue, and who lo breveth. To please his love and ferne bom nebeth. Thus mate pe knowe by this fkill, That no rauine boone 3 will Ageine bir will, by fuche a wege, But while 3 line, 3 will obepe, Abyopinge on his courtelle, If any mercy moloe bir plie.

for the me father, as of this I wote nought I have do amille. But farthermore I you befethe, Some other points that he me teche, and afketh forthe if there be ought, and That I mais be the better tought.

Viuat vtex spoliis grandi qua sepe tumultu, Quo graditur, populus latro perurget iter: Sic amor ex casu poterit, quo capere prædā, Si locus est aptus, cætera nulla timet.

T libit loquitur fuper il'a cupibitatia fpecie, qua furtum Bocat, cuius minifiri alicuius legis offens fam non metuentes tam in amoris caufa quam aliter, fuam quam farpe confcientiam offendunt.

E whan Couetife in poure effate Stont with bem felfe ben bebate, Through lacke of his milgouernance, That he buto his inflenance he can no nother wate finde La get bem good : than as the blinde nobich feeth nought, what that after fall. That ilke bice, whiche men call DfRobbery, he taketh on home, Wherof by water and by lande Of thong, whiche other men bellopnke, De getteth bym clothe, mete, and brinke ? Dym retcheth nought, what he beginne Through thefte, fo that be mate toyinie. for thy to make his purchass De lieth awaytenbe on the paas, And what thong that he feeth ther palle, De taketh his parte, of more of late, If it be worthy to be take: De can the pakkes well ranfake, Do princly beareth none aboute Dis golbe, that he ne fint it oute, Da other iewell what it bee, De taketh it as his propretee. In woodbes, and in felbes eke, Thus robbery goth to feke, pobere as be mate bis purchas finbe.

And right to in the lame kinde, Any good lone as thou might here, To speke of lone in this mattere, And make a very resemblance, Right as a these maketh his chemelance, And robbeth mens goodnes aboute, In woodde and selve, where he goth suce,

So bene there of thele loners fomme In wilde febes, where thei come, and finden there a woman able, And therto place couenable, withouten leue, er that thei fare, Thei take a parte of that chaffare. Pe though the were a thepeherbelle, pet woll the loppe of wantonneffe Affaie, all though the be bnmete. for other mens good is fwete. But therof wote nothing the wife At home, whiche loueth as bir life Dir lozde, and fit all date willbynge After bir lozbes bome compnge, But whan that be cometh bome at eue, Anone be makethbis wife beleue. for the nought els thulbe knowe, The telleth bir, how bis bunt bath bloti. And howe his boundes haue well ronne, And bowe there thone a mery forme,

And howe his hawkes down wele:
But he wol telle hir neuer a dele,
Zowe he to love untrewe was,
Of that he robbed in the pas,
And toke his luft under the shawe
Acepne love, and acepne his lawe.

Whiche thying my sonne I the sozbede.
For it is an ingoodly dede.
For who that taketh by robberie
Dis love, he maie not instite
Dis cause: and so full oft sithe,
for ones that he hath ben blithe,
De shall ben after sorie thries.
Examples for suche robberies
I finde written as thou shalt here
Accordende unto this matere.

Clip is l'oquitur contra ifice in amozie canfa pres donce, qui cum fuam furtiur concupifeentiam as fpirant, fortuna in contratium operatur. Et nars rat, quod cum Deptunue quandam Birgmem nos mine Cornicem folam impta mare deambulantem opprimere fuo furto Boluifet, superneniene pats tas insam de manibus eine, Birginisate sernata gratius fiberanit.

T I rede how whilem was a maide. The faireff, as Quide faibe, whiche was in hir tyme tho, And the was of the chamber allo DfPallas, whiche is the gobbeffe, And wife to Mars, of inhome promette Is your to thele worthy knightes. for be is of lo great mightes, That he gouerneth the batafle, withouten bym maie nought auaile The ffronge bonde, but be it belpe, There maie no knight of armes yelve. 18nt be fight bnder bis banere : But nowe to fpeke of my matere, This faire freithe luftie maie, Alone as the went on a daie alpon the fronde for to plate, There came Neptunus in the waie, pobiche bath the lea in gonernance, And in his berte fuche plefance De toke, whan be this maiden agh, That all his bert aros on high. for be fo fobenliche buware Beheld the beautee, that the bare,

And cast anone within his berte,
That the hym shall no wase afterte,
But if he take in anantage
fro thilke maive somme pillage,
hought of the brooches ne the rynges,
But of some other smale thynges,
De thought parte, er that he went:
And hir in bothe his armes hent,
And put his honde towarde the cofre,
where to robbe he made a profre,
That lustic treasour so; to seale,
whiche passeth other goodes sele,
And cleved is the maidenhead,
whiche is the floure of womanhead.

This maine, whiche Cornix by name was hote, dredyinge all thame, Sigh, that the might nought debate a And well the wift, he wolde algate fulfille his lufte of robberie: Anone began to wepe and crie, And saide: D Pallas noble quene, Shewe nowe thy might, and lee be sens, To kepe and sane myn honour, Belpe that I lese nought my floure, whiche nowe bonder thy key is loke.

That worde was not to foone spoke, when Pallas those recourse After the wills and the defice Of hir, whiche a maide was: And sodefuly upon this cas, Out of his womanliche kinde In to a briddes likenes I finde, the was transformed forth withall, so that Neptunus nothing stall of such things that he wolde have stole.

With fethers blacke as any cole Dut of his armes in a throwe She fleth before his eien a crowe, whiche was to hir a more belite, To kepe hir maidenhead white, Ulnber the wede of fethers blacke, In perles white than forlake That no life maie reflore agayne.

But this Neptune his herte in bayns Bath byon robberie lette.
The baid is flowe, and he was let,
The faire maide is hym elcaped,
wheral for ever he was beiaped,

a. tit.

And scorned of that he hath love.

The sound be thou ware thersore,

That thou no maidenhead fiele,

where sum see diseases fele,

That have happened in sondrie wise,

to as I shall the yet dentise

Another tale ther boon,

whiche selle by olde dates gone.

Folickett.

THIC ponit epemplum contra iflos in canfa Birginitatis lefe per prebonce, et navrat quod cu Califlo regis Lichaonis mire pulchritudinis fir fia, sua Birginitatë Diane confernandam castiffis ma Bouistet, Et in silvam, que Tegea dicitur, inster alias ibidem nymphas moratura se transfus tiffet, Jupiter Birginis castitatë subtili surto surs vipiens, quendam filium, qui postea Archae nos minatus ist, ep ea genuit, Inde Juno in Califloonen seinens, eine pulchritudinem in Frie turpistis me desormitatem subito transsiguranit.

TRynge Lichaon byon bis wife S baughter bab, a goodly life, And clene maiden of worthy fame, Califtona whole right name tions cleped, and of many a loads the was belought, but hir accords To love might no man wynne, as the, tobiche bath no luft therinne, But fwoze within bir berte, and faibe, That the woll ener ben a mafbe. 144 dent toberfoze to kepe bir felle in pees, ? worth furbe as Amadriades de natur were cleped woodmaibens tho, And with the nymphes eke allo. Wipon the fpapinge of freffhe welles, the thope to bwelle, and no where elles. and thus came this Califtona Into the woodbe of Tegea, where the birginitee behight Minto Diane, and therto plight Dir trouth boon the bowes grent, To kepe bir maibenhead clene. whiche afterwarde boon a bais noas princliche fole awate. for Iupiter through his queintile from bir it toke in luche a toile, That fodenliche foozth withall Dir wombe arole, and the to finall

Do that it might not be bib And therboon it is betid, That Diane, whiche it berbe telle In prine place bnto a welle, with Dymphes al a companie was come, and in a ragerie Dhe laibe, that the bathe wolbe, And bad that every maiden tholde with bir all naked bathe alfo. And the began the printe wo. Califtona wer rete for thame: But thei that knewe not the game, To whom no fuche thong was befall Anone thei mabe bem naked all, As thei nothung wolde bibe, But the withozewe hir euer afice. And netheles in the floode, where that Diana bir lelle foode, Dbe thought to come baperceineb: But therof the was all beceined. for whan the came a litell nighe, And that Diana bir wombe fighe, be fath: awate thou fonle bell. for thene allate is not bonek This chaft water for to touche. for thou haff take fuche a touche, pobiche neuer mate ben bole ageyne, And thus goth the, whiche was forleine. with thame, and the Dymphes flebbe, Till whan that nature bir fpebbe, That of a forme, whiche Archas was named, the belivered was.

and the Iuno, whiche was the with Of Iupiter (wathe and haffife In purpole for to bo bengeaunce) Came forthe bpon thilke chaunce, And to Califtona the fpake, And fet bpon bir many a lacke, And faib : a nowe thou arte take, That thou thy werke might not forfahe. thou bagoodly bypocrite, Thou art greatly for to wite. But noise thou thair full fore abte That ilke Welthe of micherie, That thou half both take and bo, to berof thy faber Lichao Shall not be glad, whan he it wote, Df that bis boughter mas lo bote,

That

That the bath broken bir chaff boine : But I the fhall chaftife note, Thy great beautee thall be tozned. Through whiche g thou halt be melforneb. Thy large fronte, thy eten graye I thall hem chaunge in other waye, and all the feture of the face In fuche a wife 3 thall beface, That every man the fhall fogbeare. no the that the likenes of a beare She toke, and was forthapen anone, within a tyme and therbpon Befelle, that with a bowe in honde, To bunte and game for to fonde In to that woodde goth to plate Dir fonne Archas, and in his wais It happeth that this beare came. And whan that he good bede name, mbere that he flobe buder the bough, She burewe bym well, and to bym brough. for though the hab bir forme loze, The love was nought loft therfore, mbiche kinde bath fet bnber bis lawe, whan the buder the woode thaws Dir childe bebeld, the tras fo glab, That the with both hir armes fprab, as though the were in womanhed, Toward bym come, and toke none bebe Of that he bare a bowe bente, and be with that an arowe bath bent. and gan to telle it in bis bowe. As he that can none other knowe, But that it was a beffe wilde.

But Iupiter, whiche wolde filles
The moder, and the fonne allo,
Dabeineth for hem bath two,
That thei for ener were fane.

Wit thus my some than might have Ensample, howe that it is to flee,

Lo robbe the birginitee
Of a yonge innocent aweye.
And over this by other weye,
In olde bokes as I rede
Suche robberie is for to drede,
And namliche of thilke good,
whiche every woman that is good,
Mestreth for to kepe and bolde,
As whileme was by dates olde.

for if thou here my tale wele
De that was tho, thou might fombels
Of olde ensamples taken bede,
Dowe that the floure of maidenheds
Was thilke tyme holde in pris:
And so it was, and so it is,
And so it thall for ever fronde:
And so thou thalt it budersonde,
Some herhen a tale nerte sewende
Dowe maidenhede is to commende.

Mic loquitur de Sirginitatia commendatione, Bbi dicit, quod nuper Imperatores ob tati flatus dignitatem Birginibus cedebant in Bis.

EDI Rome amonge the geltes olde I finde, howe that Valery tolde,
That what man was the emperous Of Rome, he chulce done bonour To the direction, and in the week, where he hir mete, he chulce obeys In worthip of directionities, whiche was the a great dignites, hought oneliche of the women the, But of the chaste men also It was commended overall.
And so, to speke in speciall, Touchend of men ensample I finds.

C fic foquifur qualiter Pfirinus invent Romo pulcherrimus, It illefam fuam Birginitatem cons fervaret, ambos ocufos eruens Bultus fui decogd abhominabilem conflicuit.

Phirinus, whiche was of mans kinds
Aboue all other the faireffe
Of Kome, and the the comileft:

That well was hir, whiche hym might Beholve, and have of hym a fight.
Thus was he tempted ofte foze, But foz he wolde be no moze Amonge the women fo coueited,
The beautee of his face fireited De bath, and put out bothe his eien,
That all women, whiche it feine,
Than afterwarde of hym ne roughs.
And thus his maidenhead he bought.

So may I proce wel for the, Aboue all other bnder the fay, That maidenhead is for to preife.

whe

who that the bertues toolbe pelle, whiche, as the Apocalipfis recordeth. To Chrifte in benen belt acrosbeth Do map it thewe well therfore, As 3 baue tolbe it bere to fore, In beuen, and the in orth allo, It is accepte to bothe two, Dut of bis fletthe a man to live, Gregorie bath this enfample veue. And faith : it thall rather be tolbe, Liche to an angell many folde, Than to the life of mans kinbe, There is no reason to; to finde, But onely through the grace about, In fletthe without flethely loue A man to liue challe bere. And netbeles a man mate bere Of luche, that have bene er this, And pet there bene, but for it is A bertue, whiche is felben wonne : Dowe 3 this matter baue begonne, I thouke tellen ouer moze, biche is my fonne for thy lose, If that the life to taken bebe, To trete buon the mainembene.

Verofa de fpinis spineto preualet orta, Et lili flores cespite plura valent: Sic fibi virginitas carnis sponsalia vincit, Acternos fixtus que fine labe parit.

The boke feith, that a mans life Alpon knighthode in a warre and frife Is fet amonge bis ememles, The freple ftellhe, whole nature is Ap redy for to spurne and fall, The first foman is of all. for thilke warre is reby ale, It warretb night, it warretb bale, Do that a man bath neuer reft. for thy is thilke unight the bett, Through might and grate of gobs fonbe, pobiche that batatle mate withffonbe, poberof pet bivelleth the memorie Df bem, that fome tyme the bictople Df thilke beably warre habben : The high prowelle, whiche thei labben. wberof the foule fobe amended, Alpon this erthe it is commended.

The loquitur, qualiter Baltinian' imperatoz, că ipfe octogenarius pluves proninciae Romano Imperio Bettiger fubinganit, dipit fe fuper oma nia magis gandere de eo, qr contra fue carnia cos enpifectiam Dictorium optimuifet, nam et ipfe Bira go omnibus dictus Bits fue caftifimus permafit,

Can emperour by olde baies There was, and be at all affajes A worthie lanight was of his bonde, There was none furbe in all the loube But vet for all bis baffellage, De Robe bnivebbeb all bis age, And in cronthe as it is tolde, De was an bundled wynter olde. But whan men wolde his bedes pelle. And bis knighthobe of armes pacife, Of that be bib with bis bonbes, poban be the honges of the londes To bis lubiection put biber : Df all that preile bath be no wonder. for be it fet ofnone accounte. and faid, all that maie not amounte Spens a point, whithe be bath nome, That be bis fleffbe bath ouercome. De masa birgine, as be laibe, Dn that bataile bis mis be laibe. Lo nowe my forme aufle thee. De faber all this mate well bee. abut if all other bebe fo, The worlde of men were foone ago. And in the lawe a man maie finde, Dowe god to man by wep of kinde Dath fet the worlde to multiplie. And who that woll bom infifie, It is enough to bo the laive. And netheles your good fame Is good to kepe, who fo maie, 3 wol nought there apen fay nate, T mp forme take it as 3 fave, If maibenbeab be take awaye, without lawes orbinaunce. It may not fatte of bengeaunce,

And if thou wolte the loth witten, Beholde a tale, the whithe is mitten Dowe that the hynge Agamemnon, whan he the citee of Leibon Dath wonne, a matten there he fonde, we hiche was the faired of the londe, In thilke tyme, that men wift
De toke of hir what hym lift
Of thing, whiche was most precious,
where that the was baungerous.
This faire maine cleped is
Chryfeis, the boughter of Chrisis,
whicheins that thine in speciall
Of thishe temple principall,
where Phebus had his facrifice:
ho was it well the more vice.

Agamemnon was than in ways
To Troiwards, and toke a ways
This maiden, whiche he with hym lab,
So great luft in hir be hab.

De that Phebus, which hath great dibain, De that his maiben was forlain, Anone as he to Trole came, Clengeance byon this bebe he name, And lent a commune petitience.

Thei loughten than her euidence, And maden calculation, To knowe in what condicion This beth cam in lo lodenly.

And at laste rebily

The cause and eke the man thei sonde.

And forth with al the same Kounde

Agamemnon opposed was,

whiche hath knowen all the cas

Of the folie, whiche he hath wrought:

And therboon mercy thei sought

Toward the god in sondrie wife

with prayer and with sacrifice.

The maiben home avene thei lende, And pale hir good enough to spende for ever whiles the wolde line. And thus the sinne was forgue, And all the petitlence secod.

Lo what it is to ben encreced
Of love, whiche is yile wonne.
It were better nought begonne,
Than take a thyng without lene,
whiche thou must after neves leve,
And yet have maugre forth with all.
for thy to robben over all
In loves cause if thou begynne,
I not what ease thou shalt wynne.
Thy some be well ware of this.
for thus of robbery it is.

Complather your exemplate
In loues raule of robberte,
I have it right well understande.
Thut oner this howe to it stande,
per wol I wite of your appose,
what theng is more of couetile.

Infidiando latens tempus rimatur & horam
Fur quibus occulto tempore furta parati
Sicamor infidiis vacat, & fub tegmine ludos
Prendere furtiuos nocte fauente quest.

A Maic tractat fupre iffa cupibitatia fpecie, que fecretum fatrocinium bicitur, cuina natura cuflos bie rersim nefciente ea que cupit, tam per bil qua per noctem abfq: firepitu clanculo furatur.

Twith couetife pet 3 finde A feruant of the fame kinbe. Whiche Relth is bote, and micherie with bom is ever in companie. Df whom if I thall telle foothe. De falketh as a perocke boothe. And taketh his preie fo couerte, That no man wote it in aperte. for whan he wote the lorbe from home, Than woll be Calke about and come, And what thyng be fint in his wey, whan that be feeth the men awey, De frealeth it, and goth forth withall, That therof no man knowe thall: And eke full ofte be goth a night, Without moone og Gerre light. And with his crafte the boge bupfketh, And taketh therin what bym liketh. And if the bose be fo thette. That be be of bis entre lette, De will in at the wondewe crepe And while the lorde is faft a flepe, De feleth, what theng bem bel lid, And goth bis wey er it be wiff, full ofte allo by light of bate, per woll be feale, and make affate: Ulnber the cote bis bonbe be put, Till be the mans purs haue cut, And rifley that be fint therin: And thus he auntreth bein to love, And beareth an bom, a nought ne bloweth. for no man of his countaile knoweth, what he male gette of his michenge,

It is all bille buber the wonge. and as an bounde that goth to folde And bath there take what be toolbe, Dis mouth boon the gras he wiveth. And lo with feignes chere bem flipeth, That what as euer of thepe be ftrangle, There is no man therof fhall fangle, And for to knowe who it bebe Kight lo bothe felthe in enery febe, where as bym lift his preie take, De can fo well bis caufe make, and fo well feigne, and fo well glofe, That there ne thall no man Suppole, But that he were an impocent. And thus a mans ete be blent, So that this crafte 3 maje remeus mothouten belpe of any meue.

There be louers of that begree, nobiche all ber luft in prinetee, as who faith getten all by feith. And ofte atteinen to great welch, As for the tyme that it lafteth. for lone awayteth ener, and caffeth Boive be maie fele, and catche his male, whan he therto maie finbe a toap. for be it night, or be it bate, " art of De taketh his parte, whan that he maie. And if he maie no more bo, Pet woll be fiele a cufte og tipo. TMy forme what failt thou therto: Telle if thou didit ener fo : My father how ? TMy fonne thus: If thou half fole any cuffe, and dans a Da other thong, whiche therto longeth. for no man luche thenes bongeth: Telle on for thy, and faith the trouth. My father nave, and that is routh. for by my wille, 3 am a thefe, But the, that is to me most lefe Pet durft I neuer in prinetee Dought ones take bir by the knee To feale of hir, or this, or that: and if I burft, 3 mote well what. and netheles but if 3 lie, 18p Welth ne by robberie Df loue, whiche fell in my thought, Mo bir did I neuer nought. But as men leyne, where berte is fallet,

There hall no caffell be affatten. 18ut though 3 hab bertes ten, id la affor se And were as fronge as all men. If 3 be not mpn otone man, and bare not blen, that I can, I maje mp felfe not recouere. Though The man never to powers. I beare an berte, and birs it is So that me faileth wit in this, Dowe that 3 Chalbe of mone accopte The feruant lebe apenft the logbe. for if my foote walde owhere go, De that my honde wolde els bo. what that my berte is there againe, The remenant is all in baine, And thus me lacketh all wele, And pet ne bare I nothping fele Df thong, whiche longeth buto lones And eke it is fo high aboue, 3 maie not well therto areche, 28ut if so be a tyme of speche full feibe, if than I fele mate A worde or two, and go my wate. Betwirte hir bigh effate and me Comparison there mate none be: So that I fele, and well I wote, All is to beur and to bote To let on bonde without leue. And thus 3 mot algate leue To fele, that I maie not take. And in this wife 3 mote forfake To ben a thefe agen my wille Df thong, whiche I maie not fulfille.

for that serpent, whiche never sept,
The stees of golde so well ne kepte
In Colchos, as the tale is tolde,
That my lady a thousand solde
his better zemed, and bewaked,
where she be clothed, or be naked,
To kepe hir body night and date
the hath a wardein redy ate,
whiche is so wounderfull a wight,
That hym ne mate no mans might
with swerd, ne with no wepon daunte,
he with no deight of charme enchant,
twhere she might be made tame,
And Donger is his right name,
whiche buder locke, and buder kep,

That no man may it fele awey. Bath al the trefour bnber fonge, That bnto love maie belonge: The left lokunge of hir eve Maie not be Cole, if he it fev. And tobe lo grutcheth foz folite, De wold foone fet a wite Dn bym, that wolde Gele moze, and that me greueth wonder fore. for this pronerbe is ever neive. That Gronge lockes maken treive Df bem that wolden fele and pike. for lo wel can there no man like 180 bom ne bo no other mene, To whom Danger wol youe og lene Df that trefour be hath to keve : So though I wold falke and crepe, And waite on eue, and eke on mozowe, Df Danger that I nothing bozome: And fele wel ne maie I nought. and thus 3 am right wel bethought, usbile Danger font in bis office, Diffelth, whiche pe clepe a bice, 3 thall be giltie neuer mo. Therfore I wold be were ago So fer, that I neuer of hym berde. Dowe fo that afterward it ferbe. for than I might pet percas Df loue make some purchas By felth, or by some other wave, That nowe fro me font fer awape.

But faber as pe tolde abone Bow felth goth a night for loue, 3 may not wel that pointe foglake, That oft tymes I ne wake Dn nightes, whan that other flepe. But howe, I pray you take kepe, poban I am lodged in fuche wife, That I by night mate arife, At fome wyndowe and loken out, And fee the howlinge at about, So that I maie the chamber knowe, In whiche my ladie, as I trowe, dras Lieth in bir bed, and fleveth fofte: Than is mon bert a thefe full ofte. for there I Conde and beholde The longe nightes, that ben colde, And thynke on hir, that lieth there:

And than Twillbe, that I were Als wife as was Nectanabus, De elles as was Protheus, That couthen both of Digromance, In what likeneffe, in what femblance, Right as bym lift bym felfe transforme. for if I were of fuche a forme, I lep than I wolde fice Into hir chamber for to fee, If any grace wold faile: Do that I might under the valle Some thong of lone pile and ffele. And thus I thinke thoughtes fele: And though there of no thong be foth, Pet eafe as for a tyme it both. But at laft whan I finde, That I am fall in to my minbe, And fee, that I baue frombe longe, And have no profite buberfonce: Than falke 3 to my bebbe within. And this is all that ever 3 winne Df lone, whan I walke on night, My will is good, but of my might Me lacketh both, and of my grace. for who lo that my thought embrace, Pet haue I nought the better feroe. Mp father lo, nowe have ye herbe, what I by felth of love have bo, And howe my wille bath be therto, If I be worthie to penance, 3 put it to your ordinance. Canp Conne of Reich 3 the behete, Though it be for a tyme fwete, At ende it booth but litell good, As by ensample howe that it frood whilom, I maie the tell nome. 13 pany pon father tell me bowe. My forme of him, whiche goth by bale By wey of felthe to affaie In loues caule, and taketh his praie, Quide faide, as I fhall faie And in his Methamor be tolbe A tale, whiche is good to bolde.

E libic in amorie canfa fuper ifto latrocinio, quod de nocte contingit, ponit evemplum. Et narrat, quod cil L'eucotfea Decami fala in camerie fuse arcta matrie cuftobia Birge preferuabatur, phes bue eine pulcheithunen concupifcene in conclane

bomu

domne clarafuce fubinirane, Birginie pubicitian matre ablente deflozauit, Snde ipfa impzegneta iratne pater filiam fuam ad fepetiendum Linaup effodit, ep cuius tumufo ffozem, quem folfequium Bocant, dicunt tume cofequeter primitus acrenife.

Foll CXX.

The poet, byon this matere Df felth, wate in this manere. Venus, whiche bath the lawe in bombe Df thong, whiche maie not be withftonbe, as the, whiche the trefoure to warde Dfloue, bath within bir twarbe, Phebus to lone bath to confreigned, That be without reft is peined with all his beate to conepte A maiden, whiche was warbeb frevte within chambze, and kepte fo clofe, That felben was, whan the vifclofe, Both with hir mother foz to plate, Leuchothea, fo as men faie, This maiden bight, and Orchamus Dir father was : and befelle thus, This boughter, that was kept to bere, And had ben fro pere to pere, Olmber bir mothers Discipline, A clene maibe, and a birgine : Minon the wole nativitee, when a sund sale Df comely bead, and of beautee Dature bath fet all that the male That liche buto the freihe maie, delle whiche other monethes of the year Sarmounteth : lo without pere was of this mainen the fepture, al con wherof Phebus out of meature Dir loneth, and on enery foe and an and in Awaiteth, if lo may betibe, Re by raf That be through any fleight might Dir luftie maiden bead bnright, The whiche were all his morloes weld,

And thus luckynge voon his Kelth, In his awaite to longe he laie,

Till it befell voon a daie,

That he through out hir chambre wall

Came in all fodeinliche, and Kall

That thying, that was to hym to liefe:

But wo the while, he was a thefe,

Hor Venus, whiche was enemie

Of thilke loves micherte,

Discourreth all the plaine caas

To Climene, whiche than was
Towarde Phebus his concubine.

And the to let the conine Df thilke loue, beably worthe To plein boon this maide the goth, And tolde bir father bothe it Coode : dall Wherof for lorowe well nighe woode. Cinto bir mother thus be faibe: Lo what it is to kepe a maide & while de la To Phebus bare I nothong fpeke, But bpon bir it thall be weeke, Do that thele maibens after this Mowe take enfample, what it is Zo fuffre ber maiben beab be fole. wherof that the the beth thall thole; And bab with that, to make a pitte, wherinhe hath his boughter lette, As he that woll no piter haue, set dof So that the was all quicke begraut, And beide anone in his prefence. 18ut Phebus, for the renerence Df that the had ben bis lone, Dath wrought, through his power about. That the fpzonge by out of the molde In to a floure, was named golbe. pobiche Conte governed of the fonne.

And thus whan love is cuill wonne, full ofte it cometh to repentalle. Mp fader that is no mernatle, noban that the counfell is beimregen : But oft tyme loue bath pleged, And folle many a prine game, tobiche neuer vet cam in to blame whan that the thruges weren bib. But in poure tale as it betib. Venus disconcreth all the cas. And eke allo brobe bate it was, whan Phebus Inche a ffeithe woonght, wherof the maine in blame he brought, That afterward the was fo loze, 38ut for pe latten nowe to fore, 199 611. Dowe Welth of lone goth by night, And both his thenges out of fight, Therof me luft also to bere A tale liche to the matere, wherof I might ensample take! EMp good forme for the fake, and so So as it befelle by baies olbe, And so as the poet it tolde, Cloon the nightes micherie, Nowe herken a tale of poelle.

-Came bollede to foke Basic to the location

The mightiest of all men whan Hercules with Iolen, whiche was the love of his courage, To gether boon a pilgremage Towarde Rome shuden go, It fell hem by the wate so, That thei boon a date a caue within a roche sounden haue, whiche was rotall and glozious, and of entaile curious, 189 name and Thophis it was hote: The soune shone the wonder hote, as it was in the some tice.

This Hercules, whiche by his tive Hath Iolen his love there, whan thei at thilke cave were, He sevo, he thought it so, the best, That the hir so, the hete rest All thilke daie, and thilke night. And the that was a lustic wight, It liketh hir all that he sevoe. And thus thei dwell yet and pleyde The longe daie, and so beful This cave was buder the hyll Of Tmolus, whiche was begrowe with vines, and at thilke throwe

Faunus with Saba the goddette,
28p whom the large wilderneue
In thilke tyme Rode governed,
were in a place, as I am lerned,
highe by, whiche Bacchus woodbe hight.

This Faunus toke a great inlight Df Iolen that was nowe nighe. for whan that he bie beantie fighe, Dut of his wit he was alloted and in his berte it hath lo noted, That be forloke the Mimphes all, And layde, he wolde, howe fo it fall, Affaie an other for to winne: So that his hert? thought within De let, and call, bowe that it might Df lone pike awate by night, That be by baie in other wife To fele might not fuffile : And ther boon his time awaiteth. now take good bede bowe loue affaiteth Dym, whiche with all is onercome. faire Iolen whan the was come with Hercules in to the caue, She laybe bym, that the wolde baus Dis clothes of, and hirs bothe. And eche of bem thulb other cloth, And all was do right as the bad, The bath bir in his clothes clab, And cast on hir his golion, Whiche of the fain of a lion was made, as he boon the wele It flough : and oner this to pleie She toke his great male allo, And knit it at hir gyzbell tho: So was the liche the man arrafed, and Hercules than hath affaied To clothen bym in bir arrate: And thus thei fape forth the baie, Mill that her fouper reby were, And whan thei hadden fouped there, Thei hopen bem to go to reff, And as it thought hem for the belt, They bad, as for thilke night, Two forday beddes thuld be dight, for thei togeber ligge nolve, Because that thei offer wolde Olpon the mozowe ber facrifice. The fernantes bibben ber office,

And fordey beddes made antone, wherin that they to rell gone Eche by hem felfe in fondey place.

fayze Iolen bath fet the mace Belides bir beddes bead aboue, And with the clothes of hir lous She hilled all hir bebbe aboute: And be, whiche nothing had in doute, Dir wimple wonde aboute bis cheke, Dir kpatell, and bir mantell eke, Abzode bpon bis bedde he fpzedde: And thus thei flepen bothe a bebbe. mohat of trauaile, what of wine, The feruantes like to bronken fwine Began for to route falle. This Faurus, whiche bis felth caft, mas than comen to the caue, And fonde thei were all faue no ithout nople, and in he went, The berke night his light blent, And pet it bapped bym to go, mahere Iolen a bedde tho mas laybe alone for to flepe, But for be wolde take kepe, mobole bedde it was, be made affale, and of a lion where be laie 260 1 574 The cote be founde, and eke be feleth The mace, and than bis berte keleth, That there burft be not abibe, But falketh bpon euery fibe, and fought about with his bonde, That other bedde tyll that be fonde, robere late belovmpled a bilage: Tho was he glad in his courage. for he bir kirtell fonde allo, hill to good in the and the bir mantell both two Belpzed bpon the bed alofte. De made hom naked than, and lofte Into the bed bnimare be crepte, where Hercules that tome flepte, and wende well it were the . and thus in frede of lole Anone be profreth bym to lone. But he, whiche felte a man abone, This Hercules bym thethe to grounde So loze, that thei haue bym founde Lyggende there boon the mozotoe. and the was nought a litell lozowe, That Faunus of hym felle mabe, But els thei were all glave, And lough bym to frozne aboute. Saba with Apmphes all a route. Came bowne to loke bowe it ferbe: and whan that thei the foth berbe, De was beiaped ouerall . My fonne be thou ware with all Mo lerbe luche micheries. But if thou haue the better afpies, In aunter if the lo betide. As Faunus bib thilke tibe : 110 herof thou might be thamed to E Mpn boly faber certes no, But if I bad right good leue, Buche micherie 3 thinke leue, Mp fagnt berte woll not ferue. Ho; mangre wolde I not beferue In thilke place, tobere 3 lone . But foz pe tolden here aboue, Of conetife and his pillage, If there be moze of that lignage, pobiche toucheth to mp thaifte, 3 pale, That pe therof me toolbe fate, So that 3 maie the bice elchewe. Sonne if 3 by order thewe The vices, as thei fonde a rowe Of couetife, thou thalt knowe, There is pet one, whiche is the laff. In whome there male no bertue laff . fo; be with god bym felfe bebateth, wherofthat all the benen bym bateth

Sacrilegus tantu furto loca facra prophanat, Vt fibi fint agri, fic domus alma dei, Nec locus est, in quo no teptat amás, 9 amat, Si que posse nequit, carpere velle capit,

Elbic tractat super Blima Cupiditatie specie, que sacrilegium dicitur, cuine furtum ea in altife simo sanctificantur Bona depzedane, ecclesie tane tum spoliie insidiatur.

The high god, whiche all good Ourneied hath for mans foode,
Of clothes and of meate and drynke,
Bade Adam, that he thuld floynke,
To getten hym his fubstance:
And eke he fet an ordinance
Olpon a lawe of Moyfes,
That though a man be haueles,

Pet shall he not by thest siele.

Abut nowe a vaies there ben sele.

That woll no labour budertake,

But what thei mate by sielth take,

Thei holde it sikerlishe wome.

And thus the lawe is ourroume,

whiche god hath set, and namely

with hem that so butruly

The goodnes robbe of holy churche.

The thest, whiche thei than wurche,

By name is cleped sacrifege,

Ayen the whom I thinke allege,

Cloud the pointes as we ben taughe,

Stont Sacrifege, and elles noughe.

The first point is for to lave,
when that a thefe shall fele awaie
The holy theng from holy place.

The seconde is, if he purchace
By wave of theft buholy thynge,
whiche he boon his knowlageynge
fro holy place awaie toke,

The thirde point, as laieth the boke, Is fuche, as where as ever it be, In woodbe, in felde, oz in citee, Shall no man fele by no toffe, That halowed is to the feruite Df god, whiche all thonges wotte. But there is nother cold ne botte, whiche he for god or man woll ware, So that the body mate wel fare. And that he maie the woold escape, The heuen bym thynketh is but a fape. And thus the footh for to telle, De rifeleth both boke and belle, So forth with all the remenant, To gobs hows appertinant. where that he thulbe biode his bebe, De both his theft in holy feve, And taketh what theng he fint therin. for whan he feeth, that he mate won, De wonneth fas no curlidnelle, That be ne beeketh the holpneffe, And both to got no renerence. for he bath loft his confcience, That though the preffe therfore curfe. De letth, be fareth not the warfe. And for to speke it other wife, what man that laffeth the franchife,

And taketh of holy edurche his peale,
I not what betes he thall peace,
when he fro god, whiche hath year all,
The purpartie in speciall,
whiche buto Christe hym selfe is due,
the peine to ruping afterwards.
In he hath made his sozewards,
whiche bath his beritage in belle.

Tibic fractal precipue de fribne facrilegie, quelle vun Brine fuit Antiochue , after Dabusardan, fertine Dabugodonofor.

and if we rede of tholde lawe, 3 finde wattte in thilke laine Dfppinces, howe there weren three Culpable fore in this begree. That one of hem was cleped thus, The proude kings Antiochus. That other Nabuzardan hight, wahiche of his crueltee behight The temple to billrote and walle : And to be bid in all batte. The thirde, whiche was after hamed. was Nabugodonofor names: And be Dierufalem put bnber, Offactilege and many a wonder There in the holy temple be wrought, pohiche Balthafar his beire abought.

T Nota descripta in pariete tempore regia Bati thafar, que fuit, Mane Cechel Phares.

Ewhan Mane Techel Phares witte was on the walle, as thou might witte, so as the bible it hath beclared, was thou at the bible it hath beclared, what for all that it is nought spared Pet nowe a date, that men ne pille, and maken argument and saile. To sacrilege as it belongeth, so; what man that there after longeth, we taketh none bede, what he dooth. And if a man shall tell sooth of gile, and of subtilitee, as none so sight in his degree,

To feigne a thought it beyete, as is this dice, of whiche I trete:

De can to printiche pike, De can to well his wordes tike, To put awais inspicion, That in his exculacion There wall no man befault finde.

和文文(2)。16

And thus full ofte men be blinde,
That Konden of his worde deceined,
Er his queintife be perceined.
But netheles yet other while,
for all his Kelth, and all his gife,
Ofthat he wolde his werke forfake,
Er is atteint, and overtake:
Operofthou shalte a tale rede.

HIC LOQVITVR DE Mis qui farneta conscientia sacreegium sisi ils cere singunt. Et navrat, quid cum quidam une cins Clericus, samosus et imprentozi nosus, deum sum Mpotimem in tempto Rome de as sulo suo, pallio, et Sarba autra sposiasse, inscanda appresensus, et coram imprevatore aes cusatua, tastier se epcusando ais: Anulum a deo recepi, quia ipse digito protenso ep sua sars gitate anulum sunc gratiose misi obiuti, palo simp ep samine aureo constructum tast: quia aus sum mavime ponderosam et frigidum nasaralis ter consissi. Dade nec in estate, propier pensodus, nec in sperme propier frigna ad del Sestes Stile sui: Barbam a deo deposi, quia ipsumpas etri suo assumalare Bosta. Dam et Aposto seria abse sarba, imunia apparati, Et sic ea que gesti mon ep sarbo, sed ep sonesiate procesisse manis sesse declarant.

Toola before a natice fempore a cale III

TER Rome cante to the creance
Sol Christis seith it selle perchance,
Cesar, whiche the was emperour,
Zym list for to be one honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an image boon this,
The whiche was cleved Apollo,
was none so riche in Rome the.

Di plate of golde a berbe he hab, The whiche his beeft all oner ippabbe,

Df goide allo without faile Dis mantell was of large entaile, Be lette with perrey all about: Forth right he firaught his finger out, Ulpon the whiche he had a rynge,

10

To feen it was a riche theng, and line as Sine carbancle for the nones, a secondary Mothe precious of all frones, and load

And fell that tome in Rome thus, There was a tlerke one Lucius, A courtier, a famous man, Of enery witte fomtwhat be can, Dut take that bom lacketh rule, Dis oborie effate to guybe and rule : Doine lo it ftone of his frekunge, The was not wife in his doopinge, But every riote at laft Mote mebes falle, and mate not laffe, After the nebe of his beferte: So felle this clerke in pouerte, And wift not howe for to rife, poberof in many a londzie wife De calt his wittes bere and ther, De loketh nigh, he loketh ferre, Till on a tome that be come Into the temple, and bebe nome, where that the god Apollo freede, De figh the rirbes, and the good, And thought be wolde by fome wate The treasure picke and fele awaie: And therbpon to deighly twonght, That bis purpose about be brought, And went awer bnaperceueb: Thus bath the man his god beceined. Dis rynge, his mantell, and his berbe, As be whiche nothing was aftere, All princly with bym be bare. and whan the wardeins were ware, Df that ber gob bespotled was, Dem thought it was a wonder cas, Dowe that a man for any wele, Durfte in fo boly place fele, And namely fo great a thong. This tale came buto the hong. And was through woken overall. Bot for to knowe in fperiall, pobat maner man bath bo the bebe, Thei loughten belpe bpon the nebe, And maben calculacion. upherof by demonstracion The man was founde with the good : In ingement and whan be Roobe The kynge bath alked of bym:

Dep thou bulley Lucius, why half thou bone this faceflege :

My lozde, if I the cause allege,
(Duod he avene) me thynketh this,
That I have no notheng amis.
The pointes ther ben, which I have no,
noherof the firste point stant so,
That I the rynge have take awaye:
What I the rynge have take awaye:
Whan I the god beheide about,
I sigh, howe he his honde straught out,
And profred me the rynge to yeue.
And I, whiche wolde gladly line
Dut of pouertee, through his largeste,
It undersange, so that I gette,
And therof am nought to wite.

And ouermoze 3 woll me quite, Of golde that I the mantell toke: Bolde in his honde, as latthe the boke, Is beup both and colde allo, And for that it was beup fo, Me thought it was no garnement Ulnto the god convenient, To clothen bym the fommer tibe. 3 thought byon that other five, Dowe gold is colde, and fuche a clothe By reason ought to be lothe In wonter tome for the chele. And thus thenkende thoughtes fele. As I mon eie aboute caffe, Dis large berbe than at laffe I figh, and thought anone therfore, Dowe that his father bym befoze, whiche fode boon the fame place, was berdles, with a yough face. And in luche wile, as pe haue berbe, I toke away the formes berbe, for that his father had none, To make bem liche, and bere bpon 3 afte for to ben errufeb. Lo thus where facrflege is bleb, A man can feigne his confcience, And right bpon luche eufbence, In loves cause if I thall treate. There ben of fuche finall and great, If thei no lepfer finde elles, Thei wol not wonde for the belles, De though thei fee the preeff at maffe, That the fivol leten overpalle,
If that the finde her love there,
The fronte and telle in hir ere,
And aske of god none other grare,
while thet ben in that holy place,
While the fen in that holy place,
White er the gon some avantage
There will the have, and som pillage
Of goodly wordes, or of beheste,
Drelles the take at lesse
Out of hir honde a rynge or glove,
ho nigh the weder thei will hove:
As who saith, the shall not forget,
howe I this token of hir have gete.

Thus halowe thei the hie fette, Suche thefte maie no churche areffe. Hoz all is lefull that hem liketh, To whom that elles it misliketh.

And eke right in the felle kinde In great citees men may finde This luftie folke, that make bem gave, And waite byon the holy dave, In churches, and in minifres eke Thei gon the women for to feke. And where that fuche one goth aboute To foze the fairest of the route, where as thei litten all a reive. There wille be molte his body theme. Discroked kempt, and therbpon fet An ouche, with a chapelet : De elles one of grene leues, whiche late come out of the grenes, All for he thuide seme freshe. And thus he loketh on his fielibe. Right as an bauke, whiche bath a fight Thon the fowle, there be thall light, And as he were a fairle, De theweth hym to foz ber eie In holy place, where thei fitte. Al for to make ber bertes fitte.

Dis ete no where woll above, But loke and prie on enery fide On hir and hir, as hym best liketh. And other while a monge he siketh.

Thinketh one of bem that was for me, And to there thynken two or thre, And yet he loveth none of all, But where as ever his chance fall, And netheles to ley a footh,

The cause why that he so booth, Is so; to well an herte o; two Dut of the churche er that he go. And as I said it here aboue, All that is sacrilege of loue. Fo; well mate be he steleth awaie That he never after yelo mate.

Telle me for the me fonne anone, 2)aff thou bo facrilege or none, As 3 have fait in this manere ? My faver as of this matere. I will you telle redily what I baue bo, but truly 3 may excule myn entent, That I never pet to churche went In lache maner, as ye me fhine, for no woman that is on line. The cause why I baue it laft, May be, for I bnto that crafte Am nothung able foz co fele. Though there be women not lo fele. But pet wille 3 not lep this, whan 3 am there my lady is, In whom lieth holy my quarele, And the to churche, as to chappele Woll go to matens o; to melle : That tome 3 waite well and gelle, To churche I come, and there I Ronde, And though I take a boke on bonne. My countenance is on the boke. But toward bie is all my loke. introduction 162 And if fo falle, that 3 praie Olnto mp gob, and fomtobat fale DIPater nofter, og of Crede, All is for that I wolde fpede. So that my bede in holy churche There might fom miracle wurche, My labis berte for to channge, ala g'od it uphiche euer hath be to me lo Arannge: So that all my benecion, and and all all And all my contemplation, a one afer ment with all myn berte and my corage, 3s onely let on hie pmage. Mid sand onit Ind euer 3 waite bpon the tibe, Maid If the loke any thong alide, the want of onthe That I me maie of bir auile, and any on a Anone I am with couetife an eventud mich Do lmite, that me were tele

To be in boly churche a thefe, But not to ffele a beffement. fo; that is nothing my talent. 18ut 3 wolve fele, if that 3 might, A glad worde, or a goodly light. And euer my feruice 3 profere, And namely whan the woll gone offre. for than 3 leve bir, if 3 mate. fo; fommbat wolbe 3 fele awate. whan I beclippe bir on the walf, pet at left 3 fele a taffe : And other while grant mercy She laith, and fo wynne 3 therby A luft touthe, a good worde eke. But all the remenant to feke, Is fro my purpos wonder ferre. Do maie I faie, as I faibe erre, In holp churche ifthat 3 wowe, My conscience I wolde allowe, Be fo that by amendement, 3 might gete allignement, where for to spede in other place, Suche facrilege 3 holde a grace.

and thus my father footh to fais, In churche right as in the wate, 3f 7 might ought of loue take, Suche hanfell hane I nought foglake, But finalip I me confelle, There is in me no bolonelle, poble I bir fee in boly frebe: And pet foz onght that euer 3 bebe, Do facrilege of hir I toke, But if it were of worde or loke, Da els if that 3 bir frebe, whan I towarde offryng hir lebe, Take therof what I take maie: for els beare I nought awaie. for though I wolde ought els bane. All other thonges bene fo lane, And kepte with luche a prinflege, That 3 maie Do no facrtlege. God wote my wilnetheles, Though I muft nebes kepe pres, And mangre myn fo let it pate, My will thereo is not the late, If I might other wife awaie.

for the my father I pon prate, Tell what pon thinketh therbeon, If I therof have gitte op none.

They will my forme is for to blame,
The remenant is but a game,
That I have the tolde as yit.
But take this loze in to the wit,
That all theng hath tyme and fede:
The churche ferueth for the bede,
The chambre is of an other speche.
But if thou wistest of the wreche,
Rowe facrilege it hath abought,
Thou woldest bettre be bethoughe,
And for thou shalte the more amende,
A tale I will on the dispende.

E laic in amozis causa super iffine Pitil articulo ponit epemplum, Et narrat pzo eo quod Paris, Pziami regis filius helenan Menetai Apozem in quadam Grecie Insula a templo Heneris sas erilegus abduvit, illa Croie famosissima obsidia per Iniursa ozdis climata diunigata pzecipus causabat, ita quod huiusmodi sacrilegium non sos lum ad ipsius regis Pziami, omnilig suozum inz teritum, sed ad perpetuam Bzbis desolationem Vindicte fomitem ministrabat.

Tao all men, as toho fatth, tmotoe It is, and in the worlde through blowe, Dowe that of Troic Lamedon, To Hercules, and to Iafon, whan toward Colchos out of Grece By fea feilend byon a pece Dflonde of Trois reffe prepde. But he wrothfully confepde: And for thei founde bym lo billerne, whan thei came in to Grece agepne, with power, that thei get might, Towardes Troie thei hem bight: And there thef toke fuche bengeance, gon? wheroffant pet the remembrance, for thei befroied kynge and all, And leften but the beent walle. The grekes of Troiens many flowe, And palloners thet toke enowe: Amonge the Whiche there was one, The hynges boughter Lamedon, Essiona the faire thynge, pobiche buto Thelamon the kynge 18p Hercules, and by thatent i have to Dfall the holle parliament, as quindi ve was at his wille peue and graunted,

And thus bath Grece Trole Daimteb. And home thei tourne in fuche manere. But after this, nowe thalt thou here The cause why this tale I telle, Elpon the chances that befelle. Tikpinge Lamedon, whiche beibe thus, De had a fonne one Priamus. which was nought thilke tyme at home ; But whan he berbe of this, be come, And fonde howe the citee was falle. Whiche he began anon to walle. And mabe there a citee neine. That thei, whiche other londes kneive. Tho feiden, that of lyme and frome In all the woalde fo faire was none : And on that o five of the towne The kynge let make Ilion. That high toure, that ffronge plate, whiche was abzad of no manace, Df quarele, noz of none engyne : And though men wolden make a myne, Do mans crafte it might approche. foz it was fet bpon a roche. The walles of the towne about Dem fode of all the worlde no bout. And after the proporcion. Dire gates were there of the tomne. Dfluche a forme, of luche entaile. That bem to fee was great meruafle, The Diches weren brobe and bepe, A fewe men it might kepe from all the worlde, as femeth tho, But if the goddes weren fo. Breat prees buto that citee brough. so that there was of people enough, Df burgeis that therin bivellen, There maie no mans tunge tellen, Dowe that citee was riche and goob. Troban al was made, and all well frome. Ikpnge Priamus tho hom bethought, what thei of Grece whilom woonght, And what was ofher fworde benoured, And howe his after bifhonoured, 19th Thelamon awate was lab. and the thinkende he warte buglad, And lette anone a parliment : Ao whiche the loades were affent. In many a wife there was looke,

Zowe that thei mighten ben awoke.
What at the last netheles
Thei saiden all, accorde and pres
To setten every parte in rest
It thought hem than for the best,
with reasonable amendement.
And thus was Anthenor south sent,
To aske Esiona agegne,
And witten what thei wolde segme.

So palleth he the sea by barge
To Brece, for to sephis charge,
The whiche he saibe redily
Unto the lorder by and by.
18ut where he spake in Brece aboute,
The herde nought but worder stoute,
And nameliche of Thelamon;
The maiden wolde he not forgone
The saide for no maner thyng,
And bad hym gone home to his kyng.
Hor there gate he none amende,
Hor oughthe couth bo or sende.

This Anthenor agene goth home Minto his konge, and whan he come, De tolbe, in Grece of that he berbe: And bothe that Thelamon antwerde, And howe thei were at her aboue, That thei wol neither pees ne lone, abut enery man fhall bone bis beff. 18ut foz men legen, that night bath reff, The hong bethought hom all that night, And erely whan the bate was light, De toke councell of this matere. and thei accorde in this manere, That he withouten any let, A certepne tyme thuide fet A parlement to ben autleb, And in this wile it was aniled. Df parlement be fet a bate, and that was in the moneth of Male. This Priamus bad in his ight A wife, and Hecuba the bight: 18p whom that to me eke had he Sonnes fine, and boughters thee, Befiben bem and thirty mo, And weren unightes also tho, But not bpon bis wife begete, But els tobere be might bem gete Df women, whiche be had knowe,

Suche was the worlde that fike throwe : So that he was of children riche, So therof was no man hom liche.

Df parlement the paie was come. There bene lordes all and fome. Tho was pronounced and purpoled, And all the canle was bem disclosed, Dowe Anthenor in Grece ferbe. Thei litten all fill and berbe. And the fpake every man aboute, There was alledged many a doute, And many a pronde worde spoke allo. But for the moffe parte as the, Thei wiften not what was the beffe, De for to warre, or for to reffe. But be that was without fere Hector amonge the loades there Dis tale toloe in fuche a wife, ... And laide: Lozdes ye ben wile, Be knowen this, as well as 3, Aboue all other moft worthy Stant nome in Grece the manbob. Df worthynes and of knighthod. for toho lo will it wel agrope, To bem belongeth all Europe, pobiche is the third parte euen Df all the worlde buder the beuent And we be but of folke a feine. Do were it refon to efchewe The perill, er we fall therin ? Better is to lene than begin Thong, whiche as male not ben achenen. The is not wife, that finde bym grenet, And both lo, that his greue be more. for who that loketh all tofore, And woll not lee, what is behynde: De maie full ofte bis barmes finde. wicke is to frine, and have the worle, upe baue enchelon for to corle, This wote I well, and for to hate The grekes, but er that we bebate with hem, that ben of fuche a might, It is full good, that enery wight 1Be of bom felfe right well bethought, But as for me thus fave 3 nought. for while that my life woll frompe, If that ve take werre in bonde, falle if to belt, og to the wert,

I shall my selven be the ferst

To greven hem, what ever I male,
I wolle not ones sate nate
To thyng, which that your colicest bemeth,
for but o me welle more it quemeth
The werre certes than the pres.
Sont this I sate netheles,
As me belongeth for to sate:
Nowe thape ye the beste wate.
Twhan Hector hath saide his ausse,
hert after hym the spake Paris,
whiche was his brother, and aleyed,
what hym best thought, thus he seppe.

Atronge thyng it is to luffer togonge, And fuffer thame is more tronge : But we have fuffred both two, And for all that yet have the bo what lo we might to reforme The pees, whan we in luche a forme Sent Anthenor, as pe well knowe, And thei her great wordes bloine Mipon ber wongfull bebes eke. and who that woll not bym felfe meke To pees, and lift no reafon take. Men fevn, reason wil bym forfake. foz in the multitube of men Is not the ftrengthe, fo; with ten It bath be fene in tretve quarele Avene an bondert falle, bele, And had the better of gods grace. Thus bath befalle in many place. and if it like buto you all, 3 wille affaie bowe fo it falle. Dur enemies if I male greue. go; I hane caught a great beleue Mlpon a point 3 wol beclare.

Ahis ender daie as I gan fare
To hunte but the great herre,
whiche was toloze myn houndes ferte,
And enery man went on his fide,
Krym to purseive, and I to rive
Began to chase, and sooth to sate,
within a while out of my wase
I rode, and nist where I was:
And sepe me caught, and on the grade
Beside a welle I lepd me downe
To slepe, and in a bisson
To me the god Mercurie came,

Gobbelles thie lotth bem be name, Minerue, Venus, and Iuno: And in his bonde an apple tho De beloe of golde, with letters mitter And this be bib me to witte, Do'we that thei put bem bpon mee, That to the faireft of bem three, Df golbe that apple thulbe 3 peur. moith ethe of bem, tho was I fppne, End eche one faire me behight : But Venus laide, if that the might That apple of my pette gette, She wolde it neueringe fagpete, And laide, holve that in Grece londe She wold bying in to min bombe Df all this erth the fairelt, So that me thought it for the beff. To hir and pate the apple the. Thus hope I well, if that I go, That the for me woll fo opbeine, That thei matere for to pleine Shull haue, er that I come agene.

Dowe have ye berbe, that I wall fep Day pe, what faut in your auts. And every man the laide bis, And fondate causes thei recorde a But at laft thei acrozbe, That Paris fhall to Brece menne And thus the parliament toke ende. Cassandra tohan the heroe of this The whiche to Paris litter is: Anone the gan to weep and wayle, And laide alas, what may be aple: fortune with bir blynbe whele De woll nought let be fanbe wele. for this 3 bare well bubertake. That if Paris bis way take, As it is faide, that be thall bo, we ben for ener than bube. The whiche Callandra than bight, In all the worlde as it beareth Aghe, In bokes as men finde witte, Is that Sybille, of tohom pe witte, That all men pet clepen lage : han that the will of this biage, Dow Paris hall to Grece fare, Do woman might worle fare, De lozowe more than the bebe.

And

And right to in the fame febe ferve Helenus, whiche was bir bother, Df prophery and fuche another: And all was bolbe but a tape, Do that the purpole, tobiche was thave, D; were bem lefe, o; were bem lothe, was holde : and into Grete goth This Paris, with his retenance. And as it fell boom his chance, Of Grece be londerh in an ite, And bom was tolbe the fame tobile Df folke, whiche he began to frepne, Tho was in theple quene Heleyne: And the of commerces there about Df ladies many a lufty coute, with mothel worthy people alfe. And toby thei comen theber the, The canle fobe in furbe a wile, for worthip and for faceifice, That thei to Venus wolver make, As thei to foze had bitbertake: Some of good will; fonre of bebeff. so, than was hir highe fell within a temple, whiche was there.

whan Paris will, what thet were, Anone he hope his oppinance To gone to bone his obeliance To Venus, on hir holy bate : And bid boon his bell acate.

with great elebelle be bom bebongeth. As it to luche a lozbe belongeth. De was nought arnreb netheles, But as it were in londe of pees: And thus be goth forth out of thip, And taketh with hom his felauthip, In luche manere, as I you late, Ulnto the temple be belbe bis wate. Tibyng, whiche gothouerall, To great and imall forthe totthall, Come to the quenes eare, and tolbe, Dowe Paris came, and that he wolbe Do facrifice to Venus. And whan the berbe tell thus, She thought, bowe that it euer bee, That the will bym abibe and fee.

forth conteth Paris with glab bilage In to the temple on pilgremage, where buto Venus the gobbelle

De peneth, and offreth great richelle, And prapeth bir, that he prap welbe.

And than after be gan beholve
And fee, where that this lady flove,
And he forthe in his fresshe move
Goth there she was, and made his there,
As he well couth in his manere:
That of his wordes suche plesance
the toke, that all his aqueintance,
Als fectorth as the beste lape
The stale, er that he went awaye.
To goth he forthe, and toke his tene,
And thought anone, as it was ene,
The wolde boone his farrilege,
That many a man thulde it abedge.

whan he to thip avene was come, To hom he bath his counfaile nome, And all denifed the mattere, In fuche a wife as thou thalt here,

Within night all pituely Dis men he warneth by and by,
That thei be reby armed soone
For certeine theng, whiche is to done,
And thei anone ben reby all,
And echone other gan to call,
And went hem out bean the Aronde,
And toke a purpose there a londe,
Di what thenge that thei wolden do,
Towarde the temple and forth thei go.

So felle it of devocion,
Heleyne in contemplacion,
with many an other worthy wight,
was in the temple and woke all night,
To blode and praye buts thimage
Df Venus, as was than blage.
So that Paris right as hym lift,
In to the temple er thei it wift
Lame with his men all fovenly,
And all at ones fet afarte
In hem, whiche in the temple were,
For the was muche peple there.
But of defence was no boote,
So luttren thei, that futtre mote,

Paris boto the quene wente, And hir in both his armes hence with hom, and with his felanthip, And forth thei beare hir boto thip. The goth the faile, and forth thei wente:

and

And fuche a wynde fortune hem fent, Till thei the haven of Troic raught, where out of thip anone thei fraught, And gone hem forth towarde the towne: The whiche came with procession Apene Paris, to sene his prais. And every man began to sais To Paris, and to his felanthip, All that thei couthen of worthip. Was none so littell man in Trois, That he ne made mirthe and tope, Of that Paris had wonnen Heleyne.

But all that mirthe is forow and peyne To Helenus, and to Caffandre. for thei it tolden fhame and falandes and loffe of all the common grace, That Paris out of boly place By felth bath take a mans wife: wherof he thall lefe his life, And many a worthy man therto, And all the citee be forbo, pobiche neuer hall be mabe apene . And fo it fell right as thei fepne: Abe farrilege whiche be woought was raule, who the grekes lought Winto the towne, and it belate, And wolden neuer parte awaie, Till what by fleight, and what by ffrength. They had it wonne in brebe and length, And beente, and Clapne, that was within. Dowe le my forme fuche a fynne Is facrilege in holp febe, Beware therfore and bid thy bede, And do nothing in holy churche, But that thou might by reason worche,

And the take hede of Achilles, whan he but o his love thees
Polixena, that was also
In holy temple of Apollo,
whiche was the cause why he diede,
And all his luste was lette aside.

And Troilus byon Crefeide Also his first love leyde In holy place, and howe it ferde, As who leith, all the worlde it herde: forsake he was sor Diomede, Suche was of love his last mede. for thy my some I wolde rede, 13v this enfample as thou might rebe, Seche els where thou wilte the grace, And ware the well in boly place, pohat thou to lone bo or fpeke, In aunter if it to be wieke, As thou half berbe me tell to foze. And take good bede allo therfore: Olpon the forme of auarice, Moze than of any other bice, I baue beufbed in parties The branches, tobich of companies, Through out the worlde in generall, the nome the levers over all. Df conetile, and of perfurie, Df fals beorage, and of blurie, Of feartenes and of bukpnoethip, pobich neuer drough to felauthip.

Of robberie and of paine felth, nobiche bone is for the worldes welch, Df ranine, and of facrilege, pahich maketh the confrience agrege, Bil though it maie riches attevne, It Coureth, but it thall not greyne Unto the fruite of rightwifnelle. But who that wolve do largeffe Alpon the reule, as it is peue, So might a man in trouth line Toward his god, and eke alfo Toward the worlde: for both rive, Largeffe awaiteth as belongeth, To neither part that be ne wongeth : De kepeth him felfe, he kepeth his frembes, So fant be faufe to both his endes, That he ercebeth no mealure, so well be can hom felfe meafure, wherof my forme thou thalt witte So as the philosophe bath waitte.

Prodig' & parcus duo funt extremama largus, Est horum medius plebis in ore bonus.

I Dofa fic de Birtute largitatie, que ad oppofitit anaricie inter duo eptrema Bidelicet percimonia et prodigalitatem specialiter consistit.

TBetwir the two extremities Of vice, front the properties Of vertue, and to preue it lo, Take Anarice, and take also

The bice of probigalitee Betwyr bem liberalitee (webiche is the bertue of largeffe) Stant, and gouerneth bis noblelle. for the two bices in bilcorbe Stonde euer, as 3 fpnde of recozde: So that betwene ber two bebate Largelle ruleth bis affate . for in fuche wile as auarice, As I to foze haue tolde the bice, Through Areit holding, & through fearines Stant contrary to largelle : Right fo ffant probigalitee Reners, but nought in luche begree. for lo as auarice fpareth, And for to kepe his treasour careth, That other all his owne and moze, Apene the wife mannes loze, Peneth and dispendeth bere and there, Do that hom recheth neuer where, while be maie bozowe, be woll difpende, Toll at laft be faith, 3 wende. But that is Spoken all to late. for than is pouertee at gate, And taketh bom even by the dene. for erft woll be no wifebome lene. And ryght as auarice is fynne, That molde his treasour kepe and wynne: Right lo is prodigalitee . But of largelle in bis begree, whiche euen fant betwene the two, The bigh god and man also The bertue eche of bem commendeth, for he bym feluen fyrft amendeth, That ouer all his name fpzedeth, Ind to all other, where it neverh De veneth his good in luche a wile, That be maketh many a man arile, mbiche els fhulbe falle lowe. Largelle maie not ben buknowe. for what londe that be reigneth inne, It may not faple for to winne Through his defert loue and grace, pobere it thall faile in other place . And thus between to muche and lyte, Largelle, which is nought to wite, Dolt ener forth the mpodell waie. But who that woll torne awais

Are that, to prodigalitee, Anone he leveth the propirtee Df bertue, and goth to the bice.

for in luche wile as Anarice Leueth for fearlnelle his good name: Right fo that other is to blame. which through his mafte melure errebeth. for no man wote what harme it brebeth, while that a man bath good to yeur, with great rowtes be maie lene, and bath his frendes overall, And eneriche of bym tell thail, The while be bath his full packe, They fay: a good felame is Jacke. woban it fapleth at laft, Anone his price thei ouercaft . for than is there none other laine, But Jacke was a good felame. whan thei him pooze and nebie fee They let bym palle, and fare well bee. All that be wend of companie Is than tozneb to folie.

But noive to fpeke in other kinde Dflone, a man mate fuche fonde, Abat where thei come in euery route. Thei call and wall ber lone aboute, Will all ber time is ouergone, And than have thei love none. for who that loueth onerall, It is no reason, that he thall Df loue haue any propirtee . for the me fonne auffe thee, If thou of lone half be to large . fo; fuche a man is not to charge. And if it lo be, that theu half Dispended all thy tyme in wast, And let thy loue in fondap place, Though thou the fubffance of thy grace Lefe at the laft it is no wonder . for he that put bym feluen bnber. As who faith, common ouer all, De lefeth the loue fperiall Df euerp one, if the be wife. for loue hall nought beare bis prife By realon, whan it palleth one, So haue 3 fen full many one, That were of lone wele at eale. pobiche after felle in great bileale,

Abrough

Through walt of lone, that thei fpent In fonder places where thei went.

Right lo my fonne I afke of the, If thou with probigalitee Baff here and there the love waffed ? App father nay, but I have talted In many a place, as 3 here ge. And pet loue I neuer one of tho, But for to brine foorth the baie. for leneth well, my berte is age maithouten mo, foz euermoze All bpon one, for 3 no moze Defire, but bir loue alone : So make I many a prine more. for well 3 fele, 3 haue bifpenbeb Mp longe loue, and not amended Mp fpede : foz ought 3 finde pit. If this be walt bute your wit Dfloue, and prodigalitee, Dowe good father demeth vee. But of o thong 3 will me thaine, That I thall for no loue thrine, But if bir felfe will me relene. My fonne that I maie well lene. And netheles me lemeth lo, for ought that thou half pet miloo Df tyme, whiche thou haft fpendeb, It maie with grace ben amendeb. for thong whiche maie be worth the coffe. Derchaunce is nother waft ne lofte. for what thong fant on aventure. That can no worldes creature Tell in certaine, boive it Shall wende, Mill be therof maie fene an ende : So that I note as yet therfore, If thou my lonne half wonne og loge. foz ofte tyme, as it is lene usban fommer bath loft all bis grene. and is with wenter walt and bare, That hom is lefte nothong to fpare, All is recovered in a throwe, The colde wondes overblowe, And filled ben the fharpe houres, And lodeinliche agene bis floures The fommer happeneth, and is riche, And lo percale thy grace is liche.

My fonne though thou be now poner Df loue; pet thou might recouer,

TMy faber certes grant merry;
Pe have me taught fo redily,
That ever while I live thall,
The better I maie beware with all
Of thyng, which ye have fait er this.
But evermoze how that it is
Toward my thrifte, as it belongeth,
To wit of other pointes me longeth,
wher of that ye me wolden teche,
with all my herte I you beforhe.

Explicit liber quintus.

Est gula, que nostru maculauis prima parêtê,
Ex veriro pomo quo dolet omnis homo,
Hac agit, vi corpus anima contraria spirat :
Quo caro sit crassa, spiritus atos macer.
Intus & exterius si que virtutis habentur,
Ponbus ebrietas conuiciata ruit.
Mersa sopore labis, q Bacchus sebriat hospes
Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.

Elbic in Septo fibro tractare infendit de ifto cas pitali Bitio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et einform duabue folummodo speciebus. Bibeficet ebrietate et desicacia, ep quibus bumane concupiscentis oblectamentum habundantine augmentatur.

¶Incipit liber Sextus.



De great Anne opiginall, which enery man in generall Cloon his birth hath ennens nomed,

In parabile it was missimed,
whan Adam of thilke apple bote,
Wis swete morcell was to hote,
whiche dedly made the mankende,
And in the bokes as I sinde,
This vice, whiche so out of rule
Dath set be all, is cleped Gule:
Description whiche the branches ben so great,
That of hem all I wol not creat.
But onliche as touchende of two
I thynke to speke, and of no mo.
whereof the sirste is dronkeship,
whiche beareth the cuppe selauship.
In many a wonder doth that vice,

And of a foole, that hom thall feme, That he can all the lawe beme, And veue euery fubgement, whiche longeth to the firmament, Both of the ferre, and of the moone: and thus be maketh a great clerke foone Df bom, that is a lewde man. There is no thong, whiche he ne can, while he hath beenkelhip on honde: 2)e knoweth the fea, he knoweth the frode, De is a noble man of armes, And pet no frength is in his armes. There he was fronce enowe tofoze With bronkefhip it is forloze, And all is changed bis effate, And wereth anone fo feble and mate, That he maie neither go ne come, But all to gether be is benome The power both of honde and fote. De that algate abibe be mote, And all his wittes be forpete, The whiche is to bom fuche a lete. That be wote neuer, what be booth. De whiche is fals, ne whiche is looth. De whiche is baie, ne whiche is night, As for the tyme be knoweth no wighte, That he ne wote fo muche as this, What maner thyng bym feluen is, De be man, oz be be beaff, That bolbe I right a forp feaft : moban be, that reason unberffoode, So loveinliche is were woode, D; elles liche the beade man, nobiche nother go ne fpeke can. Thus ofte he is to bedde brought, But vet where he lieth woteth he nought. Till be artle bpon the mozowe, And than be faith: D whiche a fozowe It is for to be drinkeles, So that halfe bronke in fuche a rees with baic mouth be ferte bem bp. And faith : Baille ca the cuppe. That made bem lefe bis wit at eue, Is than a mozoloe all his beleue. The cup is all that ener hym pleafeth, And also that hym most difealeth. It is the cup whom he ferueth, pobiche all cares from bym kerneth.

And all bales to bom barngeth. In tope be wepeth, in lozowe be angeth for bronkenthip is lo biners, It maie no while fonde invers. De binketh the wine, but at laft The wine brinketh bim, and bynt him faft, And leith bym bronke by the walle, As hom, whiche is his bonde thealle, And all in bis fubiection, And liche to luche condicion, As for to fpeke it otherwife, It falleth that the most wife Ben other while of loue abeteb, And fo betobapped and afforeb. Dfbanken men that neuer pit was noue, whiche halfe fo loft his wie Df dainke, as thei of luche thynges bo. nohiche cleped is the folife wo, And weren of her owne thought Do bronke, that thet knowe noughe uphat reafon is, oz moze oz leffe, Suche is the kinde of that fikenelle, and that is not for lacke of brayne: But lone is of fo great a mapne, That where be taketh a berte on bonbe. There male nothing his might withfronde The wife Salomon was nome, And fronge Sampson ouercome. The knightly Dauid bym ne mighe Refcue, that be with the light Df Berfabee ne was beffabe.

Virgile allo was ouerlade, And Aristotle was put biber. for the my lonne it is no wonder. pf thou be bronke of loue amonge, whiche is about all other fronge, and if fo is, that thou fo bee, Telle me thy thaifte in painitee. It is no thame of fuche a thewe, A ponge man to be bronkeletve, Of luche philite as 3 can a parte, and as me femeth by that arte. Thou fulbelt by philanomie Be fhapen to that malabie Of loned zonke, and that is routhe. a holy fader all is trouthe, That pe me telle, I am be knowe, That I with love am fo bethaowe,

And all my berte is to through fonke. That I am beriliche bronke : And vet I mate both fpeke and go : But I am ouercome lo. and tomed fro my felfe fo clene, That ofte I wote not what I mene, Do that erculen 3 ne maie Mp bert fro the first baie, That I cam to my labie kithe, I was neuer pet lobge fithe : where I bir le, og le bir nought, with mulynge of myn stone thought Df loue, whiche mp berte affaileth, So bzonke 3 am, that my witte faileth, And all my brayne is overtorned, And my maner fo miltozned, That I foggete all that I can, And fonde like a maled man. Abat ofte whan I thulde plaie, It maketh me baive oute of the waie In Colepn place by my felfe, As both a labozer to belfe, whiche can no gentilmans chere, D; elles as a lewbe frere, whan he is put to his penance: Right lo lele 3 my contenance. and if it nedes lo betide, That I in companie abode, There as I mult baunce and fpnge, The houe baunce and carolynge, D; for to go the newe foote, I may not well heue by my foote, If that the be not in the waie . for than is all my myath awate, and were anone of thought fo full, wherof my lymmes ben fo bull 3 maie bunethes gon the pas. for thus it is, and ever it was, whan I on luthe thoughtes mule The luft and myzth, that men ble, whan I fee not my lady byme: All is forpete for the tyme Do ferforth, that my wittes chaungen, And all luftes fro me fraungen : That thei fein all truly, And fwere, that it am not 3. for as the man, which ofte oppnketh The wine, that in his Comake fonketh,

and

wareth bronke an fuftles for a throme, Right fo my luft is onerthrowe, And of mine owne thought fo mate. I ware, that to mpn affate There is no lym wyll me ferne, But as a brunken man I fwerne, And luffre fuche a paffion, That men have great compation And eche by hom felfe mernatleth, what thong it is, that me fo apletti. Suche is the maner of my wo, whiche time that 3 am bir fro, Till efte avene that I bir fee : But than it were a nicetee To tell you both that I fare. Hoz whan I maie bpon hir fare, Dir womanhead, bir gentilnelle, Mon herte is full of fuche glabneffe. That overpalleth fo my init. That I wote neuer where it ft. But am lo brunken of that light, Me thinketh, that for the time I might, Right ferte through the tobolie walle. And than 3 maie well, if 3 hall. Both fonge and baunce, and lepe aboute, And holde forthe the luftie ronte . But netheles it falleth fo full ofte, that I fro bir go De may, but as it were a fake I fronde, auflement to take. And loke bpon bir faire face, That for the while out of the place, for all the worlde ne might I wende, Such luft comth than into my mynde: So that without meate and pronke. Df lufty thoughtes, whiche 3 thinke, Me thinketh 3 might fonben euer, And fo it were to me leuer, Than luche a light for to lene, If that the wolde peue me lene, To have so mochell of my wille. And thus thinkende 3 ftonde Will without blenchinge of mine eie, Right as me thought that I feie Df paradis the moft tote . And so there whyle I me retote Unto my berte a great delyze, The whiche is botter than the fire,

Ill fobentiche byon me renneth, That all my thought within brenneth, And am fo ferforth onercome, That 3 note tobere 3 am become ! So that amonge the Bertes Bronge In Bebe of bypnke I boberfonge 2 thought fo fwete in my courage, That neuer prement, ne bernage mas baife to fwete for to bypnhe. for as I wolve, than I thenke, As though I were at mine about . for lo through bronke 3 am of lone, That all that my fotie bemeth. Is foth, as than it to me femeth. And while 3 mate the thoughtes heve, Me thinketh as though I were a flepe, And that I were in goddes barme . But whan I fee myn owne barme, And that I fobenliche atvake Dut of my thought, and hebe take, Dome that the lothe flant in bebe, Than is my likernelle in brebe, And tope tometh into wo. so that the bete is all ago Of inche latie, as I was inne! And than avenewarde 3 begynne To take of lous a neine thurst, pobiche me greneth all there wurft, for than cometh the blanche feuer with chele, and maketh me fo to cheuer, And fo it colbeth at myn berte, That wonder is, boine 3 afterte In luche a popute, that I ne bepe. for certes there was never keye, The frolen ile boon the walle Moze inly colde than 3 am all . And thus fuffer 3 the bote chele, whiche paffeth other pernes fele, In colde 3 brenne, and frele in bete, And than I baynke a bitter fwete with bate lippe, and eten wete. Lo thus I temper my biete, And take a branght of fuche relees, That all my wit is berteles, And all my bert there it fitte. Is, as tobo faith, without witte . So that 3 preue it by reafon, In makinge of comparison

200 S 200 S

There male no difference bee
Betwix a dronken man and mee.
But all the werd of evericheone
Is ever, that I thurst in one.
The more that my berte drynketh
The more I maie, so that me thinketh
My thurst thall never be acqueint,
God shelve, that I be not dreynt
Of suche a superfluttee.
For wele I feele in my vegree,
That all my witte is overrast,
where I am the more agast,
That in defaute of labiship
Verrhance in suche a dronkenthip
I may be dead, er I beware.

For certes father this I bare Weknowe, and in my thrifte telle, Wut I a draught have of that welle, In whiche my beth is and my life: My love is tourned in to Artife, That lobre thall I never worthe, What as a dranken man for worthe, So that in londe whre I fare, The luft is lore of my welfare, As he that maie no bote fynde.

But this me thinketh a wonder kynde.
As I am dannke of that I baynke
De these thoughtes, that I thynke,
Of whiche I synde no relees,
Wut if I myght netheles
Of suche a daynke as I couepte,
So as me suft have a receite
I shulde allobre and fare wele.
But so some by his whele
On high me beigneth not to sette.
If of enermore I synde a lette.

The battler is not my freme, whiche hath the key by the bence : I may well willhe, and that is waffe. for well I wote to frellhe a taffe (But if my grace be the more), I shall assate nevermore.

Thus am I bronke of that I fee, for tallyinge is befended me.
And I can not my feluen franche, so that my fader of this branche I am gyltife, to telle trouth.

Only forme that me thinketh routh.

for lone bronke is the milchiefe Aboue all other the most chief. If he no lusty thought astore, whiche may his lory thurst alape, as sor the tyme yet it lesseth To hym, whiche other tope misseth.

for the me lome about all.
Thinks well, how to it the befall,
and kepe the wittes that thou hall,
and let bem not be dronks in wall.

But netheles there is no wight,
That maie withstonde loves might,
What why the cause is, as I since,
What that there is diverse kinde
Of love dronke why men pleineth,
After the courte, whiche all ordeineth,
I will the telle the manere,
how list my sonne, and thou shalt here.

E his narrat fecundum poetam, quatiter in fuo cettario duo dotia Jupiter habet, quoqum paimum tiquopie duteifimi, fecundum amarifimi ptenum confifit, ita quod itte, cui fatata est prosperitae, de dutei potabit, Alter Sero cui adversabitur pos cutum gustabit amarum.

I for the fortune of every chance, After the goddes purueance, To man it groweth from about 1 so that the fpebe of enery loue Is thave there, er it befall. fog Iupiter abouen all. whiche is of goddes foueraine Dath in bis feller, as men faine. Two tonnes full of lone brinke. That maketh many a berte anke. and many an berte allo to flets De of the lower, or of the fivete. That one is full of furbe plement, whiche palleth all entenbement Df mans wit, if be it fafte. and maketh a toplife berte in ball.

That other bitter as the galle, to biche maketh a mans hert palle, whole pronkethip is a akenetle, Through felynge of the bitternetle. Cupide is bottler of bothe, whiche to the leefe, and to the lothe, peueth of the livete, and of the lower.

That som laugh, and some lower.

Constant

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But for to mine as he biline is,
full oft tome be goth amis,
And taketh the badde for the good,
whiche hyndreth many a mans foods
withoute ranse, and forthereth eke;
So ben there som of love seke,
whiche ought of reason to ben hole,
And som comen to the bole
In happe, and as hem selfs lest
Drinke, undeserved of the best.

And thus this blynbe botiler Peneth ofte trouble in ftebe of there, And eke chere in flebe of trouble. Lo howe be can the bertes trouble. And maketh men bronke al bpon chance, reithoute lawe of gouernance. If he drawe of the livete tonne. Than is the forotoe all ouer conne Df loue bronke, and thall nought grenen to to be baunke euery euen. for all is than but a game, Wat whan it is nought of the fame, And be the better tome beatoeth, Suche beonkethip an bette gnameit, Ano febleth all a manues thought, That better bent were baue pat And all bis breade baue eaten brie. for than he lefeth bis luftie wete, with bronkethip, and wote not whither To go, the water bene fo fliber, In whiche be mate percas lo fall, Mhat he hall breke bis wittes all. And in this wife men ben baunke, After the bainke thei bane baunke.

But all orinken not pithe.
For lome thall finge, and fome that the, bo that it me nothinge mernapleth for lome, of lone that the apleth.

for I wel knowe by thy tale, That thou half bronken of the dwale, whiche bitter is, till god the lende Suche grace, that thou might amends.

But some thou thair bibbe and prate, In such a wife, as I hall sate, That thou the suff well atterne Thy wosull thurstes to restreyes Of love, and taste the swetenes, As Bacchus bib in his bistes,

P. ttt.

Depa

T Dofa fic qualiter poine aliquado sitienti pres eibus adquiritur, Et narrat eperlung, quod cum Bacchus de quoda betto ab Driente repatride in quibusqua Libpe partibus aficuius generis potti non inneuit, susia ad Jonem precibus, apparuit el aries, qui terra pede percussi, fatimas fono emas nanit, et sic potum petenti petitio prenasuit.

This Barchus, forme of Iupiter was hote, and as he went fer, By bis fathers allignement To make a werre in thorient, And great power with hom be labbe. Do that the bigber bonbe be babbe, And bictorie of bis enmis, And tourneth homiwarde with his prife, In fuche a countret whiche was beep A melchiefe fell boon the weve. As be robe with his companye, Digh to the frontes of Libye, There might thei no brinke finde Df water, not of other kinde: So that bom felfe, and all bis botte were for befaut of brinke almoste Diffroged : and than Bacchus praids To Iupiter, and thus be fathe!

Dhigh father, that feeft all, To whom is reason, that I hall Beleche, and praie in enery nebe, Beholde my father, and take bebt, This full thurle, that we be inne To Cannebe, and graunt be for to winne. And laufe bnto the countrei fare. 10 bere that our luftie loues are Waptende bpon our home compnge. And with the boyce of his prayenge, whiche berde was to the goddes bie, De ligh anone tofoze his eie A wether, whiche the groude bath fournes. And where be bath it onerturneb, There foronge a welle frefibe and clere: wherof his owne bottlere, After the luftes of his wille, Paue enery man to dainke his file. and for this file great grace Bacchus byon the fame place

A riche temple tet arere, Whiche euer halbe tronve there, To thruffie men in remembrance.

for the me fonne after this chance, It litte the well to taken bebe, So for to prey bpon the neve, As Bacchus preide for the well, And thinke, as thou half berde me tell, Dowe grace be grabbe, and grace be bab. De was no foole, that first fo rab. Soz felben get a bombe man tonbe, Take that prouerbe, and buberfonde, That worden ben of bertue grette. For the to fpeke thou ne lette, And afke, and preie erely and late, The thurst to quenche, and thinke algate The botiller, whiche beareth the kepe Is blynde, as thou half berbe me feye. And if it might fo betibe That he opon the blymbe fibe Darcas the finete tonne araught, Than fhalte thon have a lufte Draught. Anh ware of lone bronke fobre.

And thus I rede thou allobye

Then berte, in hope of luche a grace,

for dronkelhip in enery place,

To whether lide that it wrne,

Doth harme, and maketh a man to fourne,

And ofte falle in luche a wile,

Where he perras mate nought arife.

E Bic de amozie ebzielate ponif epepfil qualiles Eriffram of porti, que Bzagiern in Sani ci poza repit de amoze gelle Holds inebziatua eptitit.

Cand for to loke in enthence
Cloon the fothe experience,
So that it hath befall er this,
In enery mans mouth it is,
Dowe Triftram was of lone dronke,
with bele Holde whan thei dronke
The drike, which Bragveine hem betoke
Er that kyng Marke his eme hir toke
To wife, as it was after knowe.

And eke my forme, if thou wilte knowe, As it bath fallen ouer more In lours cause, and what is more De dronkelhip for to drede,

wherof

The best de periculis excletafis causa in amore constingentibus naveat, quod cum periffons atam puccerrimam Spotatiam in Roozem duceret, quosam qui Centauri Vocabatus, inter alios bis sinos ad nuptias inuitauit, qui Sino imbuti, nous nupte sormocitatem aspicientes, duplici sorietate a mensa Spotatiam a peritsoo marito sno impesturapuerunt.

This finde I writte in poele
Of thilke faire Ipotalie,
Of whole beautee there as the was
Spake every man, and felle per cas,
That Perithous so hym sped,
That he to wife hir shulve wed:
Wheref that he great tope made,
And so; he wolde his love glade,
Agegne the daie of mariage,
Wy mouthe bothe, and by medage,
Wis frendes to the fell he praied,
with great worthip and as men sald,
The bath this yonge lady spouled.

And whan that thei were all housed,
And set and served at mete,
There was no wone, whiche male begete,
That there ne was plentie enough.
But Bacchus thilke tonne drough,
where by wase of dronkethip,
The greatest of the felanthip,
weere out of reason over take,
And Venus, whiche also hath take
The cause most in speciall,
Thath yeve hem drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche erriteth
The lust, wheren a man beliteth.

.

es

me,

Dale!

erof

tale:

And thus by double wey dronke Deluct that tike firte fonke Bath made bem, as who lefth, half woode, That thei no reason understoode, he to none other thyng theiseyen, what hir, whiche to sope her eien was wedded thilke same date, That freshe wife, that instee mate, Of hir it was all that thei thoughten; And so farfarth her lustes saughten, That thei, tobiche named were Centauri, at the lefte there Df one affent, of one accorbe, This ponge wife mangre bir lozde, mi and In forbe a rage awate forth labbett, As thei, tobiche noue infight habben, mala But onely to ber bounken fare, on leraden Whiche many a man bath made millare In lone, als wel as other were, and the meberof, if 3 thall more lege Mon the nature of this bices Of cultome, and of erercile, The mans grace, bowe it forbooth, A tale, whiche was whilom footh Df fooles, that lo bronken were, 3 Chall reberce buto thone ere.

This loquifur specialiter contra Sitium itozum; qui mimia potatione en cometudine edziosi efficillatur, St naeral endphum de Balda et Hitelto qui potentee in Belfpania principeo fuerunt, sed upse cotidiane edzietatie potidus affurti, tanta Bicinia infuserunt enormia, quod tandem toto coclamato populo, pena sententie capitalia in eos indicialites diffinita est, qui prinsqua morrentur. Es penam mortia asteniarent, spontanea Sim edzietate sopisti, quasi porci semimortia gladio interierunt.

Trebe in a cronicle thus Df Galba, and of Vitellus. The whiche of Spayne both were The greattel of all other there, and bothe of o condicion, After the disposicion Df glotony, and bronkthip That was a logie felaufhtp. for this thou might wel buberfonde, That man mafe welle not longe fonbe, Whiche is wine bronke of common ble. for he bath loze the bertues. wherofrealen thulb bym cloth: And that was len bpon bem both. Men feyn, there is no enibence, Wherof to knowe a difference Betwene the bronken and the woode. for thei be neuer nother good.

for where that wine both wit a wepe, Wildome hath loft the right wepe, That he no maner bice bredeth, No more than a blynd man threbeth

Di

Fol. CXXXL

Dis nevel by the forme light? Do moze is reason than of might, G 18102 110 han he with bronheflip is blent. And in this point thei weren frent, This Galba both and the Vitelle, Clpon the caufe as 3 Shall tell. weberof good is to take bene. for thei two through her bronkenbebe, Df witles excitacion Dppzelled all thenacion Df Spanne : for all fonle blaunce. whiche bone was of continuaunce Di hem, whiche all baie bronke were, There was no wife ne maiden there, uphat fo thei were, or faire or foule, Whom thei ne taken to beforde : meberof the lambe was often wo, And eke in'other thonges mo Thei wonghten many a landrie wronge. But howe le that the baie be lange, The berke night cometh at laft. Bot wolde nought, thei mulben faff, And thope the lawe in fuche a wife. That thei through borne to the Jule 16e bammeb for to be forlerent man deut de 18ut thef, that hab be tofore Enclined to all bronkenette. Der ende than bare foimelle. For thei in hope to allwage The peine of bethe boot the rage, That thei lalle thulben feele, Of wone let fill full a meete. And branken till fo was befall. That thei her Grengthes lofen all. vo (thouten wit of ony brayne, And thus thei ben balle beeb flavere, That bem ne greneth but a lite. EMy forme if then be for to wite In one point, whiche I have faibe, wherof the tottes bene batefos, I rebe clepebem bome agegne. 1 3 thall bo father as pe feyne, Als ferforth as I maje fullife. But well I wote, that fir no toffe. The denkethip of lone awere 3 maie remue by no toepe : diff It Cant nought boon my fortung. 38ut if you lift to commune Defen leconde glotonie, tobiche cieped is velicacie, wherof pe spake here to fore, Beserhe Fivolve you thersore.

Ony sounce as of that ilke vice, whiche of all other is the marice, find frant byan the retenue.

Of Venus, so as it is one,
The properties bosoe that it sateth,
The bake heraster noive velicareth.

Delitiz cum diultiis funt iura potentum,
In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gulz.
Nõ funt delitiz tales, quz corpora pafcunt,
Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
Qui completus amor maiori munere gaudets.
Cum data delitiis mens in amante fatur.

THIC tractat fuper illa fpecie gute, que bes ficatia nflcupatur, cuiue molficies Boluptuofe cano mi personie precipue potentibus quequ complaceme tia corporaliter ministrat.

Df this chapter, in whiche we trete, There is yet one of fuche blete, To whiche no poore may attaine. for all is pall us paindemaine, And fordate wone, and fonday dainke, troberof that he woll eate and prinke. Dis cookes ben for hom affaited, to that his boby is awaited, That bym thati lacke no belite Als ferfoth as his appetite Suffileth to the meates bote, upberof the lufte bice is bote Df Bule the Delfcarie, pobiche all the bolle progenie Of luftie folke bath binbertake To febe, tobile that be maie take Michelle, wherof to be founde Df abitinence be wote no bounde To what profite it thuibe ferue, And pet philike of his conferne Maketh many a refrauracion Winto his recreation: mobiche wolbe be to Venus lefe. Thus for the point of his relefe The cooke, whiche that his meate arape, 2Sut be the better bis mouth allape, Dis lorbes thonke thall ofte lefe, Br be be ferued to the chefe.

for there mate lacke not fo lite. That be ne fint anone a wite. But bis luft be fully ferueb, There bath no wight his thonks beferneb. And yet for mans fuffenaunce. To kepe and holde in governance, To bem that woll his bele geate Is none lo good, as common meate, for who that loketh on the bokes. It feith, confection of cookes. a man bym fhulbe well aufe, Dowe be it toke, and in what wife. for tobo that bleth, that be knoweth, full Celben fikenes on bym groweth: And who that bleth meates ftraunge, Though his nature empayre and chaunge, It is no wonber liefe forme, moban that he both agene his wonne. for in Menelle this 3 fpnde, Allage is the fecombe hynde In lone, als well as other wey. for as thefe boly bokes fep, The bootly belices all, In every poput howe to thei fall. Unto the foule bone grenance. and for to take in remembrance A tale accordant bnto this, pobiche of great unberstanding is To mans foule reasonable, I thonke tell, and is no fable.

THIC PONITEXEMPLVM contra ifice beficatoe, et narrat de binite et Las Baro, quopum gesta in enangesto Lucas enidens tine describit.

De Christis worde, who woll it rede, Kowe that this vice is for to drede, In the mangile it telleth pleyne, whiche mote algate be certeine. For Christe hym selfe beareth witnesse: And though the clerke, and the clergesse In laten tonge it rede and spage, Pet for the more knowleckepage of trouthe, whiche is good to witte I hall beclare, as it is writte In englishe, for thus it began. Christe seith, there was a riche man. A myghty lorde of great assate, And he was eke to belicate

Of his clotheng that enery bate

Of purpse and byth he made hem gate,
And ete and dranke thereo his fell,
After the lutter of his well:
As he, whiche all floode in belice,
And toke none hebe of thinke bies.

and as it thuibe fo betibe, A poure lasar boon a tibe Came to the gate, and areb meate ? But there might be nothing geate Dis beebely bungre for to faunche. for be, whiche hab his full paunche Df all luftes at boabe, De beigneth to fpeake a worbe, Dnliche a cromme for to yeue, weberof this poure might leus Wipon the pefte of his aimelle. Thus late this poure in great diffreffe, A colde and bongred at the gate. for whiche he might go no gate, so was be wofully befene. And as thefe boly bokes feyn, The boundes comen fro the balle, nobere that this fiche man was falle. And as he late there for to bete The wonnes of his malabie Thei licken, for to boone bom sale; But be was full of fuche bifeafe, That be male not the beth escape ? But as it was that time thape, The loule fro the body paffeth : And he, whom nothing onerpalleth, The high god bp to the benen Dym toke, where be bath let bym enen In Abrahams barme on bigbe, pohere he the heuens love fighe, And had all that be have toolbe, and fell as it befail tholbe : This riche man the fame throive poich lovein'beth was overthrowe, And forth withouten any went Winto the bell Graught be ment: The fende into the fre bym brough, pobere that he had petite enough Df flame, tobiche that euer brenn. And as his ele about renneth, Toward the benen be call bis loke,

De bere

where that he figh, and hede toke, Down lazar let was in his lee, Als farre as ever he might lee, with Abraham, and than he maide Unto the patriarche and layde: Sende lazar downe fro thilke lete And do, that he his finger wete In water, lo that he maie droppe Clipon my tonge, for to stoppe The great hete, in whiche I brenne.

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But Abraham answerde then, and sayd to bym in this wife:

Salomon . Qui obturat aures fuas ad clamoze pauperum, ipfe clamabit, et non epandietur.

EMy some, thou the might ausle, And take in to the remembrance, Howe lazar had great penance, while he was in that other life, but thou in all the lust solfe. The bodely belices soughtest. For the so as thou than wronghtest, howe shalte thou take the rewards. Deadly peens here afterwards. In hell, whiche shall ever last. And this worldes peens is overcome, In heuen and hath his life begonne of sore, whiche is endetes.

But that thou pretbell netheles. That I thall lasar to the fende. moith water on bis finger ende, Thome bote tonge for to kele : Thou thalt no luche graces fele. for to that foule place of fpune, for euer in whiche thou thalt be inne. Cometh none out of this place thiber. De none of pou may come biber . Ahus be pe parted nowe a two. The riche apenelvard cribe tho: D Abraham, lithe it lo is That lasar maie nought bo me this, whiche I have areb in this place, 3 wolbe praie an other grace. for 3 haue pet bretherne fine, That with my father bene a line, To gether divellende in one hous, To whom, as thou art gracious,

I praie, that thou woldest fende Lazar, to that he might wende To warne hem, how the worke is went, That afterward thei be not thent Defluche prines as thei brie. Lo this I praie, and this I crie, Lowe I maie not my felfe amends.

The patriarke anone lewende,
To this praier answerde paie,
And laide hym, howe that enery date
Dis bretherne might knowe and here
Of Moyles on erthe here,
And of prophettes other mo,
what hem was belt: And he laith no,
But if there might a man arile
from deth to life in suche a wife
To tellen hem, howe that it were,
De laide than of pure fere
Thei shulden well beware therby.

Duot Abraham, nap fikeriy. for if thei nowe will not ober To luche, as teche bem the wep, And all dap teache, and all baie telle. Dowe that it frant of benen and belle. Thei will not than taken bebe. Though it befell fo in bebe, That any deade man were arrered, To ben of bom no better lered Than of an other man on line . TIf thou my fonne canft beferine This tale, as Chrifte bom felfe it tolbe. Thou thalt have raufe to beholde. To le lo great an eufbence, Wherof the foth experience Dath thewed openliche at eie, That bodely delicarie Df hym, whiche peneth none almeffe. Shall after fall in great biffreffe. And that was fene boon the riche. for be ne wolde buto his liche a cromme penen of his breadde, Than afterwarde whan be was beabe, a proppe of water bym was werned . Thus mate a mans wit be lerneb Df bem, that fo belites taken, meban thei with beath ben ouertaken, That erft was fwete is than fower. But he that is a governour

Di morloes tope, if he be wife. within his herte be fet no palle Df all the worlde, and pet be blech The good, that he notheng refuleth, As he, whiche lozde is of the thunges, The ouches, and the riche rynges, The cloth of golde, and the perrie De taketh : and pet the belicacie De leueth, though be weare all this. The beff mete, that there is De eateth, and baunketh the bell bainhes But howe that euer be eate oz bzinke. Delicacie be put aweie, As be, whiche goth the right weie. Mought only for to fede and clothe Dis body, but his foule bothe. But thei that taken other wife Der luftes, bene none of the wife, But nome a baie a man maie les The worlde fo full of banitee. That no man taketh of realon bebe. De for to clothe, or for to febe: But all is fet bnto the bice, To neive and changen his belice.

And right so chaungeth his affate, De that of love is delicate. Hoz though he had to his honde The best wife of all the londe, Dz the fairest love of all: pet wolde his herte on other fall, And thinke hem moze delicious, Than he hath in his owne hous.

Men seyne it is nowe ofte so, Ausse hem well, thei that so do. And so; to speke in other wase, full ofte tyme I have herde sate, That he, whiche hath no love acheved, Dym thinketh that he is not relieved, Though that his ladie make hym chere, So as the mase in good manere Dir honour, and his name save, But he the surplus might have, Nothyng withsandyng hir assate Oftone more delicate, De set hir chere at no delite, But if he have all his appetite.

My lome if it with the be lo, Tell me ? EMyn boly father no. for belicate in furbe a foile Pfloue, as pe to me beuile, De was I neuer pet gpltife. for if I had furbe a wife, As pe fpeke of, what thuibe 3 more? for than I wolbe neuer more, for luft of any womanbebe, Mp berte bpon none other febe: And if 3 bio, it were a wafte, But all without fuche repatte Dfluft, as pe me tolbe abous, Diwife, oz vet of other lone. I faffe, and maie no fobe geate. Do that for lacke of beintle meate. Df whiche an berte maie be febbe. 3 go faffynge to my bebbe.

But might I getten as pe tolbe, So mothel, that my lady wolde Me fede with hir glabbe femblams, Though me lacke all the remenaunts pet thulde I fombele ben abeched, And for the tyme wel refreshed.

But certes faber fhe ne both. fo; in good feith to tellen foth. 3 trowe, though 3 Chilbe fferue. Dhe wolde not bir eie fwerne, My berte with one goodly looke To febe, and thus for fuche a cooks 3 maie go fallinge enermo. But if fo is, that am wo Maie febe a mans berte toele, Therof I have at every mele. Df plentte moze than enough. But that is of hom felle lo tough, My fromake mate it not beffe. Lo fuche is the belicacte Of loue, whiche my berte febeth. Thus baue 3 lacke of that me nebeth. 18ut for all this pet netheles, I fay not, I am gilteles, That I fombele am belicate. for els were I fully mate: But if that I fome lufty fourme Df comforte and of eale founde, Mo take of loue fome repaft. for though 3 with full taffe The luft of lone maie not fele. Myn bonger otherwife 3 kele,

Difmale luftes, whiche I pfke, And for a tome pet theilike, If that ve wilten, what I meane. Mome good forme theine the cleans Df fuche beinties as ben good, tisherof thou takelt then bert? foobe. Mp father I thall you reherfe, Dowe that my foodes ben diverte, Do as thei fallen in Degree. Dne feedynge is of that 3 fee: An other is, of that 3 bere : The thirde, as I hall tellen bere, At groweth of mone owne thought, And els thulbe 3 line nonght. for whom that faileth foode of berte, De maie nought well the bethe afferte.

MYYYO Los

Dota qualiter Difue in amoze fe cofinet beficat".

E Dflight is all my first foode,
Through whiche myne eie of all goode
Dath that to hym is accordant,
A lustic foode sufficient,
when that I go towarde the place,
where I shall see my ladies face,
Myn eie, whiche is lothe to faste,
Begynneth anone to hungre so faste,
That hym thynketh of an houre three,
Till I there come, and he hir see:
And than after his appetite
De taketh a soode of suche delite,
That hym none other deintie nedeth,
Df sondrie sightes he hym feedeth.

The feeth bir face of fuche coloure, That freffer is than any floure.

De feeth hir front is large and playne,

De feeth bir eien liche an beuen, And feeth bir nofe freite and euen.

De feeth hir rubbe bpan the cheke, And feeth hir rebbe lippes eke.

Dir chynne accordeth to the face, all that he feeth is full of grace.

De feeth bir necke counde and clene, Therin maie no bone be fone,

De feeth hir handes faire and white.

Ho; all this theng without wite

De maie fee naked at left,

So is it well the more feffe, And well the more belicacie Unto the feeding of the eie.

De feeth bir fhave forth with all. Dir boby rounde, bir middell fmall. So well begone with good arrate, whiche patteth all the luft of maie, whan be is mofte with fofte thomas full clothed in his lufty flowers. with luche lightes by and by Mpn eie is febbe, but finally whan he the porte and the manere Deeth of bir womannvilhe chere, Than bath be luche belite on bonbe. Dom thinketh be might fill fonde, And that be bath full fuffilance Df liuclobe, and of fuffenance, As to his parte for enermo. And if it thought all other fo. fro then wolde be neuer wende. But there buto the worldes ende De wolde abide, if that be might, And feeden hom boon the fight.

for though I might fronben ale In to the tyme of domes baie, And loke boon bir euer in one: Pet whan I bulbe fro bir gone, Mone eie wolde, as though be falle Ben bonger fozuen alfo fafte, Aille efte avene that be bir feie: Souche is the nature of mon eie. There is no luft fo beintefull, Df whiche a man Gulbe not be full, Df that the fromake biberfongeth: But euer in one inon berte longeth. for loke bowe that a gothauke tireth. Right lo bothe be, whan that he pireth And tooteth on hir womanbebe. for he mate neuer fullp febe Dis luft, but ener a liche loze 2) vm bongreth, fo that be the moze Defireth to be febbe alerate. And thus myn cie is made the gate, Through which the beinties of my thought Df luft ben to myn berte brought.

Right as myn eie with his loke, Is to myn herte a luftie cooks Of loues foode delicate:

Right

E Qualiter anria in amoge beleefatur.

Might fo myn care in his fate, Where as mine eie maie not ferne, Can well my bertes thonke beferue, And feben bym fro bate to bate with furbe beinties as he maie.

for thus it is, that ouer all, pohere as 3 come in fpeciall, I maie bere of mp labie price . I bere one faie, that the is wife, An other laith, that the is good, And fome men feyne, of worthy blood That the is come, and is also Do fayze, that no where is none fo. And fome men preife bir goodly there . Thus euery thonge, that I maie here, whiche fowneth to my laby good, Is to myn eare a lufty foode.

and eke myn eare bath ouer this A beintie fealte, whan fo is Mhat I maie bere bir felnen fpeke. for than anone my fafte 3 breke Dn fuche wordes, as the faith, That full of trouth, and full of feyth Thei ben, and of lo great bilpozte, That to mpn eare great comfozte Thei bone, as thei that ben belices . for all the meates and the fpices, That any Lumbarde couth make, De ben lo luftie foz to take, De lo farforth reffauratife, I fep as for mpn owne lyfe, As ben the wordes of bir mouth, For as the wyndes of the fourth Ben mofte of all Debenaire: Do when hir luft to fpeke faire, The bertue of hir goodly fpeche Is berily mon hertes leche.

and if it to befalle amonge, That the carole bpon a fonge, mehan I it bere, 3 am fo febbe, That I am fro my felfe lo lenne, As though I were in Baravile. for fertes as to myn anile, wohan I here of hir bopre the freuen, Me thynkith it is a bliffe of heuen. And the in otherwife allo,

restroin

full oft tome it falleth fo. Myn ere with a good pitance Is feb, of rebinge of romance, Df Idoyne, and of Amadas, Abat whilome were in my cas: And the of other many a froze, That loued longe, er 3 was bore. for whan I ofher loues rede, Mpn ere with the tale 3 febe, And with the luft of her hilloire Somtime I brain into memoire. Dowe lozowe maie not euer latt. and fo bope cometh in at laft, noban I none other foode knowe : and that endureth but a throwe, Right as it were a cherie fefte : But for to counten at left As for the while pet it ealeth, And fombele of my bert appeleth. for what thinge to my ere fpredeth, whiche is pleafant, fombele it eafeth, with wordes luche as he mate gete, Mp luft in febe of other mete .

Lo thus my faver as I you fele Df luft, the whiche myn eie hath fete, And eke of that myn eare hath berbe, full ofte I have the better ferbe: and tho two bayngen in the thatbbe, The whiche hath in myn berte ampobe Dis place take, to arate, The luftie thoughtes whiche affate I mote, and nameliche on nightes, whan that me lacketh all fightes And that min beringe is awey, Than is be redy in the we Mp rere louper for to make Df whiche my bertes foode I take.

Qualifer cogifaine impreffiones leficle imagis natinas coedibne inferit amantum.

This luftie cookes name is hote Ahought, which hath euer his pottes bote Pf loue boplent on the fire, with fantalle, and with belire, Of whiche er this full ofte be fende Myn herte, whan I was a bebbe And than he let bpon my borbe 15oth

Bothe enery light, and enery woode Df luft, whiche I have herde on legne: 18mt pet is not my fest all pleyn, 28mt all of woldes, and of wilthes, Therof have I my full dillhes, 28mt as of felynge, and of taste, Pet might I never have o repaste.

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And as I have layd to forme,
I licke hony of the thorne,
And, as who leith, byon the bridell
chewe lo that all is ydell,
as in effect the foode I have.
But as a man, that wolde him lave,
whan he is ficke, by medicine:
Right lo of love the famine
I fonde in all that ever I maie,
To fede and drive forthe the daie,
All I maie have the great felt,
whiche all my honger might areffe.

Lo luche ben mp luftes three, Of that I thouke, and here, and fee, I take of lone my febinge, meith oute tallinge og felinge. And as the ploner both of the eire I line, and am in good espeire, That for none fuche belicacie 3 troine 3 bo no glotenie. And netheles to pour auffe Myn holy faber, that ben wife, I recommende mpn effate Df that I baue ben belicate. EMp forme I bender fronde wele, That thou half tolde bere, euery bele. And as me thinketh by thy tale, It ben belites wonder fmale, poherof thou takes thy loues foode. But forme, if that thou buberftoobe, mobat is to ben belicious. Thou woldeft not be mrions, Cipon the luft of then affate To ben to bote oz Delicate : noberof that thou reafon ercebe. fo; in the bokes thou might rede, If mans wildem thall be feweb, It ought well to ben elchetveb As well by reason as by kynde, Df olde enlamples as men fpade.

dioat.

इत्तर्व का भए व्यवस्था है । वर्ष किया कार्य

Thic toquitur be belicacia Deronie, qui corpora tibue beficie magie abberene, fpiritualia gambie minus obtimuit.

That man that wolde bym well aufle, Delicacie is to bifpile. moban konbe accordeth not infthall: 19 berof enfample fperiall Df Mero whylom maie be tolbe, 19hiche avens hynbe manyfolde Dis luftes toke, till at laff, That god bom wolde all onercaffe. Df whom the cronike is lo pleine, Me luft no more of bym to feyne. And netheles for glotonie Df bobely belicacie To knowe his tromake bowe it ferbe. Of that no man tofoze berbe. which be within hym felfe bethought. a monder fubtile thong be topought.

Three men bpon election Df age, and of complection Liche to hom felfe by all wate. De toke towardes bom to plate. and eate and branke as well as bee. Therof was no biuerfitee. for enery bate whan that thei eate. Tofoze bis owne bourde thei feate, And of furbe meate as be was ferueb. All though thet bab it not befermen. Thei token feruice of the fame: But afterwarde all thilke game was into wofull erneft tourned. for whan thei were this foiourned, Within a tyme at after mete Dero, whiche bab not fozpete The luftes of his freel affate. As he whiche all was belicate. To knowe thilke experience, The men let come in bis prefence, And to that one the fame tibe A courfer, that he thulbe ribe Into the felbe anone be bappe. neberof this man was wonder glabbe. And goth to pricke and praume aboute That other, while that he was out, De lapde bpon his bedde to lepe . The thypee, whiche he ivolve kepe

wo thin his chambre faire and softe, He gothe notice by notice downs ful ofte Walkying a pace, that he ne slepte, Till he whiche on the courier lepte was comen fro the felde ageyns. Pero than (as bokes sepne) These men did done take all three, And slough hem, sor he wolde see, The whole stomache was best bessen.

And whan he hath the lothe tried,
The founde, that he, whiche goth the pas,
Defied befte of all was:
Whiche afterwarde he bled ate.
And thus what then done hate
was most pleasant, he lefte none,
with one lust he was begone,
whereof the body might glade.
If or he no addinence made,
But most of all erthely thenges
Of women unto the likenges,
hero fet all his hole herte.
If or that lust hem shalve not afferte.

what that the thurst of lone him caught, where that hym list he toke a draught, He spareth nether wife ne maide, That suche a mother, as men saide, In all this wordse was never yet. He was so droube in all his wite Through sondrie lustes, whiche he toke, That ever, while there is a boke, all shero men shall rede and singe that the worldes knowlechynge.

My good some as thou hast herbe,
for ever yet it hath so ferbe,
Delicacie in loves cas
without reason is and was.
for where that love is herte set,
Zym thinketh, it might be no bet,
all though it be not fully mete.
The luste of love is ever sweet.

Lo thus to gether of felauship
Delicacie and pronkiship
(wherof reason thant out of herre)
Have made many a man erre
In loves cause mote of all.
for than howe so that ever it fall,
witte can no reason buberstonde,
But levele governance stonde

To wille, whiche than wereth to wille. That he can not bym felfe thilbe fro the perille, but out of fere The wate be ferbeth bere and there, Dom retcheth not boon tohat fibe. for oft come be goth belloe, And both fuch thong without brede, 110 herof beitr dught well to brebe. But whan that loue afforeth foze, It palleth all mens lote, What luft it is, that he ozbelneth, There is no mans in faut refreineth. and of god taketh be none bebe, But lawler withouten brebe. Dis purpos foz be wolde achene, Avent the pointes of the beleue De tempteth beuen, erthe, and belle, Dere afterward as 7 thall telle.

Dű stimulaf amor, gegd inbet orta voluptas,
Andet, & aggreditur nulla timenda times.
Omne qd astra queunt herbarű sue potestas,
Seu vigor infernt singula temptat amans.
Qd nequid ipse, deo mediate, parare sinistru,
Damonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
Sic sibi non curat ad opus que retia tendit,
Dúmodo nudatam prendere posset auem.

eT his tractat, qualiter ebrictat et delicatia oms mis pudicitie contrarium infligantes inter alla ad carnalis concupifcentis promotionem fortifegio magicam requirunt.

Two bo bare bo thing, which love me bared To lone is enery lawe bnware, But to the lawes of his bell The fifthe, the fowle, the man, the beff, Df all the worldes kynde lowteth. for love is be, which nothing bouteth, In mannes berte where it litte. De counteth nought toward his witte, The wo, no more than the wele, Do moze the bete, than the chele, no moze the wete, than the bate, Do moze to line, than to bie : So that to foze ne bebynbe De feeth no thong, but as the blombe withoute inlight of his courage, 2)e both merualles in his rage, To what thong that he wol hom braine. There is no god, there is no laive

Of whom that he taketh any beda.

Out as baiarde the blymbe fleve,

Till he falle in the vitche a midde,

De gothe there no man will hym bidde,

The flant lo ferforthe out of reinle,

There is no witte, that maie hym renke.

And thus to tell of hym in foothe,

full many a wonder thyng he boothe,

That were better to be lafte:

Amonge the whiche is witche crafte,

That forme men clepen forcerie,

whiche for to wynne his drewrie,

with many a circumflance he bleth,

There is no point, whiche he refuseth.

rol Cxxxiiii

C Dota de autopum nec non'ef l'ibpopum tam nas

The crafte, whiche that Saturnus forthe To make pikes in the fonde, That Geomance clepeb is, ge to avious for ful ofte be bleth it amis: and of the floode his Hydromance, and of the fire the Pyromance, Doith queltions eche one of tho De tempteth ofte : and eke alfo chamaci Aeremancein indgement, To lone he bayingeth of his allent. for thefe craftes (as 3 finbe) A man mate bo by wate of kinbe: Be lo, it be to good entent. Abut be goth all another went. So; rather er he Chulde faile noith Nicromance be wolbe affaile, To make bis incantacion, with bote lubfumigacion, Thilke arte, whiche Spatula is bote. And bled is of common rate Amonge painins, fobiche that crafte eke. Df tohiche is auctor Tholez the greke, De wercheth one and one by rowe: Razel is not to hom buknowe The Salomones Candarie, 191 and ale Dis Ideac, his Eutonie, manifertain The figure of the boke withall, Of Balamuz, and of Ghenball The feale, and therbpon thimage Df Thebith, for his auantage De taketh; and some what of Gibere,

11.5

whiche helpliche is to this maters.

Babylla to hir sonnes seuen,

whiche hath renounced to the henen,

with Cernes bothe square and rounde,

De traceth ofte upon the grounde,

Makynge his invocation,

And so; full insormation

The schole, whiche Honorius

110,20te, he pursueth, and to thus

Magike he bieth so; to winne

Dis love, and spareth so; no sinne.

and over that of his fotie, Right as he lecheth logcerie, Df bem that bene magiciens. Right fo of the naturiens. Apon the ferres from about. Dis wer he lecheth buts love. Als ferre as he hem bnberffonbeth: In many a fondate wife be fondeth. De maketh pmage, be maketh fentpture. De maketh waitynge, be maketh figure, De maketh bis calculacions. De maketh bis bemonftracions, Dis hours of altronomie De kepeth, as for that partie, whiche longeth to the inspection Df loue, and bis affertion. Soul and Many De wolde in to the belle feche, The Denell bem felfe to befeche, If that he will for to webe, To gete of loue bis luftie mebe. where that he bath his berte fet, De bibbe neuer fare bet, De witte of other beuen moze. My fonne if thou of fuche a loze Dall ben er this, Trebe the lene. Myn holy father by your lene. Df all that pe haue fpoken bere. whiche toucheth buto this matere, To telle footh right as 3 wene, I wote not o morbe, what ye mene. 3 woll not faie, if that 3 couth, That I noise in my luftie pourt, Beneth in belle and eke aboue, To won with my laptes lone. Done al that ever that 3 might. for therofhaue I none inlight, uphere afterwarde that 3 am become:

So that I wonne and onerrome Dir loue, whiche I molte couepte. IMP Conne that goth wonder frepte. for this I mate well tell foothe, There is no man tobiche lo boothe, for all the crafte that be can cafte, That be me bieth it at laffe. foz often be that will begile. Is guiled with the fame guile . And thus the guiler is beguiled, As 3 fonde in a boke compiled To this matere an olde biffoire. The whiche comth noive to my memoire, And is of great enfamplarie Apene the bice of logcerie, Wherof none enbe mafe be goob. But howe whileme therof it frood, A tale, whithe is good to knowe, 出版 To the my fonne 3 thall beknowe.

E Nota contra ifice es amorie caufam forites que. Vsinarrat in epèplum, quod cum Olyffes a fubucrfione Troie repatriere nauigio voluifet, ipfum in Infula Litti, Vsi illa expertifima maga nomine Cyrces regnanit, catiqui applicuife, quem St in fui amorie concupiferniam eparveferret, Lirces omnibus fuis incantationibus Bincese comasalur: Diffice tamen Magica potentior ipfa in amore fusegit, En qua fitum inomine. Teles gonum genuit, qui postea patrem sum interfecit, et su contra fidei naturam genitus, cotra generas tionis naturam patricidum operatus est.

Camonge hem, whiche at Troic were,
Vlyfles at the liege there,
was one by name in speciall,
D's whom per the memoriall
Abideth, for while there is a mouthe,
for ever his name shall be couthe.

De was a worthy knight and kynge, the was a great ikhetorien, the was a great magitien. The was a great magitien, the was a great magitie, the was the w

Of Macer all the Grength of berbes, and the phillhe of Hippocras, and lithe unto Pythagoras, Dflurgerie be knewe the cures But fome what of his auentures, whiche thall to my matter accorde, To the my fonne I will recorde. This king, of which thou hall berbe fein, from Troie as be goth home ageine 18p thip, be founde the fea diverte, with many a windle Come reverle: But he through wilbom, which he thapeth, full many a great perill efrapeth : Diwhiche I thombe tellen one, Dowe that mangre the nevell and frone, ropnoe drine he toas all foregrip Mpon the frondes of Lilly, where that be muft abide a while. Tway quenes weren in that ple, Calypso named and Circes. and whan thei herbe, bow Vlyffes Is londed there boon the IRine: for hym they fenben also bltue.

And to the courte to hem be cam .

Thele quenes were as two goddeffes, Dfarte magihe forcerelles, That what lorde cometh to that rigage, Thei make bym loue in fuche a rage, And opon hem affore fo. I hat thei woll baue, er that be goa All that be bath of worldes good . Vlyffes well this biberffoode. Thei couthe muche, be couthe moze ? Thei thape and call avenit bym loze, And wought many a fubtfle wite . But pet thei might bym not begyle . But of the men of his naute Thei two foothope a great partie. Maie none of hem withffonde her helles, Some parte thei thopen in to beffes, Some parte thei thopen in to foules, To beres, togres, apes, oules, Dzels by fome other wey, Aber myght nothyng bem offobep, Duche crafte thei had aboue kynte, But that arte couth thei not fonde, Of whiche Vliffes was deceined,

That he ne hath hem all weined,
And brought hem in to furhe a rote,
That boon hom thei bothe allote.
And through the science of his arte
De toke of hem so well his parte,
That he begat Circes with childe:
The kepte hom sobre, and made hem wilde,
The set hom selve so aboue,
That with her good, and with her love,
Who that therof be liefe or lothe,
All quite in to his ship he gothe.

Circes to fwolle bothe fibes, De lefte, and waiteth on the tibes, And fraught through out the falte fome De taketh his cours, and comth hym home, mbere as he founde Penelope, A better wife there male none be: And pet there bene enothe of good . But who that hir goodfhip bnderfrood, fro fyzit that the toffebode tokt noigyla) Dowe many lones the forloke, and botve the bare hir all aboute, There whiles that hir lozde was oute: De might make a great anant Amonge all the remenant, That the, one of all the bell, well might be let his berte in reft .

This konge whan be bir fonde in bele, for as be couthe in weledome dele, So couthe the in womanbede, and whan the fyth withouten brede Dir lozde boon bis owne grounde, That he was come lafe and lounde, In all this worlde ne might be A gladder woman than was the. The fame, whiche maie nought be bio. Throughout the londe is foone kid: Der konge is comen home agene, There mate no man the full feyne, Dowe that thei weren all glade, So morbell iope of bym thei mabe . The prefentes enery date bene newed, De was with peftes all befnewed. The people was of hym fo glad, That though none other man bem bab, Mallage boon bem felfe thei fette, And as it were of pure bette They year her goodes to the kynge: This was a glad bome welcompage.

Thus hath Vlysses what he wolde,

Dis wife was suche as the be sholde,

Dis people was to hym subjects, and

Dym lacketh nothings of delite.

Chozatine . Omnia funt fominum femi pend bentia ficio.

That whan a man is most on height,

That whan a man is most on height,

She maketh hym cathest for to falls.

There wote no man what shall befalls.

The happes over mannes here

Ben honged with a tender threbe,

That proved was on Vlysses.

For whan he was most in his pression

fortune gan to make hym werre,

And let his welthe oute of herre.

Cloon a day as be was mery As though ther might bim no thinge berie. whan night was come, be goth to bebbe, with fleve and both his eien febae. And while be Aepte, be met a Cweuen: Dym thought be figh a fatu euen, Whiche brighter than the sonne thone A man it femed was it none ; But vet it was a figure Most liche to mannifhe creature, 18ut as of beautie benentiche It was most to an aungell liche. And thus between aungell and man. Beholden it this kynge began, And fuche a luft toke of the Rabt. That fagne be wolde, if that he might The forme of that figure embrace, And goth hom forth toward that place, where be figh that image the, And takth it in his armes tipo. And it embraceth bym ageyne, And to the kynge thus gan it fepne!

Vlysses understond well this,
The token of our acqueintance is,
Dere afterward to morbell tene
The love that is is between .
Of that we nowe suche sole make,
That one of is the beth shall take,
Whan tyme cometh of destines,

It maie none otherfolle be wod ad for don

Vlysses the began to prais, That this figure wolde bym sale, what wight be is, that sayth bym so.

This wight boon a speare tho
A pensell, whiche was well begone
Embroudeed, sheweth bom anone
Thre fishes all of a coloure,
In maner as it were a toure
Ulpon the pensell were incount.

Vlysses kneive this token nought,
And prayth to witte in some partie,
what thenge it might signifie.
A signe it is, the wight answerde,
Of an empire, and south he ferde
All sodepnly, whan he that sayd.

And that was right agene the bate, and That lenger flepen be ne mate.

Men lay, a man bath knowlegeynge, baue of hym lelfe, of all thynge.
This owne chance no man knoweth, was never yet to wife a clerke, whiche might knowe all goddes werke, he the lecrete, whiche god hath lette Apene a man, maie not be lette.

Vlyfies though that he be wife. with all his witte in his aufle, The moze that be his Iwenen accounteth, The leffe he wote, what it amounteth, for all his calculation, Penners offered title De leeth no bemonstracion As pleynly for to knowe an ende. But netheles howe that it wende, De bead bym of his owne fonne, That maketh bom well the moze affone, and thope therfoze anone withall, So that within caffell malle Thelemachus bis forme be thette, And on hom fronge warde be fette, The foothe farther be ne knewe. Mill that fortune him ouerthreive .

nout netheles for Akernelle, where that he might wit and gelle A place Arengell in his londe, There let he make of lime and sonde A Arength, where he wolde divell: was neuer man pet berbe tell Df futbe an other, as it was: And for to frength hom in that cas Dfall bis londe the fiberett as ennoge Df feruantes and the worthfel mor att To kepen hom within warde, nartie De let his body for to warde and And made fuche an ozdinance di estel for lone, ne for aqueintance, and dad -That were it erely, were it late, Thei thuld let in at pate dead 2000m al C Do maner man, what fo betibed and But if to were hom felfe it biar and and But all that mighte hom not anaple. for wbom fortime woll affaple, id and ou There mate be no luche relittence, Whiche might make a man befence. All that thall bemote fall algate . a ship of

This Circes, whiche I spake of late, On whom Vlysses bath begete a childe, though be it have sopreter whan tyme came, as it was wonne whe was belinered of a some, whiche cleped is Telegonus.

This childe whan he was borne thus, about his mother to full age,
That he can reason and language,
In good estate was drawe forth.
And whan he was so morbell worth
To stonden in a mannes stede,
Circes his mother hath hym bede,
That he shall to his father go:
And tolde hym all to geder tho,
what man he was, that hym begate,

And whan Thelegonus of that was ware, and hath full knowlechynge, Howe that his fader was a kynge? He prayth his moder fayre this To go, where that his fader is.
And the hym graunteth that he thall!
And made hym reop forth with all.

It was that tyme firthe blance, That every man the conflaunce Dif his contre bare in his honde, Whan he went in to firaunge londe. And thus was every man therfore well knowe where that he was bore. For elpyall and mystrowynges

They

Thet old than fuche thynges, the thouse.

Felickxxvi

Do it be felle in that theowe,

Telegonus as in this cas,

Of his contret the figure was

The fifthes, whiche he shulve heare

Upon the pirton of a speare;

And whan that he was thus arraive,

And bath his hacness all assace,

That he was redy eversbele,

This moder had him, fare wele,

And saide hym, that he shulve swithe

Dis fader griete a thousand sith.

Telegonus bis moter hill, And toke his leve, and where be wift Dis faver was, the wate name, Tell be onto Nachale came, whiche of that londe the chiefe citee 115 Doas tieped, and there afterh be. twhere was the kynge, and bow be ferbe, And toban that be the footh becoe, adlin fa 10 berethat the honge Vlyffer was Alone bpon his boss great pasts and and De rode hym forth, and in his bonds De but the fignall of his londey da and a woith fifbes three as Thane tolbe And thus be went buto that bolbe, an inclus where that his owne faber pwelleth. The cause why be came, be telleth Cluto the kepars of the gate, 11 119 110 110 And wolbe hane comen in there ate. 2011) But fhortely that hym faybe nate. And he als fapre as euer he mate Belought, and tolde bem of this, Dowe that the konge bis faber is.

But thei with proude wordes great began tomanace and threte, But be go fro the gate fall, Thei wolden bym take and fet fall.

fro wordes buto ftrokes thus
Thet felle, and so Telegonus
was soze hurte, and well nighe dede
But with his tharpe speares hede:
De maketh defence, howe so it falle,
And wan the pate boon bem all,
And bath slapne of the best fine.
And thei ascriben als bitne
Through oute the castell all aboute,
On energible men come oute

wherof the kongesherte afflight: And he withall the half he might A fpeare catight, and forthe be gothe, As be that was right woode for mothe. De fighe the gates full of bloome, Telegonus and inbers he frome De lighe alfo, but be ne hnelbe, and all what man it was, but to bein thethe Dis fpeare, and be ferte oute a Coe: 28ut belline, whiche thall beite, all to 38 efell that the time to a sursting as high Telegonus anetwe nothprine the. what man it was, that to bym raffe ; And while his owne fpeare lafte, roith all the agne therupon, 22 4442 and De call buto the honge anon, dangada like And frote bym with a beely wormer.

Vlysses felle anone to grounde.
Tho enery man, the kynge the kynge Began to crie, and of this thenge
Telegonus whiche sigh the caas,
On knes he felle, and saide alas,
I have myn owne sabet slapne,
Sowe wolve I bete monder sayne,
Sowe sleame, who that ener wille.
For certes it is right and shill,
The crieth, he wepeth, he seith thersore
Alas that ener was I bore,
That this behappie bestinee
So wosully comet in by mee.

This honge, whiche yet bath life enough. Dis herte agen buto hom brough, and to that boyte an eare he layoe, and understobe all that he fatte, and gan to fpeke, and laybe on high:

Depringe me this man: and whan he fight Telegonus, his thought he fette Ulpan the swenen, whiche he mette, And asketh, that he might see Dis speare, on whiche the fifthes three De sigh upon the pensell wrought.

Tho will be well, it faileth nought, And bad hum, that he tell sholde, Aro when she came, and what he wolde,

Telegonus in losoive and two, So as he might, tolde tho Unto Vlysses all the ras, Dow that Circes his mother tous:

and

And to forth laide how enery dele, Zowe that his moder griete hom wele, And in what wile the hom fent.

Tho wist Vlysses what it ment, And toke bym in his armes softe, And all blevend hist bym ofte, And said: Sonne while I line, This infortune I the forgene.

After his other some in halfe
De sente, and he began hym halfe,
And cam but o his fader tite.
What whan he ligh hym in sache plite,
De wolde have come boon that other anone, and sayne his owne brother,
The bad benthat Vlysses
We twent hem made a corde and pees.
And to his heire Thelemachus
De had, that he Telegonus
with all his power shuld kepe,
All he were of his woundes depe
All hole, and than he shulde hym yeur
Londe, where byon he might live.

Thelemachus whan he this herde, Winto his fader he aniwerde, And feide: he wolde doone his wille,

So divelle thei togeder fille Thele bretherne, and the faber fferueth.

Lo where florerie ferneth:
Through forcerie his lust he wan,
Through forcerie his two began,
Through forcerie his love he chefe,
Through forcerie his love he chefe,
Through forcerie his life he lefe.
The childe was gete in forcerie,
The whiche did all his felonie.
Thing which was ayen kinde wrought,
Unkyndliche it was abought,
The childe his owne fader flough,
That was bukyndship enough.

For thy take here howe that it is, So for to worme love amis, whiche endeth all his tope in wo. For of this arte I finde so, That hath be do for loves sake, whereof thou might insample take A great cronicke Emperiall, whiche ever in to memoriall Amonge the men, howe so it wende, Shall divelle to the worldes ende.

Distenared epemplun fuper eodem, qualites Dectanabus de Egypto in Maccoonid fugitiums Ofimpiadem Philippi regia ibidem tunc abfentia Bipoze arte magica decipiena, cum ipfa concubuit, magnilig en ea Alepadozi foziclegus genuit, qui natus pofea cum ad erudiendil fub custodia Deastanabi edmendatus fuiffet, ipfum Dectanabil pastre fuil ab altitudine cuiuf da turvis in foffam pastundam paecipies interfecit, Et fic foziclegus pastun foziclegio infoziumi fozicm foziclegio infoziumi fozicm foziclegio infoziumi fozicm foziclegio infoziumi fozicm foziclegio infoziclegio infoziclegio foziclegio infoziclegio infoziclegio foziclegio infoziclegio infozi

The high creatour of thynges. whiche is the hynge of all kynges, full many wonder worldes chance Let flibe biber bis fufferance. There wote no man the cause tobre. But be, the wbiche is almightpe, And that was proned whilent thus whan that the hynge Nectanabus, whiche had Egypte for to lebe. But foz be ligh tofoze the bebe, Through magike of his forcerie, Wherof be couth a great partie, Dis enmies to bym comende, from whom be might bym not befenbe i Dut of bis otone londe be flebbe. And in the wife, as be bom beebbe. It felle, for all bis witchecrafte : Do that Egypte hym was berafte, And be beiguiled flebbe atvaie By thip, and beloe the right wais To Macedoyne, where that hee Arriveth at the chiefe citee. The pomen of bis chambes there All only for to ferne bym were, The whiche be truffeth wonder wele. for thei were trewe as onp fele, And hapneth, that thei with bym labbe Darte of the belt good be habbe. Thef take lobgringe in the towns After the bispolicion, mobere as bym thought beff to block. De areth than, and berbe telle, Dowe that the kynge was out go Cloon a werre he had tho. But in that citee than was Abe quene, whiche Olympias was bote, and with folempaites The fefte of bir natinitee, As it befell, was than holde

And to: bir tuff to be behold and needled of the people about be hope hir for to riven out At after meate all openly. Enone all men were revie, And that was in the moneth of Mate. This hilly quene in good arais was fette byon a mule white, To fene it was a great belite, The love that the citee mabe. with frelihe thenges, and with glave The noble towne was all behongeb, And enery wight was fore alonged To fee this luftie labie ribe. There was great myzth on all fibe. mobere as the walleth by the Grente. There was ful many a tymbje beate, And many a maioe carolenge. And thus through out the towne platents This quene bnto the pleine rove, where that the houed and above, To le biuers games plate. The lufte folke full and tourrape, And to forth enery other man, wobiche pley couth, bis play began, To plefe with this noble quene.

HULKERD LA

Nectanabus came to the greene Amonges other, and brough bymouth to But whan that he this lattic ligh, And of hir beauter heve toke, The couth not withholde his loke To fee nought els in the felbe: But flode, and only hir behelve.

Offic riotheng, and offic gere Le was builche all other there, So that it happeneth arialle, The quene boorbeachtreferall, And knewe, that he was Araunge, anone.

But he behelde hir ener in air, we thout blenehonge of his opere.

She toke good heve of his winner, And wonderth, why he did to, And bad men thulbe for hymryo.

The came, and bit his reverence.
And the hym after in Menne,
from when he cam, and to the jetholice.
And he with folia worder tible.
The faith: Madunic a clocke Laim,

To you and in melage I cam, The whiche I mais not tellen here; But if it liketh you to here, It mote be faite to princh, where none thall be, but pe and I.

Thus for the tyme he toke his leve, The date gothe forthe till it was eve, That every min mote leve his worke, And the thought ever boon this clerke, what thying it is, that he wolde mene. And in this wife above the quene, And overpalieth thilks night, Till it was on the morowe light. She lende for hym, and he came, with hym his Altrolabe he name thith pointes and cercles merueilous, whiche was of fine golde precious.

And the the hetterily figures Wrought in a boke full of peintures He toke this labre for to thewe, And tolde of ethe of hem by rewe The cours and the condiction.

And the with great affection Sate fill and herbe what he wolve. And thus what he feeth tyme, he tolde, And feigneth with his worder wife

A tale, and foith in furbe a wife.

Mabame but a tobile a go, where I was in Egypte tho, And rabbe in ficole of this fetence, It fell in to me confeience. That I botto the temple went, And there with all my bolle entent, As I my facrifice bebe, One of the goodes bath me bebe, That I you warme princip, Do that pe male pou reop, And that pe be methyug agaff. for he kiebe loue bath to you catt, That pe thall bene his ofone bere, And be thall be pour bebfere, Till pe conceine and be with chilbe. And with that worde the wer all milbe. and fombele rebbe became for thame, and afketh bom the goodes name, whiche lo woll boone bir companie.

And he felbe Amos of Lubie.

But ff & fee a better mene .

is the second with Madame quod Necranabus, In token that it thall be thus, This night for enformacion De thall have a billion, That Amos thall to you appere, To the we and teche in what manere The thunge thall afterwarde befall. De oughten well abouen all To make tope of fuche a lozde. for whan ve be of one accorbe. De thall a fonne of pour begete, pobiche with his fwerbe thall win and gets The wibe worlde in lengthe and brebe.

All erthely kynges thall bym brebe. And in luche wile I pou behote ... The god of erth he thall be hote.

If this be fothe, tho quod the quene, This night (thou fepelt) it thall be fene : And if it fall in tomy grace, Df god Amosthat 3 purchace, To take of hom lo great worthip: I woll bo the fuche labifbin, wherof thou Chalt for euermo Beriche . And he bir thanketh tho, And toke his lene, and forthe he wente,

She wilt litell, what he ment. for it was gyle and forcerte, All that the toke for prophecie.

Nectanabus through out the bale, whan be cam home, where as he late, Dis chambre be bim felfe betoke, And overtozneth many a boke: And through the crafte of artemage, Di were be forget an pmage; De loketh his equations, And the the constellacions,

2)e Loketh the confunctions, De loketh the recepcions, Dis figne, his houre, his alcendent, And braineth fortune of his allent. The name of quene Olimpias In thilke image weitten was Amiddes in the front about. And thus to winne his luft of love, Necranabus this werke bath bight, And whan it came within night, That enery wight is fall a flepe, ach col all De thought be wolde bis time kepe. As be, tobiche bath his boure appointed. And than fpatte be bath anounted, with fondzie berbes that figure: And therbpon be gan confure, Do that through his enchantement, This labie, whiche was innocent, And wifte nothinge of this guile, Mette, as the Cepte thilke while, Dowe fro the heaven came a light, Whiche all bir chambre made light : And as the loketh to and fro. Dhe figh, bir thought, a dragon tho. mohole feherbes thonen as the fonne, And bath his loft pas begonne, with all the chere that be maie. Towarde the bebbe there as the late, Mill be came to the beddes fide. and the late ftill, and nothing cribe. for he did all his thringes faire, And was courtels, and bebonaire. And as he fore bir fall by, Dis forme he chaungeth loveinly, and the figure of man be nome: To hir and in to bedde he come, And fuch thing ther of love he wrought wherof, fo as hir than thought, Through likenes of this god Amos. with childe anone bir wombe aros. And the was wonder glad withall.

Necranabus, whiche cauleth all, Df this metreb the fubffance, whan he feeth tome his necromance De fignt, and nothing moze fepoe Di bis carecte, and the abzepte Dut of hir flepe, and leneth wele, That it is foth than enery bele, Df that this elerke bir had tolde, And was the glabber many folbe. In hope of fuche a glab metrebe. whiche after thall befalle in bede.

She longeth foze after the Date That the hir Avenen telle mafe To this gylone in prinitee, whiche knewe it allo well as thee. And nethetes on mozowe foone, She lefte all other thinge to boone, And for him fent: and all the cas

She tolde hom pleynely, as it was,
And fayde: howe than well the wift,
That the his wordes might trift.
Hor the fonde hir autilian
Right after the condiction,
whiche he hir had tolde to fore,
And prayde hym bertely therfore,
That he hir holde conenant
To forth of all the remenant,
That the maie through his ordinance
Towardes god do fuche plefance,
That the wakende might hym kepe
In suche wise, as the met a slepe.

And he that couth of gile enough,
when he this herde, for tope he lough,
And feyth: Madame it shall be do.
But this I warne you therto
This night, when that he comth to plate
That there he no liefe in the wate,
Wut I, that shall at his likenge
Ordeine so for his compage
That ye ne shall not of hym sayle.

Fo; this madame I you counlayle, That ye it kepe to prince, That no wight els, but we three Bane knowlechynge, howe that it is. For els might it fare amis, If ye bib ought, that thald him greue.

And thus he maketh hir to beleue,
And feigneth buder guile feith.
But netheles all that he feyth,
She troweth; and agene the night
She hath within hir chambre hight
where as this guiler fall by,
Upon this god thall princly
Awaite, as he makth hir to wene.

And thus this noble gentill quene, when the most tristed, was deceyned.

The night cam, the chabet is weined.

Nectanabus hath take his place,
And when he sigh tyme and space,
Etheough the discrete of his magike,
De put hymout of mans like,
And of a deagon toke the forme,
As he, whiche wolde hym all conforme
To that the same in sweven er this.

The queene late a bed; and figbe, d on?

And hopeth euer, as he came nighe, "That he the god of Lubie were, So bath the well the lelle fere.

But for he wolde hir more affare. Pet efte he changeth bis figure, And of a wether the likenelle De toke in ligne of his nobleffe, was with large homes for the nones Df fine golde and riche fones A crowne on his bead be bare, And lobeinliche, er the was ware, As he whiche all guile can, Dis forme be torneth in to man, And came to bebbe, and the late fift. pobere as the inffreth all his will, As the, whiche wende not milog. But netheles it hapneth fo, and to do and the All though the were in parte beceineb, Pet for all that the bath conceined The worthieft of all kithe, whiche ener was tologe of fith, Df conqueft, and of chinalrie. So that through afte and forcerie There was that noble knight begonne, whiche all the worlde bath after wonne,

Thus fell the thong, whiche fall thuibe Nectanabus bath that he wolve, With aple he bath his lone fped. with aple be came in to the beb. With gyle be goth bym out avene, De was a threwed chamberlepne, So to begyle a worthy quene, And that on hom was after fene. But netheles the thonge is bo, This fals god was foone go and and and with his beceite, and helbe hom clofe, Till mozow cant, that be arole : And the whan tome and letter was, The quene tolde bym all the cas, As the, that gyle none fuppoleth, And of two pointes the hom appoints.

Dne was, if that this god no more will come avene: and overmore, Zowe the thall konden in accorde with hynge Whilip his owne loose, when he comth home, and feeth his grone, E Madame, he fetth, let me alone, As for the god I budertake,

That whan it liketh von to take Dis companie at any throwe, If I a bate to fore it knowe, De thall be with you on the night: And he is welle of luche a might To hepe you from al blame. for the comforte pou mabame, There Chall none other raule bee . Thus toke be leue, and forth goth bee. And the began be for to mule, Doine be the quene might ercule Towarde the kinge, of that is falle, And founde a crafte amonges alle, Through which be bath a fea foule Danted with his magike and fo enchanted, That he flewe forth, whan it was night Minto the kinges tent right, pobere that he late amidoe his boffe. And whan he was a flepe mofte, with that the fea foule to him brought An other charme, whiche be wrought At home within bis chamber fille. The hynge be tozneth at his wille, and makth bim for to breame and fee The bragon, and the prinetee, which was betwene him and the quene. And ouer that be made bim wene In Iwenen, howe that the gob Amos, uphan be bp fro the quene aros, Moke forth a ringe, wherin a fone mas let, and grave therupon A forme, in whiche whan be came nighe, A lion with a fwerbe be figh. And with that prente, as be fo mette, Alpon the quenes wombe be lette A feale, and goth bim forth bis wate. moith that the Iweuen went awaie. And tho began the kinge awake, And aghed for his wines fake nobere as he lap within his tent, and bath great wonder, what it mente,

with that he halted him to rile, Unone and fent after the wife. Amonge the whiche there was one A clerke, his name is Amphion: whan he the kinges sweven herde, what it betokeneth he answerde, And saith, as sekerly as the lyse A god hath layne by thy wife, And gotte a fonne, whiche thall wynne The worlde, and all that is within,

As the lion is kinge of beaffes, So thall the worlde obeie his beffes, which with his twerde that at be wonne, Als ferre as thineth any forms.

The kynge was boutife of this bome, But netheles whan that be come Agevne into bis owne londe. Dis wife with childe great be founde, De might not bim felfen frere, That be ne mabe bir beute chere. But he whiche couth of all fozowe, Nectanabus bpon the mozowe. A brough the beceite of Micromance. I ohe of a daggon the femblance, And where the konge fat in his balle, Cam in rampende amonge bem all. with fuch a notie, and fuche a roze. That they agait were all fo fore, As though they bulbe die anone : And netheles be greueth none, But goth towarde the beile on bie ? And whan be cam the quene nie, De ffint his nople, and in his wife, Mo bir be profreth bis feruice. And laterh bis bead boon bir barme. And the with goodly there bir arme About his necke avenewarde lapte. and thus the quene with him playde, In fight of all men about : And at laft be gan to loute, And obeplance buto bir make. as be that wolde bis leue take. And lobenite his lothly forme In to an egle be gan transforme, And flewe, and fet him on a raple, wherof the honge had great meruaffe, for there be pruneth bym and piketh, As both an haube, whan him well likethe And after that bim felfe be thoke. wherof that all the halle quoke, As it aterremote were. They septen all, god was there. In fuche a rees and forth be fligh. TIbe kong, which all this wonder figh. po ban be cam to bis chambre alone,

Unto the quene made his mone, And of forpeues he hir praide. Hor than he knewe well, as he fayde, She was with childe with a god.

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Thus was the kinge without rod Chaltiled, and the quene erculed, Df that the bad ben acculed.

And for the greatter euidence, Pet after that in the presence Df kynge Philip, and other mo, whan they pode in the fildes tho, A fesant came before hir ete, The whiche anone, as they hir seie fleende, let an neie downe falle And it to brake tofore hem alle.

And as they token therof kepe,
They figh out of the thelle crepe
A litell ferpent on the grounde,
Whiche rampeth all aboute rounde,
And in agene he woll have wonne,
But for the brenning of the sonne
It might not, and so he deide:
And therupon the clerkes seide,
As the serpent, when it was out,
Went environ the shelle aboute,
And might not torne in agene.
So shall it fall in certeyne.

This childe the worlde chall enutrone, and about all, the corone
Thym chall befall, in his yonge age,
The chall defire in his corage,
Than all the worlde is in his honde.
To turne agene but the londe,
The before he was bore, and in his wege.
Thomewarde he chall with poylon depe.

The kynge, whiche al this ligh & herde, fro that daie forth, howe so it ferde. His iclousie hath all foryete:
But he, whiche hath the childe begete, Nectanabus, in princtee,
The tyme of his nativitee.
Then the constellation
Awayteth, and relation
Maketh to the quene, how he had do,
And every houre appointeth so,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due tyme is bore and the shift of the conformal which the tyme is bore.
This childe: and sorthwith therupon

There fell wonders many one Deterremote univerfele. The fonne to be colloure of fele, And loft his light, the wyndes blewe, And many frengthes overthrewe,

The fea his propre hynde changeth, And all the worlde his forme frangeth.

The thunder with his firie leven Do cruell was boon the beuen, That enery erthip creature Tho thought his life in auenture. The tempett at laft felleth, The childe is kepte, bis age encreceth: and Alifander his name is bote, To tohom Califthene, and Aristote, To techen him philosophie Entenben : and affronomie (with other thinges, which be couth. Also to teche him in his youth) Nectanabus toke byon bonde, But euery man maie bnderftonde Df forcery howe that it wende, It wolle him felfe proue at ende and namely for to begile A labie whiche withoute gyle Suppoleth trouthe all that the bereth : But often be, that euill frereth, Dis thip is dreint therin a midde: And in this cas right fo betydde. Nectanabus opon a night, whan it was faire and Gerre light, This ponge lozde lad bpon highe Aboue a towae, where as be lighe The flerres, fuche as be accounterb. and faieth, what eche of bem amounteth. As though he knewe of all thonge, Pet hath he no knowlechinge What thall buto bim felfe befall.

Whan he hath tolde his woodes all, This younge loode than him appoleth, And alketh, if that he supposeth, what deth he shuld him selfe beie,

De leith, of fortune is aweie, And every flerre bath loft his wonne, De els of mine owne forme I thall be flain, I maie not flee.

Thought Altlander in princtee, Berofthis olde dotarde lieth.

And er that other ought aspieth,
All soveinsiche his olde bones
De shose over the walle at ones,
And saith hym: Lie downe there a parte,
Wherosnowe serveth all thyn arte?
Thou knewe all other mens chance,
And of thy selse hast ignozance,
That thou hast sayd amonges all,
Of thy persone is not befall.
Thectanabus whiche hath his death,
pet whiles hym lasseth lise and brethe,
To Alisander he spake, and seyd:
That he with wrong blame on him lesd.
Aro poynt to poynt and all the cas
De tolde, howe he his some was.

Tho he, whiche force was enough,
Dut of the viche his father vrough,
And tolde his mother, howe it ferde
In counfaile. And when the it herde,
And knewe the tokens, whiche he tolde,
She nift what the fate tholde,
But flode abaithed, as for the while,
Of this magike, and all the gile,
She thought, how that the was deceived,
That the hath of a man conceived,
And wende a god it had bee.
But nethelelle in suche degree
So as the might hir honour save,
She thope th body was begrave.

and thus Nectanabus abought The forcerie, whiche he wrought, Though he byon the creatures, Through his carectes and figures The maiffrie and the power had, Dis creatour to nought hym lab, Agepne whole lawe his crafte be bleth, when he for luft his god refuleth, And toke hom to the beuils crafte: Lo what profite is hom belafte: That thonge, through which he wend have firft him eriled out of londe, (fronde, which was his owne, and from a kynge Made hom to be an underlonge: And lythen to becerve a quene, That toaneth hom to mochell tene. Through luft of love he gat hom bate, That ende couth be nought abate, Dis olde fleightes, whiche be caft,

ponge Alifandre hom onerraft.

Dis fader, whiche hym milbegat De floughe, a great mithappe was that. But for a mys, an other mis was yolde, and fo full ofte it is.

Nectanabus his crafte milwent,
And so it missell hym, er he went.
I not what helpeth that clergie,
whiche maketh a man to bo solie,
And nameliche of Dicromance,
whiche front boon the milcreance.

E Dota qualiter rev Zozoaftee flatim cum as Botero matrie fue nasceretur gaudio magno risit,in quo pronofticum dotorie subsequentie signum fiz gurabatur. Dam et ipse deteffabilie artie imagice primue fuit inuentor, que postea rev Surre dira morte trucidauit, et sic opus operaris cosumpsis.

Ind foz to fee moze enibence Zoroastes, whiche therperience Df arte magike firft fozth brough, Anone as be was boze be lough, whiche token was of wo furnge. for of his owne controupinge De fond magik, and taught it forth, But all that was him litell worth. Hoz of furry a worthy kynge, Dim flewe, and that was his endynge. But pet through him this craft is bled, And he through all the worlde creused. foz it fhall neuer well acheue, That Cont not right with the beleue, But liche to wolle is euill fponne, who lefeth hom felfe hath litell wonne. An ende proueth euery thong. Saul, whiche was of Jewes kynge, Up pepne of beth forbad this arte: And pet be toke therof bis parte.

The phitonite in Samarie Pafe hym countaile by lozcerie, Whiche after felle to moche lozowe. Foz he was flayne byon the mozowe. To conne mochell thunge it helpeth, But of to moche no man pelpeth.

Do for to loke on enery fice, Magike maie not well betibe.

for thy my fonne I woll the rede, That thou of these ensamples drede, That for no lust of erthly love

ga ii

Thon

Thou ferbe fo to come about. mbernf as in the worldes wonder, Thou thait for euer be put onber. My good faber graunt mercy. for ener 3 hall beware therby, Df love what me fo befalle, Buche fozcery abouen all, fro this pay forth 3 thall elchewe, That so me topli I not purseive Mp luft of loue for to feche. But this 3 wolbe pou beferhe, Befibe that me fant of loue, As 3 pou berd fpeke aboue. Dome Alifandre was betaught Df Aristotle, and fo well taught Df all that to a kynge belongeth, noberof my berte foze longeth To witte what it wolde mene . for by realon 3 wolbe wene, But if 3 berbe of thonges frange, Det for a tome it fould change Mp pepne, and life me lombele. My good forme thou fapelt wele. for wilebome bowe that euer it fonde, To hom that can it bibertonbe. Doth great profite in fondrie wile : But touchend of lo highe a paile, whiche is not buto Venus knowe, 3 mate it not my felfe knowe, mehiche of hir courte am all forth braine and can nothing but of hir lawe .

But netheles to knowe more,
As well as thou, me longeth lore:
And for it helpeth to commune,
All be thei nought to me commune
The scholes of philosophie:
Bet thinke I for to specifie,
In bokes as it is comprehended,
where thou mightest ben amended.
For though I be not all comminge,
Whom the forme of this writinge,
Some part there of yet I have herde,
In this mater howe it hath ferde.

¶Explicit liber Sextus.

Omnibus in caufis sapiens doctrina salutem Consequit, nec habet quis nisi doctus opt. Natură superat doctrina viro quod & ortus, Ingenii docilis non dedit, ipsa dabit. Non ita discret' hominu per climata regnat, Quin magis vt sapiat, indiget ipse scholæ.

na Bona humano regimini salute confert, In hoe feptimo tibzo ad instantiam amantie languidi ins tendit Gemus illam, ep qua philosophi et Aftros logi philosophie doctemam regem Alexandzum imbuerunt, secundum aliquid declarare. Diundit enim philosophiam in tres partes, quarum prima Cheozica, secunda Rhetozica, tercia Practica nuncupata est, de quarum condicionibus subsesquenter per singula tractabit.

¶Incipit liber Septimus,



Genius the preeft of lone, My fon as thou haft prato abone, That I the schole thall be

Of Aristotle, and the the fare Df Alifander, howe be was taught, 3 am fombele therof biffraught . for it is not the matere Df loue, why we fitten bere To theine, fo as Venus babbe. But netheles foz it is glabbe, So as thou failt for then apprile, To bere of fuche thonges wife, wherof thou might the tyme liffe, So as I can, I hall the wiffe. fez wifebome is at enery throwe, Aboue all other thong to knowe, In loues caufe and els where. for thy my fonne buto then eare. Though it be not in the registre Df Venus, pet of that Califthre and Aristotle inhilam inzitte To Alifander, thou thalt witte. But for the lozes ben biuers, I thynke first to the reberce The matter of philosophie, whiche Aristotle of his clerate. wife and experte in the frience, Declared thilke intelligence, As of the poyntes principalle.

Wherof the first in specialle 3s Theorike, whiche is grounded

On him, which al the worlde hath founen, whiche comprehended at the lose.

And for to loken onermore
Pert of science the seconde
Is Rhetoric, whose facoude
Aboue all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in sudgement,
So well can no man speke as hee.
The last science of the three,
It is practike, whose office
The vertu trieth fro the vice,
And techeth bean good theires
To se the companie of spewes,
whiche stant in disposition
Of mannes fre election.

Bractike enformeth eke the rewle, howe that a worthie kunge thall rule his realme, both in werre and pees.

Lo thus dane Aristoteles These thre sciences hash deutded, And in nature also decided, Wherof that eche of hem shall serve.

The first, whiche is the conserve And keper of the remenante, As that, whiche is most sufficante, And chiefe of the philosophie. If I therof hall specifie, So as the philosopher tolde, Nowe herke, and kepe that thou it holde.

Prima creatorem dat scire scientia summum, Qui capit, agnoscit, sufficit illud ei. Plura viros quandom inuat nescire, sed illud, Quod vidit expediens sobrius ille sapit.

E Bic tractat de prima parte philosophie , quæ Eheorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata eft scietta, scilicet Eheologia, philica, et Malhemas tica, hed hmo tla parte Eheologice declarabit.

The philosopher in specialle
The philosopher in specialle
The propirtees hath determined,
As thilke whiche is enlumined
Of wisdome, and of high produce,
Aboue all other in his science,
And frant departed byon three.
The first of whiche in his degree
Is cleped in philosophie,
The science of Theologie.

That other named is philike, The thirde is leide Mathematike.

Theologie is that frience, nobiche buto man veneth euibence Df chong, tobiche is not bobily, noberof men knowe rebily The high almighty trinitee, nobiche is o god in buitee, withouten ende and begynnynge, and creature of all thonge, Df beuen, of erthe, and of bell. wherof (as olde bokes tell) The philolopher inhis reason Wozote byon this conclusion: And of his waitynge in a clanfe De clepeth god the firfte caufe, whiche of bom felfe is thilke good, withouten whom nothing is good, Df whiche that enery creature Zhath his beyng, and his nature. After the beyng of the thynges There ben the formes of bevnees.

E Dota quod triplep bicitur effentia. Prima fet pozanea qua incipit e definit: Secilda perpetua, que incipit, et non definit, Certia fempiterna, que nec incipit, nec definit.

Though whiche began, and ende Chall, That though is cleped tempozall.
There is also by other were
Though whiche began and Chall not bey,
As soules, that ben spirituell,
Ever bernge is perpetuell.

But there is one aboue the some, whose tyme never was bigonne, and enoise thall ever bee:
That is the god, whose magestee all other thenges thall governe, and his beinge is sempiterne.

The god, to whom all honoure Belongeth, he is creatoure. And other ben his creatures, He commaundeth the natures, That thei to him obeien all. Withouten hym, what so befalle Her might is none, and he mate all: The god was ever and ever shall And thei begonne of his assente.

The times al ben prefent

To god, and to hem all buknowe, 28ut what hem liketh, that thei knowe. Thus both an angel and a man, The whiche of all, that god began, 28en chief, obeien goddes might: And he front endeles op right.

IJD DOG

To this science ben prince
The clerkes of diunitee,
The whiche but the people preche
The feith of holy churche and teche,
whiche in one cas boon beleue
Stant more than thei can preue
Why wey of argument sensible,
Who doth a man great mede hane,
To hym that thinketh hym selfe to sane,
Theology in suche a wise
Of highe science and highe aprile,
Abone all other stant bulke,
And is the first of theorike.

T Dota de fecunda parte Cheopiee, que Phifica

Through which the philosophie hath tode.
Through which the philosophie hath tode.
To teche sondie knowlechynges
Thou the bodeliche thrnges
Ofman, of beatt, of herbe, of stone,
Of fishe, of sowle, of everschone,
That ben of bods substance,
The nature and the circumstance.
Through this science it is full sought
which valleth and whiche batleth nought.

C Nofa de fertia parte Theozice, que Mathes matica dicitur, cuius condicio quatuoz in fe edinet intelligentias, fculcet Asithmeticam, Musicam, Seometriam, et Aftronomiam, Sed primo de Arithmetice natura dicere intendit.

The third point of Theorike,
whiche cleped is Mathematike,
Denided is in sondie wife,
And stant boon diners appaile.
The first of whiche is Arthmetike,
And the second is said Musike,
The third is eke Geometrie,
Also the footh Astronomie.
Def Arthmetike the matere
Is that of whiche a man mais lere,

what Algoritme in nombre amounteth,
whan that the wife man accounteth
After the formel propretee
Of Algoritmes a,b,c.
By whiche multiplication
Is made, and diminution
Of formes by therperience
Afthis acte, and of this science.

C Dofa de mufica, que fecunda pare artie mas spematice dicitur.

The feconde of mathematike, whiche is the frience of mulike, That teacheth open harmonie A man to maken melodie By voice and foune of instrument, Theough notes of accordement, The whiche men pronounce alofte, powe tharpe notes, and nowe fofte, powe hie notes, and nowe love, As by Gam vt, a man may knowe, whiche techeth the prolacion Df note, and the condition.

E Dota defertia Specie artia Mathematici, qua Geometriam Bocant.

Mathematike of his science Dath vet the thicde intelligence. full of wife bome and of clergie. And cleped is Geometrie: Through which a man bath the fleight Dflength, of brede, of bepth, of beight To knowe the proporcion 33 p bery calculation Df this fcience : and in this wife Thele olde philosophies wife, Df all this worldes erth rounde Dowe large, howe thicke was the groude, Contrined by the experience The Lercle, and the circomference Dfeuerpthynge bnto the benen, Thei fetten point and meafure euen.

Mathematike about the erth Dfhigh science about the ferth, whiche speketh voon Astronomie, And techeth of the sterres hie, Begynning volvarde fro the moone, But first, as it was so; to boone, This Aristotle in other thunge,
That worthy younge kunge
The kynde of enery element,
Whiche thant under the firmament,
Nowe it is made, and in what wile,
Fro point to point he gan deuile.

Quatuor omnipotens elemēta creauit origo; Quatuor & venti partibus ora dabat. Nostraca guadruplici coplectio sorte creatus. Corpore sicas suo stat variatus homo.

This tractat de creatione quatuos elemitosum, feificet terre, aque, aerie, et ignie, Dec non et de eozum naturie. nam et fingulie proprietates fins que attribuuntur.

Tofoze the creacion
Df ony wozldes fracion,
Df heuen, of erthe, oz eke of hell,
So as these olde bokes tell,
As sounce to soze the songe is set,
And yet thei ben to gether knet:
Right so the high purveance
The had boder his ezdenance
A great substance, a great mattere,
Df whiche he wolde in his manere
These other thynges make and sozme.
How yet withouten any sozme
was that matere boniversall,
whiche hight lem in speciall.

Df llem, as 3 am enformed, Thele elementes ben made and formed.

Df llem elementes the fote, After the schole of Aristote, Df whiche if more I shall reherse, foure elementes there ben dinerse.

Anda de terra, quod eff paimum elemenfum.

The first of hem, men erthe call, whiche is the lowest of hem all:
And in his forme is shape rounde,
Substanciall, stronge, sad, and sounds
As that, whiche made is sussiant,
To beare up all the remenant.
Hor as the point in a compas
Stant even amiddes, right so was
This erthe set, and shall abide,
That it maie swerve to no side.
And hath his centre after the lawe

Df kinde: and to that Lentre drawe Defireth enery worldes thynge: If there ne were no lettynge.

E Aota de aqua, quod eft fecundum etementum.

About the erthe kepeth his bounde The water, whiche is the feconde Of elementes: and all without It environment therthe about.

But as it theweth nought for the The lubtile water mightily, Though it be of hym felfe lofte, The Arength of the erth passeth ofte.

Foz right as veines ben of bloud In man, right to the water Roud Aberth of his cours makth ful of veines, Als well the hilles as the pleines: And that a man maie feen at eie. Foz wher the hilles ben most hie, There maie men well stremes sinde, So preveth it by wate of kinoe, The water higher than the londe. And over this nowe bndersonde.

E Rota de aere, quod eff terfinm elemenfund

Tayer is the thirde of elementes, Dichole kinde his alpirementes

Aaketh every livilihe creature,
The whiche thall boon erth endure,
ho; as the fifthe, if it be date,
Mote in defaute of water die:
Right to without aier on live
ho man, ne beath, might thaive,
The whiche is made of flesshe and bone,
There is out take of all none.

This aier in periferis three
This aier in periferis three
Deutded is of suche degree:
Beneth is one, and one amidde,
To whiche about is the thridde.
And whom the deutsions,
There ben divers impressions,
Of morth, and the of drie also,
whiche of the sonne both two
Ben drawe, and haled byon hie,
And maken cloudes in the skie,

Ant

And thewed is at mans light, wherof by date, and the by night, After the tymes of the pere, Amonge do byon erth here, In londite wife thynges falle.

· Fol CKLI

Tota de paima aeria periferia.

The first periferie of all Engendzeth mist, and overmoze
The deives, and the frostes haze,
After thilke interstiction,
In whiche thet take impression.

Dota de fecunda aeria periferia.

The moult droppes of the repne
Descenden in to the middel erth,
And tempreth it to sede and erth,
And ooth to springe gras and flourer
And ofte also the great shoure
Out of suche place it make be take,
That it the forme shall forsake
Of repne, and in to snow be torned,
And eke it make be so sooned,
In sondrie places by aloste,
That in to baple it tourneth ofte.

E Rota be fertia aerie periferia.

The thirde of aier, after the laine. Through fuche matere as is by prame Df Daie thonge, as it is ofte, Amonge the cloudes byon lofte. and is fo clofe, it maie not out: Than is it chaled loze about, Mill it to fire and lepte faile, And than it breketh the cloubes all, The whiche of fo great nople craken. That thei the fearefull thonber maken. The thomber froke fmit, er it lepte, And pet men fene the fire and lepte. The thonder froke er that men bere. So mate it well be proned bere In thonge, whiche thewed is fro ferre, a mans eie is there nerre, Than is the founde to mans eare. And netheles it is great feare Both of the Broke, and of the fire, Df whiche is no recoverire

In place where that thei difcende, But if god wolde his grace fende.

E fote quaffler ignes, quos motantur in aere, bifcurrece Bibemus, feciloil Farias apparête fozomas, Baria gefidt nomma, quozil primus Affut, Secilous Capra faliens, terfius Eges, Et quars tus Daafi in filizis pfilosophopil nuncupatus eff.

and for to fpeaken ouer this, In this parte of the aire it is, That men full ofte lene by night The fire in Condate forme alight: Somtome the fire banke it femeth. And to the lewde people it demeth, Somtome it femeth as it were A fferre, whiche that glibeth there. But it is nether of the two. The philosophie telleth io, And leith : that of impreffions, Through divers eraltacions Ulpon the cause and the matere, Men lene biverle foame appere Dffire, the tobiche bath londzie name. Affub, be faith, is thilke fame, The whiche in Contaie place is founde. whan it is fall bowne to grounde Do as the fire it bath aneled, Like buto fime, whiche is congeleb.

Of eraltacion 3 finde fire benled of the fame binbe. But it is of an other forme. wherof, if that 3 hall conforme The figure buto that it is. Thefe olde clerkes tellen this: Mhat it is like a gote fkipende: And for that it is fuche femente. It is hote Capra faliens. And ele thele Affronomiens an other fire allo by night, whiche theweth bym to mans fight. Thei clepen Eges, the whiche brenneth Like to the currant fire, that renneth Thon a coade, as thou haffe fene, when it with ponde is fo befene Of falphur, and other thonges mo.

There is a nother fire allo, whiche femeth to a mans eie By nightes tyme, as though there fite

A pragon bremming in the laie,
And that is cleped proprety
Daali, wheref men laie full ofte:
Lo where the fyrie drake a lofte
Aleeth by in thaire: and is thei dement.
But why the frees luthe femen
Of londry forme to beholde,
The wife philosophre tolde,
So as to fore it bath ben berde.

Lo thus my lonne it hath ferve Df aire, the due propretee, In londer wife thou myght fee. And howe buder the firmament It is eke the thirde element whiche environeth both two, The water and the lande allo.

Dota be igne, quob eft quartum elementun.

Cand for to tell over this
Of elementes, whiche the forthe is
That is the fire in his degree
whiche environeth thother three,
And is without morte all orie.
Sout lift nowe, what ferthe the clergie.
For upon hem, that I have layou
The creatour hath fet and levde
The kynde and the complexion
Of all mennes nacion.

foure elementes sondie there bee, Liche boto whiche of that begree, Amonge the men there bene also Complections soute, and no mo: whereof the hytlosophie treteth, That he nothinge behinde leteth, and seith, howe that thei bene diverse, So as I shall to the reherce.

Dofa fic quatifer fecundum naturam quas tuox efementozii, quatuox in fumano coppose cospeciones fecticet Weldsoffa, Fleugma, Saguis, et Colera naturaliter confituuntur, Inde primo de Welancoffa dicendum eff.

The whiche natureth every kynde
The myghty god, to as I fynde
Of man, whiche is his creature
Dath to beuyded the nature:
That none tyll other well accordeth;
And by the cause it to biscordeth,

The life, whiche feleth the fikenesse
Maie Conde voon no likernesse.

Of therthe, whiche is colde and date
The kynde of man Melancolie
Is cleved, and that is the syale,
The most ongoodyche, and the werse,

For but loues werke on night
Dym lacketh both will and might.
No wonde is in luffe place
Of love though he lefe grace.
What man hath that complexion,
Full of imagination,
Of bedes, and of weathfull thoughte,
Defreteth hym felnen all to noughte.

De complepione fleugmatie.

The water, whiche is moulte and colde, Waketh Aeme, whiche is manifolde forgetell, flowe, and wery loone, Df enery thruge whiche is to doone. De is of kinde luftilant
To holde lone his covenant:
But that hym lacketh appetite,
whiche longeth buto luche delite.

Se complepione fanguinie

Twhat man that takth his kinde of their The Chall be light, he Chall be fayze, for his complexion is bloode, Of all there is none so good. For he hath both will and might To please and pair love his right. Where as he hath love undertake, wornge is, if that he forsake.

The first of his condiction
Approprett the complexion,
Whole properties ben drie and hote,
whiche in a man is coler hote,
It maketh a man ben enginous,
And swifte of fote, and eke prous.
Of conteke, and foole hastinesse
De hath a right great besinesse,
Anothinke on love and litell mate,
Ahough he be hote well a date,
On night whan that he woll assate,
De mate full entill his bettes pate

-Oota

Oofa qualiter qualuos complepiones quas tuos in Bomine Babitaciones biuifin poffibent.

After the hynde of thelement
Thus frant a mans hynde went,
As touchend his completion
Class for completion,
Of date, of most, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne fete
Appropred hath within a man.
And first to telle as I began,

Policklin

Splenbomus melancofie

Dulmo bomne flengmatie.

The mort fleume, with the colds Hath in the longes for his holds Develued him a propre flede, To divell there as he is bede.

C-Epar bomue fanguinie.

A To the fanguine completion

A propre hous bath in the liner,

for his divellinge made beliner.

fet domus coleve.

The drie coler, with his bete, By weie of kynde his propre fete Bath in the galle, where he dwelleth, So as the philosophre telleth.

Dofa de ftomacho, qui Ina cum affie eozdi fpecialius deferuit .

Chowe over this for to wite,
As it is in philike write,
Of liner, of longe, of galle, of splene,
Thei all botto the bette bene
Servantes, and ethe in his office
Entenden to bon him service,
As he whiche is chiese lorde above.
The liver makth him sor to love,
The longe giveth him wey of speche,
The gall serveth to do wreche,

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The splen both him to laughe and plate, when all buckennes is a wate.
Lo thus hath eche of hem his beds.
To sufferenhem and fede.

In come of recreacion
Pature hath increacion
The fromake for a comune koke
Debeined for as faith the boke

The formake koke is for the hall, and a substitute for the make hem mightie for to ferue and the bette, that he shall not ferue,

for as a kynge in his empire Abone all other is loade and fare: Do is the berte paincipall, war and addition To whom reason in speciall alle malee an Is veue, as for the governance. And thus nature his purueance Dath made for man to linen bere .! But god, whiche bath the Coule bere, Dath formed it in other wife, That can no man pleynely deutle. But as the clerkes be enforme, That liche to got it bath a forme . Through whiche figure, a whiche likenelle The foule bath many an high noblette Appropried to his owne kynde. Bout oft hir wittes ben made blynde, All oneliche of this the popute, That hir abyoging is contognite forth with the body for to bwelle, That one befireth towarde belle, That other bywarde to the heuen, Do Chall thei neuer fonde in euen. But if the fleffhe be ouercome. And that the foule bath bolly nome The gouernance: and that is felde, while that the fiellhe bim maie bewelde.

All erthely thynge, whiche god began, was onely made to ferue man.
But he the foule all onely made
Dym feluen for to ferne and glade.
All other befres that men fynde.
Thei feruen onto their owne kynde.
But to reason the soule ferueth,
wherof the man his thonke deserveth,
And get hym with his workes goode,
The perdurable lives soode.

Dic

Die loquitur Plevine de Binifione terre : que poft dimium tribus filie Doe in trea partes, fcis licet Afiam, Affricam, et Europam dinidebatur.

Df what matere it fhall be tolbe, A tale liketh many folbe The better, if that it be Cpoke plepne. Thus thinke I for to tourne agepne, And telle plenerly therfore Of the erth, wherof now tofoze I fpake, and of the water eke, So as thefe olde bokes fpeke, And let properly the bounde After the forme of Mappamounde. Through which the groude by purparties Departed is in thre parties, That is Asie, Affrike, Europe, The whiche buder the heuen cope Begripeth all this earth rounde, As ferre as fretcheth any grounde, But after that the high weeche, The water weges let out leche And onergo the billes bie, whiche enery kynde made bie. That boon mibbell erth ffoote. Dut take Noe, and his bloode. Dis formes, and his boughters this They were fane, and fo was be. Der names, who that rebe right, Sem, Cam, Iapher, the bretherne hight, And whan thilke almighty bonde withbrough the water fro the londe. And all the rage was awate, And erth was the mans wate: The formes thee, of whiche I tolbe. Right after that bem felfe wolbe. This woalde beparte they begome, Afia, whiche late to the fonne Thon the marche of Ditent, was graunted by commune affent To Sem, whiche was the forme elbeff. for that partie was the beft, And bouble as muche as other two. And was that tyme bounded fo. wher as the floud, which men Nile calleth, Departed fro bis cours, and falleth In to the fea Alexandrine, There taketh Afie first feline Towarde the welle, and over this

Df Canahim, where the flove is In to the great lea rennende, fro that in to the worldes ende Estwarde Asie it is algates, Till that men comen to the gates Of parabile, and there ho. And shortely for to speake it so, Of Drient in generall within his bounde Asie hath all.

CDe Affrica et Europa.

Eand than boon that other five wellwarde, as it fell thilke tide The brother, which was hote Cam, Unto his parte Afrike nam.

Iapher Europe tho toke he,

Thus parten they the worlde on thre.

But yet there ben of londes fele.

In Decident, as for the chele,

In Drient as for the hete,

whiche of the people be forlete,

As londe deserte, that is bnable,

foz it maie not ben babitable.

Tota be mare, quod magnil @ceamm biclfus?

A The water eke hath sondey bounde
After the londe, where it is founde,
And takth his name of thiske londes,
where that it remneth on the strondes.
But thiske sea, whiche hath no wane,
Is eleped the greate Decane:
Dut of whiche arise and come
The hie souddes all and some.
Is none so litell well springe,
whiche there ne takth his beginninge,
And liche a man that lacketh brethe,
Dut of the sea, and in ageyne
The water as the bokes seyne.

T Dofa fie fecundum pflofopfum de quinto ett mento, quod omnia fub ceto creata infra fum aus Bitum continet, cui nomen ogbie fpecialiter appaa priatum eft.

EDf elementes the properties How that they fronden by degrees, As I have tolde, nowe might thou here My good some all the maters

Of erthe, of water, apre, and fire. And for thou fauft, that the belire Is fo: to weten ouermoze The forme of Aristotles loze, De faith in bis entenbement, That pet there is an element A boue the foure, and is the fifte, Det of the bighe gobbes pefte, The whiche that Orbis cleved is. And therupon be telleth this, That as the fhelle whole and founde Enclofeth all aboute rounde what thenge within a nete belongeth: Might to this Orbis buberfongeth Thele elementes enerichone. pobiche I have fooke of one and one.

Fol. CXL, EL

But over this nowe take good hebe My fonne : for I woll procede To speake boon Mathematike, Whiche grounded is on Theorike.

The letence of Altronomie
I thinke for to specifie,
without whiche to tell playne,
All other science is in bayne
Towarde the schole of errhly thynges.
For as an egle with his wynges.
Fleeth above all that men synde:
Do both this science in his kynde.

Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur ilta, fed interdum regula fallit opus. Vir mediāte deo, fapiens dominabatur aftris, Fata nec immerito quod nouitatis agunt.

Dic loquifur de artis Mathematice quarta foecie, que aftronomia nuncupatur, cui eciam Es fivologia focia connumeratur, Bed primo de feps tem planetie, que inter aftra potenciores epiflum, Incipiendo a tuna feorfum tractare intendit.

Tibenethe boon this erthe here
Df all thynges the matere,
An tellen we they, that ben lerned,
Of thynge aboue it front governed,
That is to sepne of the planetes,
The cheles bothe, and the the hetes,
The chances of the worde also,
That we fortune clepen so.
Amonge the mennes nacion
All is through constellection,

wheref that some man hath the wele: And some men have diseases fele In love as well as other thynges. The state of realines, and of hynges. In tyme of pres, in tyme of werre It is conceived of the sterre. And thus septh the naturien, whiche is an Astronomien. But the divine saith otherwyle, That if men were good and wise, And plesant but the godhede, They shalve not the sterres drebe.

for one man, if bym well befalle, Is moze worthe than be thep all Towardes hym, that weldeth all. But vet the lawe oziginall, nobich be bath fet in the natures. Mot worthen in the creatures, That therof maie be none oblfacle: But if it Conte bpon miracle Abzough praier of fom boly man. And for the lo as 3 began Mo fpeke bpon aftronomie, As it is write in the clergie, To telle howe the planetes fare Some parte 3 thonke to beclare My forme buto thine aubience. Afronomie is the fcience Dfinilebome and of high conninge, which makth a man of knowleching Of ferres in the fermament, figure, circle, and movement Deche ofhem in Condie place: and what betwene bem is of fpace, . Protoe to they move or fronde fall, All this it telleth to the laft.

Allembied with altronomie
Is eke that ilke altrologie,
The whithe in indgement accounted
Thefiecte, what every flerre amounted,
And howe they ranten many a wonder
To the climates, that flond hem bader.

And for to telle it more pleine Thefe olde philosophers lepne, That Orbis, whiche I spake of er, Is that, whiche we fro therthe a ferre, Beholde, and firmament it calle, In whiche the Kerres Konden all.

Anwnge

Amonge the whiche inspeciall
Planetes seven principalle
There ben, that mans sight demeth
By thorizont as to be semeth.
And also there ben signes twelve,
whiche have her cercles by hem selve.
Compassed in the Zodiake?
In whiche theiraus her places take.
And as their stonden in degree,
Per cercles more or less bee
Made after the proportion
Of the erthe, whose condition
Is set, to be fundament
To sufferne by the firmament.

Lo lufteine by the armament.
And by this faille a man maie knoine,
The moze that thei fronden loine, The moze ben the cercles laffe, That cauleth why that some passe Der bue cours tofoge an other. 4But notve my lieue bere baother, As then befreet for to witte nobat I fonde in the bokes imitte To telle of the planetes leuen, Dow that thei fonde bpon the heuen: And in what point that thei ben in-Take bebe : for I woll begyn : Do as the philosopher taught, To Alifander and it betaught, poherof that he was fully taught in end Di wildom, which was him becaught.

E Dola Bic be prima planete, que afile inferies tima bicifur .

The whiche hath with the lea to boone.

The whiche hath with the lea to boone of floodes highe, and eddes lowe.

Thom his change it thall be knowe.

And enery filthe, whiche hath a thelle, thote in his governance diveile.

To were and wane in his degree,
As by the Moone a man mate fee:
And all that front boon the grounde,
of his moissure it mote be sounde.

All other sterres, as men synde.

Sen shinende of her owne kynde:
Out take onely the moone light,
whiche is not of him selfe bright,
But as he takth it of the sounde.

And yet be hath nonghe all ful wonne his light, that he nis fombell berke : But what the lette is of that werke, In Almagelt it telleth this. The moones cerele fo lowe is. wherof the forme out of his trage De feeth bim not with full bilage . for be is with the grounde belhaben, So that the moone is sombele fabed, And mate not fully thine clere. But what man onder his powers Is boze, he thall his place chaunge, And feche many londes fraunge . And as of this condicion The moones disposition Topon the londe of Alemanne Is let, and the boon Battapne. whiche nowe is cleved Englonne. for thei tranaple in enery londe,

De fecunda planeta, que Mescurine dicifate

EDI the planetes the seconde
Aboue the moone hath take his bonds
Mercurie: and his nature is this,
That boder him who that boone is,
In boke he thall be trudious,
And in writings curious,
And sowe and luffles to transple
In thinge, whiche els might anaple;
De loueth ease, he loueth rest,
So is he not the worthiest.
But pet with sombele besiness
Dis hert is set open richess.

And as in this condicion Theffecte and disposition Of this planete, and of his charme, Is most in Boggopne, and in Acance,

De fercia planeta , que Benne bictiut.

Thert Mercurie as wolle befalle Stont that planet, whiche men call Venus: whole confellacion Gouerneth all the nacion Of loners, where thei frede of none.

But whiche I trowe thou be one.

But whetherward thin happes wende

shall this planete theire at ende, and only the it hath do to many mo, and add the To forme wo. I see their their their their their planete.

The most evertie is foste and livete.

for two that therof takth his birth De thall before top and mirthe, Gentill curtous and bebonairs To fpeke bis wordes fofte and faire, Suche fhall be be by wey of hynbe. And ouer all where be mate fynde Bleafance of loue, bis berte boweth. with all his might and there he woweth, De is fo ferfozth amozous, and and De not what thonge is bicious Tochend loue, for that lame There mate no maner man withdzawe. The whiche Wenerien is bore ABo wer of kinde, and therfore Venus of lone the goddelle To cleped but of wantonnede be climate of bir lecherie Is molt comune in Lumbardie.

C Dafa befole, qui medio planefarum refibens, Aftrozum principatum oblinet.

The bright some stant about.
The bright some stant about.
Whiche is the hinderer of the night.
And somewherer of the dates light:
As he whiche is the worldes ete,
Through whome the lustic companie
Of soules by the morrowe singe:
The freshe source sprede and springe,
The highe tree the grounde beshaddeth,
And every mans bert gladdeth.
And for it is the heade planete,
Towe that he sitterh in his sete,
Of what richesse, of what noblese,
This bokes telle: and thus thei sete.

Dofa be curru folie, necnon de Bario einfe bem apparatu.

The some his carte bath faire and wele, In whiche he sitte, and is croned with bright stones environed: De whiche if that I speke shall,

lind (h

There be tofoze infretfalland ant armom & Set in the front of bis cozone and attantal The Stones tobiche no perfone and angla Dath boon erth, and thefirft is agisting 18p name cleped Leucachatis and alin un? That other two eleped thus if sund selaid ore Aftroites and Geraunus it it ballagimale In bis cozone, and alle behonde, daldal me 180 olde bokenas 3 fonde, 100 hadi an ding There ben of morthie fones three mark Set eche of bem in his begree, 300 son le wherof a Chiffall is that one; pobiche that cozone is fet bport. 1 11.11 an The feconde is an Adamante and all a The thirde is noble and enenant, dont nobiche cleped in Idriades and oner this bet metheles a med som ad. Ulpon the floes of the werke, direct After the waitprige of the clerkes and made There litten fine fromes mo, The Smaragdine is one of the, ad had all Iaspis, and Elitropius, and Vendides, and Izcinctus, to allere Lo thus the cozone is belet, ladi indiana noberof it fhineth well the bet . Man man ? And in fuche toile bis light to fpzeabe, Sit with his Diademe on bead. The fonne thinende in his carte: And for to lebe ipm fwithe and fmarte, After the bright baies lawe, There ben orbeined for to brawe, for bors his chare, and him withan, weberof the names tell 3 fall. Eritheus the firt is hote, The whiche is reobe and foineth bote : The feronde Acteos the bright : 1000 Lampes the thirde courfer hight: and Philogeus is the ferth, That bringen light buto this erth, And gone to fwifte boon the benen, In foure and twenty houres even The carte with the baight fonne Thei praive, lo that ouer ronne Thei baue inder the cercles bis All mibbe erthe in luche an bie.

And thus the fonne is over all The chiefe planete imperiall, Aboue hom and beneth hom thee. And thus between hem renneth he, As he that hath the middel place Amonge the feuen: and of his face Ben glad all erthely creatures, And taken after the natures Her eafe and recreacion.
And in his confiellacion who that is boze in speciall, De good wille and of liberall He shall be founde in all place, And also stonde in mochel grace Toward the losdes for to serve, And great profite and thanks deserve.

And oner that it causeth pit A man to be subtil of wit, To worth in golde, and to be wife In every thyng, whiche is of prise. But so, to speken in what coste Of all this erth be regneth moste, As so, wisdom it is in Grece, where is appropred thiske spece.

C Dota be quinta planeta, que Mare bicitus,

Mars the planete batallous Pert to the lonne glozious Shoue fant, and both mernailles Upon the fortune of batalles.

The Conquerours by daies olde were but this planete holde.
But who that his nativitee Bath take byon the propirtee Of Martis disposition, as were of constellation, the shall be fers and full hastite, and belirous of werre and strife.

But for to tellen revily In what climate most commonly That this planete hath his effecte. Daide is, that he hath his aspects Ulpon the holy londe so caste, That there is no pees stedfaste.

C Dota de fepta planeta, que Jupiter dictine.

C Aboue Mars opon the heuen

The firte planete of the feuen
Stant Lupiter the delicate,
whiche causeth pees, and no debate.
for he is cleped the planete

noblche of his hymbe fofte and fwete Attempzeth all that to bym longeth. And whom this planete bnberfongeth, To fonde byon bis regiment, De thall be meke and pacient, And fortunate to marchandie. And luffie to belicacie In every thong, whiche be thall be, This lupiter is cause also Of the fcience of light werkes, And in this wife tellen clerkes, De is the planete of belices. But in Aegypte of his offices De reigneth molte in weciall. for there ben luftes ouer all. Df all that to this life befalleth. for there no fromie weber falleth. wbiche might greue man o: belt : And eke the londe is fo boneff, That it is plentuous and plaine, There is no ibell grounde in baine. And boon fache felicitee Stant lupiter in bis begree.

EDe feptima planeta, que veliquie seffiog Sai

The bieff and abouen all Stant that planet, whiche men call Saturnus, tohole complection Is colde, and his condicion Canfeth malice and crueltes . To bym, whole natinitee Is let biber bis gouernance. foz all bis werkes ben greuance. and ennemie to mans bele, In what begre that be thall bele. Dis climate is in Dzient, where that he is most biolent. Df the planetes by and by, Dowe that thei fronde bpon the fafe. Aro point to point as thou might bere, was Alifander mabe to lere.

Wut over this touchende his loze De theng, that thei bem taughten moze Ulpon the scholes of clergie, Nowe berken the philosophie.

Epofiquam dictum eft de feptem planetie, quile sua fingule feptimane dies fingularites attitus 38b.ti. Lang

fantur, bitenbum eft iam de duodecim fignie, per que. pii, menfes anni Sariis tempozibus effectus Barios affequantur.

DO LOT

The whiche beparteth baie fro night, That one berke, and that other bright, Df fenen baies mabe a weke, A monthe of foure wekes eke De hath ozdeined in bis lawe. Di monthes twelne, and eke forthoraive 2)e hath alfo the longe pere. And as be fette of his powere Accorbant to the baies feuen, Slanetes leuen byon the heuen, As thou tofoze balt berbe benile: To fpeke right in fuche a mile To every monthe by bom felue, Alpon the benen of fignes twelue 2)e hath after his ordinall Alligned one in Speciall, poherof lo as 3 thall reberlen. The tibes of the pere diuerlen. But plainly for to make it knowe Dow that the figures fit a rowe, Erbe after other by begree, In fubitance and in propertee, The 3 odiake comprehendeth within his cercle, and it appendeth.

E Rofa fic de primo figno, quod aries bicifur, cui menfis [peciatiter 26 arcii appropriatus ef.

Quo deus in primo produxit adelle creata,

Cand as it leith in Almagette
Df fierres twelve boon this bette
Wen lette, where of in his degree
The wombe hath two, the head hath three,
The taile hath leven, and in this wife,
As thou might here me devile,
Stant Aries, whiche hote and drie
Is of hym lelfe, and in partie
De is the recepte and the hous
Of mighty Mars the batailous.
And overmore eke as I finde,
The creature of all kinde
The worlde, whan that he made man,
And of this constellation

The very operacion
Anaileth, if a man therin
The purpose of his werke begin.
Fog than he hath of propertee
Bood spede and great felicitee.

The twelve monethes of the pere Attitled under the powere Of these twelve signes stonde, where that thou that understonde, This Aries out of the twelve Bath Marche attitled for hym selfe, whan every bird shall chefe his make, And every adder, and every stake, And every reptile, whiche maie mone, Dis might assatch for to prove To crepen out against the sonne, whan alere his season hath begonne.

Secundum fignum dieitur Caurus, culus menfis eft Appills.

Quo prins occulras inuenit herba vias.

Taurus the feconde after this Df fignes, whiche figureb is Minto a boolle brie and colde, and as it is in bokes tolbe, De is the bolus appertinant To Venus Combele Discorbant. This boolle is the with ferres let. Through whiche he bath bis bornes knet Whito the tatle of Aries: So is be not there ferreles. Thon his breft eke eightene De bath, and eke as it is fene. Thon his taile fande other two. Dis month alligned eke allo Is Aueril, whiche of thowes Ministreth wer buto the noures.

D- Terfium fignum bicitur Gembil, enine ment fie Maine eft.

Quo volucră cătus gaudet de floribus ortis.

The thirde figne is Gemini, whiche is figured redtly Liche to two twinnes of man kinde, That naked fronde: And as I finde, Thei ben with flerres wel bego,

The

The head hath parte of thilke two, That thine boon the boolles tayle, So ben thei both of o paragle,

But of the wombe of Gemini
Ben fine Aerres not for thy:
And the upon the feete ben twey,
So as these olde bokes sep
That wife Prholomeus wrote.
Dis propre monthe well I wote
Assigned is the luste Maie,
whan every brode boon his late
Emonge the grene leves singeth,
And love of his pointure stingeth,
After the lawes of nature,
The pongthe of every creature.

Duartun fignun Cancer dicitur, enine men fie flunine eff. Quo falcat pratis pabula tonfor equis.

Cancer after the rule and space Offignes halt the fourth place. Like to the crabbe be bath femblance, And bath buto his retinance Thi. ferres, wheroften, So as thefe olde wife men Difcrine, be bereth on bim tofoze, And in the middell two before, And . titt . be bath byon bis ende : Thus goeth be ferred in his kende. And of him felfe is mopte and colbe, And he is the propre hous and holde, whiche apperteineth to the Moone, And boeth what longeth hym to boone. The month of June buto this figue Thou fhalte after the rule alligne .

Duinfum fignum Leo dicitus, cuius menfie

Quo magis ad terras expădit Lucifer ignis.

The fifte ligne is Leo hote,
whole kynde is sharpe drie and hote,
In whome the sonne hath herbergage,
And the semblance of his ymage
Is a lion, whithe in battle
Differres hath his purpartie
The foure, whiche as Cancer hath
Ulpon his ende Leo tath.
Ulpon his head, and than nesse
Ze hath eke soure byon his bresse.

的明治

And one boon his taile behynde In olde bokes as I fynde. Dis propre month is Jule by name: In whiche men platen many a game.

E Depfun fignum Sirgo dicitur, cuine menfle Augustus eft... Quo vacuata pri' pubes replet horrea melsis.

Cafter Leo, Virgo the nerte Df fignes cleved is the ferte : Wherof the figure is a maybe. And as the philosopher lapbe, She is the welth and the rifunge, The luft, the top, and the likenge Unto Mercurie: and fothe to fair She is with ferres well befaie, wherof Leo bath lent bir one. whiche fet on hie hir head boon : Dir wombe bath . b . bie fete alfo Daue other fine : and ever mo Touchende as of complexion, 38p kendly disposicion, Df baie and colde this maiden is. and for to tellen ouer this, Dir month thou fhalt bnoerffonde, whan enery felbe bath corne in bonbe. And many a man his backe hath plied Unto this figne is August applied.

C Septimum fignum Libra dicitur, cuine menfle September eft. Vinea quo Bacchum pressa liquore colic.

After Virgo to reken in euen Libra fit in the nombre of feuen, whiche bath figure and refemblance Unto a man, whiche a balance Beareth in his honde, as for to weve. In boke and as it mate be lete, Divers ferres to hom longeth, upherof on bead be underfongeth first thee, and the bis wombe bath two, And downe benethe . bitt . other mo. This figne is bote and mopt both, The whiche thonges be not loth Winte Venus, fo that alofte She reffeth in his bous full ofte. And eke Saturne often bred Is in the figne and magnified.

13b tit

Dis propre month is layb Septembre, pobiche peueth men caule to remembre, If any fore be lefte bebynbe Df thynge, whiche grene maie to kynde.

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Coctanii fignii Scoppio bicitar, cuine mefie

Floribus exclusis hyems qui ianitor extat.

amonge the fignes bpon the beight The figne, whiche is nombred eight, 3s Scorpio, whiche as lealon figured is a Scorpion . Abut foz all that pet nethelelle Is Scorpio not ferlelle . for Libra graunteth bim bis ende, Df. biii. Berres, where be wende, The tobiche boon bis bead affiled De beareth, and eke there ben beuffes Cloon bis wombe ferres thee, and . biff . bpon bis taile bath be, ambiche of his hynne is moift and colbe. And bubehouely many folde . De harmeth Venus and empeyzeth, 28ut Mars bnto bis bous repetreth. abut ware whan thei togeber owellen. Dis propre monthe is, as men tellen, Detobre, whiche bringeth the kalende Df winter, that cometh nert fewende.

O Donum fignum fagiffarine bicifur, cuine me. fie Donembaie eft Quo mustu bibulo linquit sua nomina vino.

The. fr . figne in Souembre allo, mehiche foloweth after Scorpio, Is cleped Sagittarius . The whole figure is marked thus. a montre with a bowe on bonde, Dn whom that fonder ferres fronde. Thilke . bili . of whiche 3 fpake tofoze, The whiche boon the taile ben loze Df Scorpio the bede all fayer 1Be fpreden of the lagittaire, And . bill . of other fonden euen Thon his wombe, and other feuen There fronden bpon bis taile bebinde : And be is bote and brie of kinde. To lupiter his houle is free. But to Mercurie in his begree

(for thei be not of one affent) De woacheth great empeirement.

This figne bath of his propertee A month, whiche of bewtee, After the lefon that befalleth, The plough ore in winter Ralleth, And fore into the balle be bringeth, And thilke brinke, of twhiche men fingeth. De turneth must in to the wine : Than is the larder of the fwine, That is nonembre, whiche I mene, moban that the leef hath loft bis grene.

Decimum fignum Cappicoanne bicifur, cut me menfie becembale eft. Iple diem nauo noctem ty giganti figurati

TThe tenthe figne baie and colbe, The whiche is Capricornus tolbe, Unto a gote bath refemblance : for tobole love, and whole aqueintance withm his boule to loiourne, . 3t liketh well onto Saturne. But to the Moone it liketh nought. for no profit is there wrought. This figne, as of his propretee. Cloon bis beab bath ferres three. And eke byon his wombe two, And twey byon his taple alfo. Decembre after the peres formes, Do as the bokes bs enformes, With baies fhorte and nyghtes longe, This ilke ligne bath bnberfonge.

E Onbecimum fignum Mquarine bicifus, cuine menfie gannarine eff. Quo lanus vultum duplu convertit in anna.

Df tho that litten bpon the benen Df fignes in the nombre enleuen, Aquarius bath take his place, and fant well in Saturnus grace: pobiche owelleth in his berbergage. But to the forme be both outrage. This figne is veraily refembled Liche to a man, whiche balte allembles In either honde a water fpout, mober of the ffremes rennen out . De is of kynde mopff and bote, And he that of the ferres mote,

Dafth, that be hath of ferres two Mlyon his bead, and bene of tho, That Capricorne bath on his enbe. And as the bokes maken mynte. That Ptholomeus made byun felue, De hath eke on his wombe tweine : And two bpon his ende fonde . Thou thait alfo this bnberffonbe, The frofty colde Janimere, moban comen is the newe vere-A bat lanus with bouble face. In bis chaire bath take his place, and loketh bpon bothe fibes, Some bele towarde the winter tibes, Dome bele towarbe the pere fuende: That is the monthe belongenbe Winte this figne, and of his bole De peneth the fyzite paimrole.

Duebecimum fignum Difcie dicitur, cuius men fie Sespuerius eff. Quo plunie correns riparum concitat amnes.

The . rif whiche is laft of all Pf flones, Pifcis men it call, The whiche, as telleth the feripture, Beareth of two fill bes the figure . Do is be rolde and moute ofkynde. And the with ferres as I fynde Be fet in fonday wife, as thus: Two of his ende Aquarius Bath lent, buto his bead, and tivo This figne bath of his owne allo Alpon his wombe: and oner this Wipon bis ende also there is A nombre of twenty ferres bright, pobiche is to fene a wonder fight. Mowarbe his figne in to his bous Comth lupiter the glozious, And Venus eke with bim acozbeth To pivellen, as the boke recordeth. The monthe buto this figne ogbeigneb Is febauar, whiche is bereigned And with londflobes in his rage At fozbes letteth the pallage. Thowe half thou berbe the propretes Df lignes, but in bis begree Albumazare pet ouer this Saith, lo as the erthe parted is

In foure : right fo ben benifeb The fignes twelve, and fronde affifen. That eche of hem in bis partie Dath his climate to infifie : 10 berof the fyaft regiment Mowarde the parte of Dzient, from Antioche, and that countres Conerned is of lignes then That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo. And towarde thorribent alfo. from Armenie, as 3 am lerneb, Df Capr corne it fant gonerned, Of Pifcis, and Aquarius. And after bem 3 fonde thus, Douthwarde fro Alifander forthe Tho fignes, whiche moft ben worth In gouernance of that Doaire Libra thei ben, and Sagittaire, with Scorpio, whiche is contoynt with hem to fronde boon that popul Df Constantinople the ciree (So as thefe bokes tellen mee) The last of this division Stant butowarde Septemtrion, pohere as by wey of purueiance Aries bath the gouernance, forth with Taurus and Gemini. Thus ben the fignes proprety Deutbeb. as it is reberfeb. peberof the londes ben binerled.

Lo thus my lon, as thou might here, was Aliander made to irre Df hem, that weren for his lore. But nowe to loken ouermore off other ferres how thei fare, I thynke hereafter to declare, so as kynge Aliander in youth, off hym that fuche lignes couth, Enformed was tofore his eie by night opon the ferres fie.

Diff C tractat ifuper bocteina Dectanation piecipue quindecim flethe, Bna cum earum tapis bibne et her bie, que ad artis Bagice naturalis operacionem fpeciatius conveniunt.

Cipon londey creacion Stant londey operacion, Some wortheth this, lome worcheth that, The fire is bote in bis effate. and beenneth what be maie atterne, The mater mate the fore reffreine, The whiche is colde and mopt allo, Df other thonge it fareth right fo Minon the erthe amonge be bere . and for to fpeake in this manere, Alpon the heuen as men maie fynde, The Gerres ben of fondale kynde, And worthen many fondate thynges. To be, that ben ber bnberlynges. Amonge the whiche forth withall Nectanabus in freciall, whiche was an Afronomien, and eke a great magicien, and bubertake bath thilke emprife, To Alifaunder in his appaile, as of magike naturels To knowe enformeth bym fombele Df certaine Gerres tobat thei mene, Dimbiche be fepth there ben fiftene. And fonbaily to enerichone A gras belongeth and a fone: poberof men woarben many a wonder To let thonge both by and bnder.

Maria Salata

De Prima fiella Bocafur Afbebopan, cuina las pie Carbunculus, et Berba anabulla eff .

To tell right as he began,
The first sterre Aldeboran,
The elevest and the moste of all
By right name men it call,
whiche lishe is of condicion
To Mars, and of complexion
To Venus, and hath the rupon
Carbunculum his propre stone.
Dis herbe is Annabulla named,
whiche is of great bettue proclames.

E Secunda fiella Docatus Clota, fen Pliades, cuine lapie Chriftallum, et Berba feniculus eft.

The feronde is not vertules, Clora, or els Pliades It hate, and of the moonees bynde De is: and also this I fynde, De taketh of Mars complexion and liche to suche condicion, Dis some appropred is Christall. And the his herbe inspeciall

The vertuous fenell it is.

CErcia fietta Bocafur, Algot, cuine lapis Dias mans, et Berba Belebopum mgrum eff .

The thirde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algos the clere rede,
whiche of Saturne, as I maie rede,
Dis kynde taketh, and eke of love
Complexion to his behove.
Dis propre some is diamant.
whiche is to hym moste accidant.
Dis herbe, whiche is hym betake,
Is hote Eleborum the blake.

Quarta fiella Socatur Albaiot, cuine lapie Sas phirne, et herba Marrubium eff .

The fourth flerre is Alhaiotte, whiche in the wife as I faibe er, of Saturne and of Jupiter Bath take his kinde, and there byon The faphir is his propre flone, Marrubium his herbe also, The whiche accorden both two.

Duinta fiella Socafus Canie maloz, cuins lapie 25eriffus: et BerBa fauina eft.

Tand Canis maior in his like
The fifthe sterre is of magike,
The whose kynde is benerien,
As lauth this astronomien.
Dis propre stone is saide Berille:
But for to worche and to fulfille
Thynge, whiche to this science falleth,
There is an berbe, whiche men calleth
Saueyne, and that behoueth nede
To hym, that woll his purpose spede.

C Septa fiella Focatur canis minoz, cuins lapis Achatis, et herba primula eft .

The little fewende after this
Aby name Canis minor is:
The whiche sterre is Mercuriall
Aby wey of kynde, and forth withall
As it is written in the carte,
Lomplerion he taketh of Marte:
Dis stone and herbe (as feith the schole)
Ben Achares and Primerole.

Deptiv

E Septima ftella Bocatur Mriat, cuine lapie gazgonza, et Berba celibonia eft.

The fewenth sterre in speciall
Dethis science is Ariall,
whiche sondie nature bendersongeth.
The stone, which propre bento him longeth
Gorgonza proprely it hight.
Zis herbe also, whiche he shall right
Thom the worthynge as I mene,
Is Celidone fresse and grene.

T Octana fiella Bocafur Ala comi, cuius lapis Sonochinus, et herbalappacia eft.

Therre Ala corni byon height
Bath take his place in nombre of eight,
whiche of his kinde mote performe
The will of Marte, and of Saturne:
To whom Lappacia the gret
Is berbe, but of no beyete.
his Kone is Honochinus hote,
Through which men worchen great riote

Mona fella Bocatur Alaesel , cuiue laple maragone, et ferba falgea eft.

The nonthe Gerre faire and wele By name is hote Alaczele, which taketh his propre kinde thus, Bothe of Mercuric and of Venus. Dis stone is the grene Emerande, To whom is genen many a laude. Saulge is his herbe appertenant Abouen all the remenant.

Decima fella Socafur Almareth, eniue lapis Bafpie, et gerba plantago eft.

The tenthe flerre is Almareth, whiche boon life and boon beth,
Through kinde of Iupiter and Marte,
De both what longeth to his parte.
Dis flone is Laspe, and of plantaine
De hath his herbe soueraine.

E Onderima fetta Vocatur Benenas, cuius tapie Adamas, et Berba Cicozia eft.

The sterre enleuenth is Venenas, The whose nature is, as it was Take of Venus, and of the Moone In thynge, whiche he hath so; to boone Df Adamant is that perrie, In whiche he worcheth his mailfrie. Thilke herbe also, which hym befalleth, Cicorea the boke hym calleth.

Duodecima fietta Bocatur Afpheta, cui' taple Copafion, et gerba Rofmarinum.

Alphera in the nombre fet,
And is the twelfte ferre pet.
De Scorpio whiche is governed,
And takth his kinde, as J am lerned,
And hath his bertue in the fione,
whiche cleped is Topahone.
Disherbe propre is rolemarine,
whiche shapen is for his conine.

Tertiadecima fetta vocatur Coz Scoppionie, cuine lapie Serdie, et Berba Aftrologia eft.

The these sterres, which I mene, Cor Scorpionis is theettene, The whos nature Mart and Loue Bane youen but his behoue. Disherbe is Acrologie, which foloweth his astronomie. The stone which that this sterre alloweth, Is Sardis, whiche but hym boweth.

CQuartabecima fetta Focatur Botercabet, cut ins lapis Erifolitus, et Berba faturea eft.

The fierre, whiche fiant nert the last, Pature of him this name cast, And clepen him Botercadent, whiche of his kind obedient Is to Mercurie and to Venus. His stone is called Crisolitus. His herbe is cleped Satureie, So as these olde bokes seie.

E Quintadecima ftella Bocatur Canda fcepplos nie, cui' lapis Calcidonie, et fer 8a maiozana eff.

That nowe the laste sterre of all The taile of Scorpio men call, whiche to Mercurie and to Saturne By wey of hynde mote returne After the preparation

Of due constellation.

The Calcidone but bym longeth, whiche for his stone be budersongeth.

Df Maioran his herbe is grounded.
Thus have I faid, how thei ben founded
Df every flerre in speciall,
whiche hath his herbe and some withall,
as Hermes in his bokes olde
withnesse bereth, of that I tolde.

Det CIVID to T

T Dota fic de anctopibne iffie , qui ab Aftronos mie fcientiam pre exteris ftudiofine intendentes, fibros fuper for diffinctio nominibne copofuerat.

The science of Astronomie,
whiche principall is of clergie
To beme betwene wo and wele
In thynges that bene naturele,
Thet had a great travaile on honde,
That made it firste ben understonde,
And thet also, whiche overmore
Her studie set byon this lore:
Thei weren gracious and wise,
And worthy sor to bere a prise.
And worthy for to bere a prise.
Of bem that this science writte.

Dne of the first, whiche it wrote After Noe, it was Nembrote, To his disciple Ichoniton, And made a boke forth therboon, The whiche Megastre cleped was.

Another aucto; in this cas Is Arachel, the whiche men note, Dis boke is Abbateneih bote.

Dane Prolome is not the left. nobiche maketh the boke of Almaget. and Alfraganus both the fame, pohole boke is Cathenus by name, Gebus and Alpetragus eke, Df palmeffry, whiche men feke, The bokes mabe. And ouer this, full many a worthy clerke there is, That weitten byon this clergie, The bokes of Altemetrie. Planemetrie, and che alfo, robiche as belongeth bothe tive. So as thei bene naturiens, Ulnto thele aftronomiens, Men feene that Abraham was one. But whether that be waote og none, That finde I not, and Moyfes Che was an other; but Hermes

Aboue all other in this science
De had a great experience.
Through hym was many a sterre assistation, whose bokes pet ben auctorised.
I mate not knowen all tho,
That written in the tyme tho
Of this science, but I sinde
Of sudgement by wate of kinde,
That in one point thei all accorden
Of sterres, whiche thei recorden,
That men mate see byon the henen.

There ben a thoulande Aerres enen, And two and twenty to the fight, whiche ben of hem felfe to bright, That men mair deme what thei bes The nature and the propretee.

Mowe half thou heard in luche a wife These noble philosophers wise Ensommeden this yonge kynge, And made hym have a knowelecthing Of thing, whiche first to the partie whiche Theorike tleped is, As thou tosoze half berde er this. Whiche Aristotle hath also founde, and techeth howe to speke faire, whiche is a thing full necessare.

To counterpasse the balance, where lacketh other sufficience.

Compositi pulcra sermones verba placere. Principio poterunt verag fine placent. Herba, lapis, sermo tria sunt virtute repleta: Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.

Albic tracfat de fecunda parte philosophie, enine nomen Rhetopica facundos efficit. Laquitus es tiam de ciufdem duabus speciebus, schicet Grad matica et Logica, quarum doctrina Rhetop sua Berba peropnat.

Tabone al erthly creatures
The high maker of natures
The woode to man hath your alone,
So that the speche of his persone,
De for to lefe, or for to winne,
The hertes thought, whiche is withinne,
May thewe, what it wolve mene,
And that is no where els sene

De kynde with none other belt, to thulde he be the more honest, To whom god pase so worth a yeste, and loke well that he ne thiste. This wordes to none wither ble. For worde, the teather of bestule Is cleved in philosophie.

13 cleved in philosophie.

13 Rhetoric the steamer of bestule. Is Rhetoric the steamer appropried to the reuerence. Of wordes that ben reasonable. And so, this arte shall be basiable, woith goodly wordes for to like: It hath Grammer, it hath Logike, That serven both botto the speche.

Grammer, first hath for to teche

Logike hath the in his degree Betwene the trouth and the faitheds. The pleyne wordes for to thede: So that nothing thall go belive, That he the right ne thall decide: wherof full many a great debate Reformed is to good alfate, and peace full timed by alofte with eafy wordes and with lofte, where trengthe thulde let it falle.

The philosophie amonges alle for the commendeth this leience, uphiche bath the reule of eloquence, In fone and gras bertne there is: But vet the bokes tellen this, That woode abone all erthly thynges Is bertuous in his doopinges, mobere fo it be to puell or good . for if the wordes femen good, And bene well fpoke at mans eare. noban that there is no trouthe there, Thei boone full ofte full great bereite. for whan the worde to the conceite Discorbeth in so bouble a wife, Suche Rhetozic is to difpile In every place, and for to brebe. for of Vliffes thus 3 rebe, As in the boke of Troie is fumbe, Dis eloquence, and his facunde De goodly wordes, whiche he tolbe,

Dath made, that Anthenor him folde

The tolone, which he with treason wan.

with worde the wilde beaft is Daunted, with worde the lerpent is enchaunted . Df woodes antonge the men of armes Ben woundes beled with the charmes. where lacketh other medicine, woode hath under his biltipline Df fozcerte the carectes . uilles lot The wordes ben of fondale fectes Df enill, and eke of good alfo. The wordes maken of frembe fo. And fo of frende, and peace of werre, And werre of peace, and out of berre The worde the worldes caufe entriketh, And reconcileth who on bom liketh . The worde binder the cope of henen Set euerp thonge og obbe og euen . moith worde the highe god is pleafed . with worde the wordes ben appealed. The lofte worde the loude Aplieth, where lacketh good the worde fulfilleth To make amendes for the wronge. whan wordes medlen with the fonge, It both plefance well the moze. But for to loke bpon this loze, Dowe Tullius bis Rhetozike Compouneth, there a man maie pike, Dow that he shall his wordes fet. Dow be thall lofe, bow be thall knet, And in what wife be thall pronounce Dis tale pleyne without frounce, upherof enfample if thou wilt feche, Take bede and rede whilome the fpeche

E Dota de eloquentia Bulli in caufa Catiline elle tra Spllanum et alioa tunc Bebis Romane comtinentes.

EPf Iulius, and Cicero,
whiche confull was of Rome tho:
Df Cato eke, and Sillene
Beholde the wordes hem betweene.
whan the treason of Cariline
Wiscourced was and the course
Pf hem, that were of his affent
was known and spoke in parliament,
And asked howe, and in what wise
Men shulde boone hym to Juwyse,

Sflla

Sillanus fir# bis tale tolbe , anches sall To trouth and as be was beholde and and The common profite for to lane: De faibe bowe treafon Quibe bane A cruell bethe. And thus thet fpeake, The Confull both and Cato eke, And faiben, that for fuche a toronge There mais no peyne be to fronge. Dis tale tolbe all other wife, As he whiche wolde his beth refpite, And foundeth howe be might excite The funges through his eloquence, fro bethe to tozne the lentence And fet ber bertes to pitee. nowe tolben thei, nowe talbe be, Thei fpeaken plepne after the lawe, But he the wordes of his fawe Coloureth in an other weie Spekenbe . and thus betwene the twey To treate bpon this inbgement Made ethe of bem bis argument: wherof the tales for to bere, There maie a man the fchole lere Df Rhetozic the eloquence, mebiche is the leconde of lcience, Touchende to philosophie: peberofa man thall infife Dis mozdes in Disputelon, And knitte boon conclution Dis argument in luche a forme, nobiche maie the plepne trouth enforme, and the lubtile cautele abate, pobiche euery trette man thall bebate.

Fol. CT

Practica quacum stant pars tercia philosophie Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe viæ, Sed quanto maior rex est, tanto magis ipsum Ex schola concernit, quo sua regna regit.

This tractat de tertia parte pfitofopfic, que pace ctica bocatur : cuins fpecies funt tree, fcificet Es tfica, Economia, et Politica, quarum boctrina regia mageffas in fuo regimine ad Bonozis mas gnificentiam per fingula dirigitur.

The firste, whiche is Theorike, and the feronde Rhetorike Sciences of philosophie, 3 have bem tolde as in partie, So as the philosopher tolde,

Lo Alifandre: and noise I wolde

Tell of the thirde, what it is,

The whiche Practike cleped is.

Practike font bpon the thouges Towarde the governance of kynges: poberof the fpatte Etike is named, The whole leience fant proclames To teche of bertue thilke rule. Dowe that a kynge bym felfe thall ride Df his mozall combiction, poith worthis bispolicion. Df good linging in his perfone, whiche is the chiefe of his corone. It maketh a kynge allo to lerne Dowe be his vodie hall governe. Howe he thall wake, bow be thall flere, Dow that he thall his bele kepe . In meate, in bapmbe, in clothyng eke, There is no ipplebonte for to leke, As for the reule of bis perfone. The whiche that this frience all one De terbeth, as by weie of kynde, That there is nothing lefte behinde.

That other thynge, whiche to Practike
Belongeth, is Economike,
whiche techeth thilke honestee,
Through whiche a kynge in his degree
Dis wife and childe shall reule and gis,
So forth with all the companie,
whiche in his housholde shall abide,
And his estate on every side
In suche manere sor to lede,
That he his housholde ne missee,

Practike hath pet the thirde appythe, whiche techeth howe and in what wife, Through his purueto ordinance A kinge thall fet in governance Wis realme: and that is Policie, whiche longeth but o regalie, In tyme of werre, in time of pees To worthip and to good encrees Of clerke, of knight, and of marchant, And so forth all the remenant Of all the common people aboute, woithin borgh and eke without Of hem that ben artificers,

popole

mohole arte is rieped Mechanike: And though they be not all like, pet netheles bow fo it fall . Dlawe mote gouerne bem all, Da that they lefe, or that they winns After the fate that they ben inne. To thus this worthie ponge kynge was fully taught of enery thonge, nobiche might peue entenbement Df good rule, and good regiment To fuche a worthy prynce as be. But of bery necellitee The philosopher bom bath betake fine pointes, which be bath bnbertake To kepe and bolbe in observance, As for the worthy governance, nobiche longeth to his regalie After the rule of policie.

Moribus ornat⁹ regit hic, qui regna moderna Certius expectat sceptra futura poli-Et quia ueredica virtus supereminet omnes, Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.

Dic fecundum policiam fractare intendit precipue super quinque regularil articulis, que ab principie regimen observandil specialius epistunt, quarum prima Beritas nuncupatur, per quam bes sedicus sit sermo regis ad omnes.

Ta enery man belongeth loze, But to no man belongeth moze Than to a kynge, whiche hath to lebe The people, for his kynghed De male bem both faue and fulle. And for it front boon his wille. It fit bem well to be auffeb, And the bertues which are affiled Unto a kynges regiment, To take in his entenbement. usberof to tellen as they frombe, Dereafterwarbe now woll 3 fonbe. Amonge the bertues one is chiefe, And that is Wrouth, whiche is liefe To god, and the to man alfo. and for it hath ben euer fo, Maught Ariftotle (as be well couth) To Alilander bowe in his youth De thulve of Trouth thilke grace with all his holl berte enbrace:

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So that his worde be trefue and pleyne Towarde the worlde : and fo certeyne, That in bym be no bouble fperbe. for if men thoulde trouthe feche, And finde it not within a hynge, Te mere an bulittenbe thonge. The worde is token of that within, There hall a worthie konge begin To kepe his tonge, and to be trewe, So fhall bis paice ben euer newe. Auffe bym enery man to foze, Ind be well ware, er be be fwoze: foz afterwarde it is to late, If that he wolde his worde bebate. for as a konge in fperiall Aboue all other is principall Df his power, fo fhulbe be bee Moffe bertuous in bis begree. And that maie well be fignified By his cozone and specified. The golde betoketh ercellence, That men foulbe boone bym reuerence, As to ber liege fouerapne.

The flones, as the bokes fapne, Commended bene in treble wife.

firthe they ben harve, and thilke allies the tokeneth in a kynge constance, so that there shall no variance the founds in his condicion.

And also by vescription
The vertue, whiche is in the stones,
A very signe is so; the nones
Of that a kynge thall be hones,
And holde trewely his behes
Of thyinge, whiche longeth to kingben.

The bright coloure, as I reve, whiche is in the flones thinpage, Is in figure betokenpage.

The cronike of this worldes fame, whiche flante boon his good name.

The circle, whiche is counde aboute, is token of all the londe aboute, whiche fant buter his hierarchie, That he it thall well kepe and gie. And for that trouthe howe so it falle is the vertue somerapue of alle, That longeth buto regiment, a tale, whiche is entbent,

Df trouthe in commendation, Towarde then enformacion My fonne hereafter thou thalt here Df a cronike in this matere.

I do lot

E hie narrat qualiter Darine, filius Itaplie, sol danue Bersie, a tribus suis cubicularibus, quoril nomina il arpages, Adouachas, et Zorobabet, dicta sunt nomina, questionis sigilatim interrogazuit, Berum rep aut mulier, aut Binum maiozis fozitiudinis Sim optineret, Ipsis Bero Paria optinione responentibus, Zozobabet Attimus afferit, quod mulier sui amozis complacentia tam regis quam vini potenciam epcellit, Addidit insuper sis nast conclusioni dicens, quod veritas super omnia vincit. Luius responsio ceteria landabilioz aesceptabatur.

As the cronike it doth reherce, A foldan impilome was of Werfe, Whiche Dares hight, and Itaplis Dis fader was: and fothe it is, Of his lignage, as by discente, The regne of thilke empire be bent.

And as he was him felfe wife,
The wife men he helde in paile:
And fought hem oute on every fide,
That cowarde him they shulde abide.
Amonge the whiche three there were,
That most service botto him bere.
As they, whiche in his chamber lighen,
And all his counceile berde and sighen.
Ther names ben of strange note,
Harpages was the first hote,
And Monachas was the secounde,
Zorobabel, as it is sounde

This Solvan what to him betide,
To hem he triff most of all,
where of the cale is to befalle.
This loade, whiche hath conceites depe,
Elpon a night whan he hath slepe,
As he whiche hath his mit disposed
Touchende a poput hem bath opposed.

The kinges question was this, Dethinges the whiche strongest is The wine, the woman, or the kynge, And that thei shulde byon this thinge Of her answere anised bee, De yene hem fully dayes three, And hath bihote hem by his feeth, That who the best reason seeth, De thalle receine a worthy mede.

Apon this thinge thei token bede,
And froden in disputesion:
That by diners opinion
Of argumentes, that thei have holde,
Harpages spall his tale tolde,
And saide, howe that the strength of kinges
Is mightiest of all thinges.
Is kinge hath power over man.
And man is he, which reason can,
As he whiche is of his nature
The most noble creature
Of all the that god hath wrought,
And by that skille it semeth nought
(Ze saith) that any erthly thinge
Maie be so mightie as a kynge.

A kynge maie spille, a kynge mase saue, A kynge mase make a lozde a knaue, And of a knaue a lozde also,
The power of a kynge front so,
That he the lawes overpasseth.
What he will make lette, he lasteth.
What he will make moze, he mozeth,
And as a gentill faucone sozeth,
He fleeth, that no man hym reclaimeth.
But he alone all other tameth.
And stante hym selse of lawe free.

Lo thus a kyinges might, faith be,
(Do as his reason can argue)
Is strongest, and of most value.
That Monachas saith other wise,
And that he sheweth by this wate.
The wyne full ofte taketh awate
The reason fro the mans herte.

The wine can make a creple ferte,
And a deliver man briwelde.
It maketh a blyinde man to behelde,
And a bright eled seme derke.
It maketh a leude man a clerke,
And fro the clerke the clergie
It taketh awaie, and rowardie
It tourneth in to hardinesse,
Df avarice it maketh largesse.
The wine maketh eke the good blood,
In whiche the soule, whiche is good,

2) ath

Dath cholen bir a rellyng place, while that the lyfe hir woll enbrace.

And by this fkille Monachas Answerd hath bean this cas, And seith, that wine by wey of kinde Is thinge, whiche maie the hertes binde wele more than the regalie.

Zorobabell for his partis Seid, as him thought for the belt, That women ben the mightieft.

The kynge and the vinour also
Of women comen both two.
And the he said: howe that manhede,
Through frengthe unto the womandede
Of love, where he wyll or none,
Obeie shall, and therupon
To shew of women the maistrie,
A tale, whiche he sighe with eie,
As sor ensample he tolde this.

E fota fic de Sigope amopie, qui inter Cirmp regem perfaril et Apemen Befasse filiam ipfine regis cocubind fpeciate tota curia epperichatur.

■ Dowe Apemen of Befalis whiche boughter was, in the paleis Sittende bpon his high beis whan he was boteft in his ire Towarde the great of his empyre, Cirus the kinge typan the toke, And only with hir goodly loke he made him bebonaire and meke, And by the com, and by the cheke She luggeth him right as hir lift, That now the lapeth, and nowe the kill, And both with bim what ener bir liketh, whan that the loureth, than he ffketh, And whan the gladeth, he is glad, And thus this kinge was overlan with hir, whiche his lemman was.

Amonge the men is no folas,
If that there be no woman there.
If o, but if that the woman were,
This wouldes tope were awep.
This is trouthe, that I you fepe.
To knighthode, and to wouldes fame,
Thei make a man to deede thame,
And honour for to be defired.

Through the beautee of bem is fired

\$35dCH

The varte, the whiche Cupide throweth, whereof the tolife peyne groweth, whiche all the worlde bath underfote.

A woman is the mans bote Dis lyfe, his beth, his wo, his wele. And this thynge maie be thewed wele, Dowe that women ben good and hynde, for in ensample this I funde.

E Dota de fidelitate coningie, qualiter Micefta Doog Bometi, St maritam fuum binificaret feipfd mogti fpontance fußegit.

Twhan that the duke Admetus late Sicke in his bedde, that every date Men waiten, whan he hulde dey, Alcest his wife goth for to prey, as the whiche wolde thanke describe. Woith sacrifice and Minerue, To witte answere of the goddesse, Where that his lorde of his sickenesse, where he was so wo besegne, Recover might his hele agene.

Lo thus the cribe, and thus the praide, Till at last a boyce hir latte, That if the wolve for his lake The maladie lustre and take, And die hir selfe, he thulbe live.

Dfthis anfwere Alceit bath pens Unto Minerue great thonkpinge, so that hir bethe, and his limpinge She chele with all bir bole entent, And thus accorded home the went. In to the chambre whan the came, Dir houlbande anone the name In bothe bir armes, and bym kills And spake buto hom, what hie lift. and therupon within a throwe. The good wife was overthrowe. Any viet, and be was bolle in baff. So maie a man by reafon taffe, Dowe nerte after the god abone The trouth of women and the lone, In whome that all grace is founde, Is mightielt boon this grounde, and most behouely manyfolde.

Lo thus Zorobabell hath tolor The tale of his opinion: 18ut for finall conclution, popar Grengell is of erthly thenges,

Ac ii

The wine, the women, or the kynges, Le faith, that trouthe aboue bem all Is mightieff, howe ever it fall.

The trouthe howe so it ever come, Wate so, nothings ben overcome.

It maie well suffre so, a throwe,
What at last it shall be knowe.

The proverbe is, who that is trewe,
Dyn shall his while never rewe.

For how so that the cause wende,
The trouth is shameles at ende.
What what thringe that is trouthles,
It maie not well be shameles.

And shame hyndereth every wight.

So proueth it, there is no might mitbout trouthe in no Dearce And thus for trouthe of his berret Zorobabell was most commended. wherof the queltion was ended, and be receined bath bis mebe. for trouthe, (whiche to mames nebe) Is molt behoueliche ouer all. for the was trouthe in speciall The fyzite poynt in oblernance Betake buto the governance Bis in st If Df Alifandze, as it is fapte, for therbuon the grounde is laybe Dfeuerp hynges regiment, ill cours As thonge, whiche molte convenient Is for to fet a kynge in euen, Bothe in this toolbe, and eke in benen.

Abfit auaticia, ne tangat regla corda, Cuius enim spoliis excoriatur humus. Fama colit largum volutans per sacula rege, Dona tamen licitis sunt moderanda modis.

Thic tractat be regie maieftatie fectba policia : quem Ariftoteles largitatem Bocat, cuine Birtute non folum propulfata anaricia, regie nomen mas gnificum eptollatur, fed et fui fubbiciomum biuis ciarum habumbancia iscundiores efficiuntur.

In policie, as it is founde,
In policie, as it is founde,
Whiche ferueth to the worldes fame,
In worthip of a kynges name,
Largelle it is, whole privilege
There maie no avarice abrege.

Abe worldes good was first commune

HILL

18ut afterfoarde boon fortune was thilke common profit ceffed, for whan the people fobe encreffeb, And the lignages woren great, Anone for linguler beyete their delle Deough enery man to his partie, wherof come in the fyzite enute, with great behate and werres ffronge, And laft amonge the men fo longe, Till no man wiff, who was who. De whiche was frende, ne whiche fo, Will at lafte in enery londe within bem felfe the people fonbe, That it was good to make a kynge, mbiche might appelen all this thonge, And pene right to the lignages, In partying of her beretages, in to attende And eke of all her other good .

And thus about hem all flobe.
The kynge byon his regalte,
As he whiche hath to infifie
The worldes good fro countile.

So sit it well in all wife,
A hynge betwene the more and less
To lette his herte boon largesse.
Towarde hym selse, and eke also
Towarde his people: and that so:
That is to sayne: if that he bee
Towarde hym selse large and free,
And of his people take and pille:
Largesse by no wey of skylle
It mate be saide, but anarice,
Whiche in a hynge is a great bire.

The Oots super soc quod Aristot ad Repandence

epemplificant de epactionibus regis Chafdeorn

A kynge behoueth eke to fles

The vice of provigalites,

That he measure in his expense

So kepe, that of indigents

De mate be fause: sor who that neverth,

In all his works the wors be speech.

As Aristotle bpon Lalvee
Ansample of great auctoritee
Unto kynge Alisaunder tanght
Df thiske folke, that were busaught
Towarde her kynge for his pillage.
Wherof he had in his courage,
That he buto thre poyntes entende,

tobbece

where that he wolde his good difpende.

Airli thulde he loke howe that it is That all were of his owne good The yestes, whiche he wolde yeue, So might he well the better live.

And eke he must taken hede, If there be cause of any nede, Whiche ought for to be defended, Er that his goodes ben dispended.

De mote eke as it is befall
Amonges other thenges all,
Se the decertes of his men,
And after that thei bene of ken,
And of affate, and of merite
De thall hem largelich acquite,
D; fo; the warre, o; fo; the peafe,
That none honour fall in difcreafe,
whiche might to;ne in to diffame,
But that he kepe his good name,
So that he be not holde bukynde.
Fo; in cronike a tale I fynde,
whiche speaketh somdele of this matere,
Derafterwarde as thou thalte here.

Bic fecundi geffa Julii epempfil ponit, qualiter sep fuozum militum, quos plos agnouerit, indis getiam largitatis fue beneficie releure tenetur.

Tin Rome to pursue his right
There was a worthie poore knight.
Whiche rame alone for to seyne
Dis cause, when the courte was pleyne,
Where Iulius was in presence:
And for him lacketh of dispense,
There was with hym none advocate
To make plee for his astate.

Wat though bym lacke for to plede, Zym lacketh nothinge of manhede. De will well his purie was pouer, But yet he thought his right recouer, And openly pourte alayed To the emperour, and thus he faved.

D Iulius losde of the lawe, Beholde my councepll is withdraws for lacke of golde, to thine office. After the lawe of Juffice, Belpe, that I had counseyle here Thom the trouthe of my maters, And Julius with that anone Alligned him a worthy one. But he him felfe no worde ne frake.

This knight was wroth, a fonde a lake In the Emperour: and late thus.

D thou bukynde Iulius,
whan thou in thy batayle were
The in Aufcike, and I was there,
My might for thy rescous I dyd,
And put no man in my stede.
Thou wost what woundes there I had:
What there I synde the so bad.
That the ne list to speake o worde
Thyme owne mouthe, or of thyn horde
To youe a storeyn me to helpe,
Howe shulde I than me be pelpe
Fro this day sorth of thy largeste,
whan suche a great bukyndenesse
Is sounde in suche a lorde as thou?

This Iulius knewe well enowe,
That all was foth, whiche he hym tolde:
And for he wolde not ben holde
Unkynde, he toke his cause on honde,
And as it were of goddes sonde
De yave hym good enough to spende
for ever buto his lives ende.

And thus shulde every worthie kunge Take of his knightes knowlegunge, when that he sigh they hadden nede. Hor every service areth mede. But other, whiche have not deserved Through vertue, but of sapes served, A kunge shall not deserve grace, Though he be large in suche a place.

The ponit exemplum de rege Intigono, qualis fer dona regia fecundum maine et minus, eque diferecione moderanda funt.

E It litte well every kynge to have Discrection, whan men hym crave, So that he maie his gyste wite, where I synte a tale write, Lowe Cinichus a powre knight, A somme, whiche was over might Wrated of his kinge Antigonus.

Ahe kinge antwerd to him thus, And faibe, howe fuche a pefte patteth Dis pooze estate : and than he lasteth, And asketh bur a litell peny, If that the kynge wolde yeue hym ony.

Aciii Ab

The kinge answerd, it was to smalle for him, whiche was a lorde rialle, To youe a man so litell thinge. It were butworthip in a hynge.

in di in

By this ensample a kynge maie lere,
That for to yeue is in manere.
For if a kinge his tresour lasteth
with out honour, and thankelesse passeth,
whan he him selfe will so begile,
I not who shall completine his while,
he who by right him shall releve.
But netheles this I beleve,
To helpe with his owne londe
Belongeth every man his honde
To set byon necessites.

And the his kinges rialtee Mote enery liege man comforte
with good and bodie to supporte,
whan thei see cause resonable.
For who that is not entendable
To holde by right his kinges name,
Dim ought for to be to blame.

E Dota fic fecundum Briftotelem qualiter pain cipum paodigattas, paupertaie ind ucit comune

To speke in this mater moze,
To speke in this mater moze,
So as the philosophize tolde,
A kinge after the reule is holde
To modifie, and to adresse
Dis yestes byon such largesse,
That he measure nought excede.

Dal. Sic affie Benefacito, St tiBinon nociae.

I for it a kinge falle in to nede,
It causeth ofte sondry thinges
Whiche are ingoodly to the kinges.
What man wille not him selfe mesure,
Men seen full ofte, that measure
Dim hath forsake: and so both hee,
That wheth provigalitee,
Wherof the londes ben deserte,
And namely whan thiske vice
I boue a kinge stant in office,
And hath with holde of his partie:
The couctous staterie:

whiche many a worthy hunge vecelueth, Er he the fallace perceiveth
Df hem, that ferven to the glofe.
For their that conne pleafe and glofe, wen as men tellen, the norices Unto the followinge of the vices, whereof full ofte netheles
A kynge is blamed gylteles.

C Qualiter in paincipum curiis adulatogee tris plici granitate offendunt.

I 9 philolopher, as thou thalt bere. Spake to a kynge of this matere, And fepd bym well bow that flatours Loulpable were of the errours . Dne was towarde the goddes bie, That weren worth of that they le The mischiefe, whiche befall thulbe Df that the fals flatour tolbe Towarde the honge. An other was: Whan thei by fleight and by fallas Df feigned wordes, make bym wene. A hat blacke is white, and blew is grene, Zouchenbe of his condicion. for whan he both errorcion, With many an other bice mo. Men thall not fpnde one of tho To grutche or fpeake there ageine, But holden by his ople, and fevne: That all is well, what ever be doth. And thus of fals thei maken loth, So that her konges eie is blent, And were not howe the worlde is went.

The thirde errour is harme comune, with whiche the people mote commune. Of wronges, that thei bringen inne. And thus they werehen treble linne, And thus they werehen treble linne, Ahat ben flatours about a kynge. That ben flatours about a kynge. There might be no werfe thynge About a kynges regalie,

Than is the vice of flaterie.
And netheles it hath ben vieu.

That it was never yet refused,
As for to speke in courte riall.
For there it is most speciall,
And maie not longe be forbore.

But when this vice of hem is bore,
That shulve the vertues forth brynge,

And trouthe is tozned to lefynge: It is, as who feith against hynde, wheref an olde ensample I fynde.

Milic loquitur super eode, et natrat, pell Blos genes et Arifippus philosophia scol a depen ad Lartaginem, unde orti fuerunt reuertissent, Aris stiopus Luru paincipis im familiaris addesit. Dis ogenes Bero in quo dam manciunculo suo studio dacaus permansit: et contigit, peum ipse quad die ad simem oati sui super ridam perbas quas eles gerat, ad ofera lanasset, Supervenit ep casu Aristippus, divitas ei: D Diagenes, certe si paincial tuo placere scires, tu ad ofera tua lauanda non ins digres. Lui ele respondit: D Aristippe, Certe si tu ofera tua lauare scires, te in blandicis et as dusationibus principi tuo servire non opoaceret.

Amonge these other tales wise
Df philosophers in this wise
I reve howe whilome two there were,
And to the schole so; to lere
Unto Athenes fro Lartage
Der frendes whan they were of age,
Dem sende: and there they studen longe,
Till thei suche lose have undersonge,
That in her tyme they surmounte
All other men: that to accounte
Of hem was tho the great same.

The firste of hem his right name was Diogenes than hote, In whom was founde no riote.

Dis felawe Aristippus hight, nobich mochel couthe, and mochel might. But at laft foothe to feyne Thep both turnen home avene Winto Carthage, and schole lete. This Diogenes no beyete Df worldes good, or latte or more De lought foz his longe loze, But toke hym only for to dwelle At home : and as the bokes telle, Dis boule was nigh to a rivere Belibe a bzigge as thou halte bere. There owelleth he, and takth his rell, So as it thought hym for the belt To ftudie in his philosophie, As be, which wolde lo befie The worldes pompe on enery libe.

But Aristippe his boke a side Dath legge: and to the courte he wente where many a wyle, and many a wente with flaterie and wordes softe De caste, and hath compassed ofte Dowe he his prince might please.

And in this wife he gate hym ease, of vayne honour and worldes good, The londes rule byon hym sode.

The kynge of hym was wonde glad, And all was do, what thynge he bad, Both in the courte, and the without. With flaterie be brought about Dis purpos of the worldes werke, whiche was agent the flate of clerke? So that philosophic he lefte,

Lo thus had Aristippe his will. But Diogenes Divelte Bill At home, and loked on his boke, De lought not the worldes croke for bayne honour, ne for richelle, abut all his hertes belinelle De lette to be bertuous. And thus within his owne hous De liueth to the fuffilance Df his hauinge, and fell perchance This Diogene byon a bair, And that was in the month of male, moban that thele berbes ben bollome, De walketh for to gether fome In bis gardeine, of whiche his loutes De thought to have, and thus aboutes Whan he hath gadzed what bim liketh, De fet him than bowne and piketh, And withe his berbes in the floobe, Mpon the whiche his garden foode Migh to the brigge, as I tolbe ere, And hapneth while he fitteth there, Lam Aristippus by the freate with many boss and routes greate. And fraught bnto the bregge be rode, nohere that he boued and abode. for as he caft his ele nigh, Dis felawe Diogene he figh, And what he dede he figh allo, poherof he faibe to him tho.

Diogene goo the fpede.

Te mere certes litel nebe To litte bere and wortes pike, If thou thy prince coubeft like. So as 3 can in my begree. D Ariftippe (agaepne quob be) If that thou coudeft lo as I Thy wortes picke truely, It were as litell nebe oz laffe. That thou fo worldly woll compate with flaterie for to ferue: upherof thou thenkell for to beli rue Thy princes thonke, and to purchace Dow thou might fronde in his grace, for gettynge of a littell good. If thou wolt take in to the mode Reason : thou might by reason bemt, That lo thy prince for to queme, Is not to reason accordant. But it is greatly bifcozbant Winto the icholes of Athene.

Ed. CLIN

Lo thus answerde Diogene
Ageyne the clerkes flaterie.
But yet men seyne thestamplarie
Df Aristippe is well received.
And thilke of Diogene is wegued.
Office in course, and golde in costee
Is nowe, men seyn, the philosopher,
whiche bath the worthip in the ball.
But flaterie passeth all
In chambre, whom the court ananceth.
for upon thilke lotte it chanceth
Lo be beloued nowe a date.

Dafa epemplum culufdam poete de Blafia , qui

Dowe Dante the poete answerde To a flatour, the tale I herde. The laid hym, there ben many mo

De the fernantes than of mone. Fo; the poete of his couine Dath none, that wil bom cloth and fede:

But a flatour maie rule and lede A kynge with all his londe about. So flant the wife man in bont Of bem, that to foly drawe. For fuche is nowe the common laws And as the commune boyce it telleth, where nowe that flaterie dwelleth In every londe buder the fonne, There is full many a thinge begonne, whiche were better to be lefte, That hath be the web nowe and efte.

But if a prince him wolde rule Df the Komapus after the reule, In thilke tyme as it was bled, This bice thulbe be refuled, upherof the princis ben affoteb. But where the playne trouth is noted, There maie a prince wel concepue, That be thall nought bim felfe becepus Df that be bereth wordes playne. for him ther nought by reason playne. That warned is, er bem be wo, And that was fully proued fo, whan Kome was the worldes chiefe, The footh faper tho was leefe, whiche wolde not the trouth spare, But with his worde, playne and bare, To themperour his fothes tolbe, As in cronicke it is witholbe. Dere after warde as thou Galt bere. Acozdend buto this matere.

Die etiam contra Vicium adulationie ponit en emplum: et narrat, que cum nuper Romanorum imperatoz contra suos hostes victozia obsumifet, et cum palma frumphi in Vebem redire debuffet, ne ipsum inanie glozie alcitudo super eptosteret, sicitum fuit pro isto die, quod vaus quisque peiora, que sue condicionis agnosceret, in aures suas apecus epclamaret: It sic gaudium cum dotore est pesceret, et adulantum vocco, si que sucrant, prominino computaret.

To fee this olde enfamplarie, That whilom was no flaterie Towarde the princis, weld finde, wherof so as it counthe to mynde My some a tale but othin ere (while that the worthy princes were At Rome) I thinke so to telle.

for whan the chances to befelle, That any emperone as tho Clictorie had upon his to, And to forth came to Rome agame, Of treble honour he was certagne.

where

coherof that he was magnified !

The firste, as it is specified,
was, whan he cam at thilke tibe,
The chare, in whiche he shuld rive,
foure white stedes shulde it drawe.

Df Iupiter by thilke late The cote be thuibe were alfo. Dis prifoners eke Chulben go Endlonge the chare on evther hombe. And all the nobleffe of the londe Tofoze and after with bim come Ribend, and broughten bim to Rome, In token of his chivalrie: And for none other flaterie. And that was thewed forth with all, mebere be fatte in bis chare riall, Befide bim was a riband fet. pohiche had his worde fo befet To themperour in all his glozie De faibe : take in to momozie, for all this pompe, and all this price Let no juffice con a fibe, I won then But knowe thy felfe, what fo befalle f for men feen often tyme falle the ingerious Thinge, whiche men wende fiker fonde. Though thou bictozie haue on bonde, fortune mate not fronde alway: The whele perchannce another bave Maie turne, and thou ouer throwe, There lafteth no thinge but a throwe.

with thele wordes and with mo, This ribaulde, whiche late with him tho, To themperour his tale tolbe. sted City and ouermoze what ener be wolbe, Da were it eupll, og were it good, Do playnly as the trouth flood, De fpareth not, but fpeketh it onte. and fo might enery man aboute The bate of that folemnitee Dis tale tell as wele as bee, To themperout all openly. And all was this the cause why. That while he fode in his noblette, De shulde his banitee represse with futhe wordes as he herbe.

HIC PONIT EXEMPLYM (uper cobem, et natrat, geodem die, que impes

NEW STATE

vafoz intronisatue in palacio suo regio ad conuinint in maiozi leticia sedisset, ministri sui sculptopen procederant alla Voce dicentes: D imperator dic nobis, cuius forme, et Bbi tumbam sculpture tue facienna: Bt sic morte remortus huius vita Blaudicias obtemperaret.

To nowe howe thilke tyme ferbe Towarde lo highe a worthy lorde. for this I finde eke of recorde, Whiche the cronike bath auctorised, what emperour was entronized, The fraft day of his cozone, where be was in his royall throne, And beld his feft in the paleis, Sittend bpon bis bie beis. withall the lufte that maie be gete, noban be was glabeff at his mete, And every minifrell had plaide, And enery biffour bab fathe what most was plefant to his ere: Than at laft came in there Dis malons, for thei thulbe crane, where that be wolde be begrane, And of what frome his fepulture Thei fhulben make, and what fruipture De wolde ozdeigne therupon.

Tho was there flatterie none, The worthy prince to becape, The kunge was otherwise thape with good counfaile: and otherwife Thei were bem felfe than wife, and binderfroden well and knewen, nohan luche lofte wondes blewen Df flatterie in to ber eare. Thei letten nought ber bertes there. But whan thet berbe logbes feigned, The playne trouth it hath diffeigned Df hem that weren fo difcrete. Tho toke the flaterer no bepete Df hym, that was his prince tho. And for to proven it is fo A tale, whiche befell in bebe, In a cronike of Rome I rebe.

Baic inter alla geffa Cefaris narrat Intlevempla precipue estra illos, qui cum in afpectu principis alis fapienciores apparere Bellent, quandoque tamé finulate fapiencie talia committunt, per que ecteris fluffiores in fine comprobantur.

Celar

Cefar boon his royall trone, where that he fat in his persone, and was hield in all his pris, a man, whiche wolve make hym wife, fell botwne knelende in his presence, and did him suche a reuerence, as though the highe god it were.

Foll ditte.

Men habben great mernalle there Df the mouthin, whiche be bebe.

This man aros fro thilke flede, And forth with all the same tide The goth him by, and by his side The set hym bowne, as pere and pere, And saide: If thou that sittest here Arte god, whiche all thynges might, Than have I worthipped a right, As to the god: and other wise If thou be not of thilke assis, But art a man, suche as am I, Than maie I lit the fast by, For we be bothe of a kynde.

Cefar antwerve, and faive: D blynde
Thou art a fole, it is well sene
Thou art a fole, it is well sene
Thou thy selse. For if thou wene
I be a god, thou doste amis
To sit, where thou seek god is.
And if I be a man also,
Thou hast a great foly bo,
Whan thou to suche one as shall beie,
The worthip of thy god alweie
Hast genen so betworthily.

Thus may I prove revily,
Thou art not wife. And thei that hered,
Dowe wifely that the hynge answerde,
It was to hem a newe loze,
whereof thei dreben hym the more,
And brought nothynge to his ere,
But if it trouthe and reason were.
So ben there many in suche a wife,
That seignen wordes to be wife
And all is beraie flatterie
To bym, whiche can it well asple.

C Dota qualiter ifti circa principem adulatores potius a curia eppelli quam ad regie maiefatia muneta acceptari policia fuadente, deBerent.

The kynde flatterour can not lone, But for to bryng bym felfe aboue,

for bowe that ener his mailer fare, Do that bom felle fonde out of care. Dim retcheth nought , And thus full ofte Deceined bene with wordes fofte The kyages, that ben innocent. poberof as for chaffement The wife philosophie faibe: what kyinge that to his treature lates Alpon fuche folke, be bath the leffe, And yet ne both be no largelle, 18ut harmeth with his owne bonbe Dom felfe, and the bis owne londe ? And that many a fonday were, and and Wherof if that a man thall fege, As for to fpeake in generall. where fuche thonge falleth ouer all. Abat any kinge bim felfe mifrule, The philosophie boon his reule In fpeciall a caufe fet, whiche is and ever bath be lette In gouernance, aboute a kinge Ulpon the milchiefe of the thinge, And that, be feith, is flaterte : Wherof tofoze as in partie, what bice it is, 3 baue beclared . for who that bath his wit beware alpon a flatour to beleue, whan that he weneth beff achiene Dis good worlde, it is moffe fro. And for to prouen it is fo. Enfamples there be many one. Df whiche if thou wolt knowe one. It is behouely for to bere, what whilom fell in this matere.

Thic foquifur Afferina de confitie abufantil, que sum fabutie perncipie aures organisate Verifatie auditil capere nequeunt, Et narrat epempfil de re ge Achab, pro co, quod ipfe propherias fibelie Michee recufanit, Standisie, que adufantie Zest dechie adhefit, rep Sprie Benedab in sampo Bels fator ipfum dinino undicie denictum interfecit.

Camonge the hynges in the bible
I fynde a tale, and is credible,
Df hym that whitom Achab hight
whiche had all Israel to right.
But who that coude glose softe,
And katter, suche he sette aloste
In great estate, and made hem riche:

妙叫

But they that speken wordes liche To trouthe, and wolde it not sorbeare, for hem was none estate to beare, The courte of suche toke none hede, Till at last open a nede
That Benedad kinge of Surrie
Of Israel a greate partie,
whiche Ramoth Galaad was hote,
Dath seised: and of that riote
De toke counceple in sonory wise,
whit not of bem, that weren wise,

And netheles byon this cas
To frenghthen him, for losephas
whiche than was kynge of Junes,
We sende for to come, as hee,
whiche through frendthip and alsance
was nerte to hym of acquestance.
For loram some of losaphath,
Acabs doughter wedded bath,
whiche hight saire Goodelie.

And thus cam into Samarie
Rynge Losaphat, and he founde there
The kynge Achab: and when thei were
Together spekende of this thyng,
This Losaphat sateth to the kynge,
Lowe that he wolde gladly here
Some true prophet in this matere,
That he his counsaile might peue,
To what poput it shall be dreue.

and in that tyme lo befelle There was luche one in Ilrael, nobiche fette hom all to flaterie, and be was cleped Sedechie: And after hym Achab hath fent. and be at his commandement Tofoze bom cam : and by a deight De bath boon his bead on beight Two large bornes fet of bras. As be whiche all a flattrour was. And goth rampende as a lion, And caft his borne by and bowne : And bad men ben of good elpeire. for as the hornes perfen the eire, De laith, withouten reliftence, So will be well of his frience, That Benedad is biscomfite.

when Sedechie byon this plite 2) ath tolbe this tale unto his logoe

Anone thei were ofhis acozbe Prophetes falle many mo, Ao beare by oyle, and al the Affermen that, whiche he hath tolde : Wherof the kynge Achab was belde, And yane hem yeftes all aboute.

But lofaphat was in great boubte, And beibe fantoline all that be berbe. Bratende Achab bowe fo ferde, If there were onp other man, The whiche of prophecie can. To bere bom fpeke er that thet gone. Duod Achab than, there is one. A brothel, whicht Micheas biabt : But be ne comth nought in my light. for be bath longe in patione leyn, Dim liked never pet to fepn, A goodly worde to my pleafance. And netheles at thine instance De thali come out : and than be mafe Saie, as be laibe many a bate. foz pet be faire neuer wele.

Tho lofaphat began some beie To gladen bym in hope of trouthe, And bade withouten any southe, That men bym shalde fette anone.

And thei that were for hym gone, whan that thei comen where he was. Thei tolden but Micheas
The maner howe that Sedechie Weclared hath his prophecie.
And therupon thei praten hym faire, That he will fair no contraire.
Thereof the kynge mate be displeased, for so thall every man be eased.
And he mair helpe hym selfe also.

Micheas byon trouthe tho
Dis herte let, and to hem latthe:
All that belonged to his faithe
(And of none other leigned thinge)
That woll he tell but the kpuge,
As ferre as god hath yeue hym grace.
Thus came this prophete in to place,
where he the kpuges will herde.
And he therto anone answerde,
And saide but hym in this wife:

My liege loade for my fernice, which treme bath Ronde ener pit,

Thou halfe with pissone me acquite. But for all that I thall not glose Detrouthe as far as I suppose, and as touchende of the batagle.

Thou thalte not of the sothe favle.

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Foz if it like the to bere,
As Jam taught in that matere,
Ahou myght it biderstonde soone.
But what is afterwarde to doone
Auise the, soz this I sie,
I was tosoze the trone on hie,
where all the worlde me thought sode,
And there I herde and biderstode
The voice of god with wordes clere,
Arende, and sayde in this manere:
In what thinge maie I best begyle
The kynge Achab, and soz a whyle
Cloon this poynt they speken sas.
Tho sayd a spirite at lass,
I bidertake this emprise.

And god bym areth in what wife.
I thall (quod he) deceine and lie
twith flaterende prophecie,
In furthe mouthes, as he leneth.
And he, whiche all thinge acheneth,
that bom go forth, and bo right fo.

And over this I ligh allo
The noble people of Ilrael
Dispers, as there born an hille
without a keper braraled:
And as they wenten about aftraced
There a boyce buto hem seyne:

Both home in to your hous avene, Il I for you have better ordeined.

Muod Sedechi thou half feigned This tale, in angringe of the hyuge, And in a waathe boon this thinge The limote Miche boon the cheke.

The kinge him hath rebuted ete,
And enery man boothim cride.
Thus was he thence on enery lide,
Apene and in to pallone labbe.
For lothe kinge him felfe badde.
The trouth might nought ben berde,
What afterward as it hath ferde
The dede proueth his entent.
Achab to the batagle went.
There Benedad for all his thelde

Zim flough, to that boon the felbe Zis people goth aboute a fraie. But god, whiche all thinges maie, Do both, that they no milchiefe hane.

Der kynge was dead, and they be faue, And home ageyn in goddes pees They wente, and all was founde fees, That Sedechie hath fathe tofoze:

So lit it well a kynge therefoze To love them, that trouth mene, Hoz at last it wille be fene, That flaterie is nothinge worthe.

But nowe to my matter forthe,
As for to fpeken oner more,
After the philosophers lore,
The thirde popule of policie
I thinke for to specifie.

Propter trăsgressos leges statuuntur în orbe, Vt viuant iusti regis honore viri. Lex sine iusticia, populă sub principis vmbra Deutat, vtrectum nemo videbit iter.

Die tractat de tercia principum legis policia, que inflicia nominata est, cuipe condicio legibusim corrupta unicuique quod suum est equo ponders distribuit.

Twhat is a londe, where men be none? what ben the men, whiche are allone, without a kinges governance? what is a kynge in his ligeance, where that there is no lawe in londe? what is to take lawe on honde, But if the Juges ben trewe?

Thele olde worldes with the newe who that will take in enforce,
There make be le experience,
what thinge it is to kepe lawe,
Through which wronges be withdrawe,
And rightwifenes france commended,
whereof the reignes ben amended.

for where the lawe male commune.
The lordes forth with the commune,
Ethe hath his propre dentee,
And eke the kinges rialtee
Of bothe his worthip underforgeth,
To his estate as it belongeth;
whiche of his high worthinesse
Dath to governe rightwilhesse,

As he whiche thall the lawe guide.
And netheles voon some side
Dis power stant aboue the lawe,
To yeue both and to withdrawe
The forfet of a mannes life.
But thinges, whiche are excessive
Apen the lawe, he shall not bo
For love, ne for hate also.

Emperatoziam maieftatem non folum armie fed etiam tegibus opoztet effe armatam.

The mightes of a kinge be gret:
But yet a worthie kinge shall let
Of wronge to done, all that he might.
For he whiche shall the people right,
It sit well to his regalie
That he him feife first instiffe
Towardes god in his degree.
For his estate is elles free
Towarde all other in his persone,
Lauc onely to the god alone,
whiche will hym selfe a hynge chastile,
where that none other maie suifile.

So were it good to taken bebe, That fyzit a kynge his owne bebe, Betwene the bertue and the bice, Redreffe, and than of his inffice To let in even the balance Towardes other in gouernance, That to the poore, and to the riche Dis lawes mighten fonden liche. De fhall ercepte no persone. But for he maie not all bom one In londay places do inflice, De thall of his riall office with wife confideration Dedeine his deputation Df luche iudges, as ben lerned. So that his people be gouerned 13p hem, that true ben and wife. for if the lawe of courtife Be fet byon a judges honde: noo is the people of thilke londe. for wronge mate not bom feluen bibe . But els on that other fibe, If lawe fronde with the right, The people is glad, and front bpzight. where as the lawe is reasonable

The common people frant menable. And if the lawe to me a mis,
The people also misoned is.

Oota hie de inflicia Davimmi imperatorie, qui cum alicume prouincie custodem sibi constitus ere Volebat, primo de sui nominie sama procesa macione facta ipsine condicionem disigencius insuestigabat.

and in enfample of this matere Df Maximin a man maie bere, Df Rome whiche was emperour: That whan he made a gouernour 13p weie of lubffitucion, Df prouince or of region. De wolde firft enquire his name, And lete it openly proclame What man be were, og eufll og gout, And byon that his name froode Enclined to Bertue op to bice, So wolde he fet him in office : De eiles put bym all awepe. Thus beloe the lawe his right weve, tiphich fonde no let of couetife, The worlde fode than byon the wife, As by ensample thou might rebe, And holde it in the minde 3 rede.

Efic ponil evemplum de judicibue incorruptie ? et narrat qualifer Caius Fabricius nuper iR ome conful aurum a Sampnitibus fibi oblatum res nuit dicens, quod nobifius eft aurum poffidentes dominio fubiugare, q ep auti cupiditate dominis tibettatem amittere.

EIn a trontke I fonde thus, Dowe that Caius Fabricius, whiche whilome was conful of Rome. By whome the lawes vede and come. whan the Samnites to hom brought A fomme of golde, and him belought To bon bem fauour in the lawe. Toward the golde be gan bim drawe, noherof in all mennes loke Parte bp in his bonde be toke, Whiche to his mouth in all haffe 2)e put it foz to smelle and taffe, And to his eie, and to his ere: But be ne founde no comforte there. And than be gan it to befpile, And tolde buto bem in this wife:

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I not what is with golde to thrine, whan none of all my wittes fine finde fauour ne belite therin. oo is it but a nice Come Df golpe to ben to couetonfe. But be is riche and glozioule, whiche bath in his lubiection Tho men, whiche in pollellion To Singuilly age Ben riche of golde, and by this fail, Ho; be mate all date whan be will, De be bem lefe oz be bem lothe Juffice bone boon bem both.

Lo thus he layd, and with that worde. De threwe tofoze bem on the borbe The golde out of his bonde anone; And fand bem, that he wolde none. Do that be kepte bis libertee To bo Juffice and equitee, without lucre of fuche richelle. There ben nowe fewe of luche 3 gelle, for it was thilke tymes bled, That enery Indge was refuleb. whiche was not frende to common right. But thei that wolden fonde bp right, for trouthe only to do Juffice Beferred were in thilke office, To beme and judge common laine, pobich nowe men fapn is all withozawe. To fette a lawe and kepe it nought, There is no commune profite lought.

But aboue all netheles The lawe, whiche is made for pees, Is good to kepe for the beffe. for that fetteth all men in reffe.

Thic narrat be inflicia muper Conradi imperato 216, cuine tempoze alicums renerencia perfone aliqua feu precum internencione quacunty bet aus ri redempcione legum fatuta commutari fen redi mi null'afenus potnerunt.

The rightful emperor Conrade To kepe peas fuche lawe mabe, That none within the citee In diffurbance of bnitee Durft ones meuen a matere. for in his tyme, as thou myght here, nobat popute that was for lawe lette, It Chulbe for no good be lette, To what persone that it were:

And this brought in the common fere, 119hp enery man the lawe brad. for there was none, whiche fauour bab.

T Dofa epemplum be conftantia lubicie, sti nave rat de Carmidotiro Rome nuper confule, qui ca fui ftatuti legem nescius offendiffet, Romani & fuper Boc penam fill remittere voluiffet, ipfe pao pria mann, Sei nultus afine in ipfum binbey fuit, ful criminia vindictam epecutus eff.

goding fediten So as thefe olde bokes farne I fonde watte, bowe a romanne will the whiche conful was of the pretotre whole name was Carmidotoire De lette a lawe for the pees, That none but be be wepenles Shall come into the counterle bous. And elles as malicious De Shall ben of the lawe bebe.

To that fatute, and to that rede for certepne caufe whiche was the.

powe lift what fill therafter foone. This Could had for to doone, And was in to the feldes ribbe. And thei hom had longe abiode. That lozdes of the counfeyle were, And for bym fende, and he cam there with fwerde begiede, and hath forvete. Aill be was in the counseple sete. was none of hem that made freche. Aill be bom felfe it wolde ferbe. And fonde out the defaut hym felfe. And than be lappe buto the tivelle, whiche of the lenate weren wile. I have deferned the fulle dans and the In halfe that it were bo.

And thei bom favben all no. for well thei wiff it was no bice: whan he ne thought no malice But oneliche of a litell flouth. And thus thei leften as for routh To do justice opon his grite, for that he thulbe not be forte. And whan he ligh the maners beine Thei wolde him faue, be made anobie with manfull herte, and thus he fappe. That Kome Chulde neuer abzapbe

Dis heires, whan he were of dawe,
That her amcellre brake the lawe.
For thy er that thei weren ware
forthwith the same swerbe he bare
The statute of his lawe kepte,
So that all Rome his dethe bewepte.

Dota quod falliudices moztis pena puniens di funt. Narrat enim qualiter Lambpfes rep Des farum quendam iudicem cozuptum epcoztari Biust fecit, eiufaz pelle cathedram indicialem operiri co fitinit. Ita quod filius fuus fuper patris pellem pofica poo tribunali fessura, iudicii equitatem eur dencius memozaretur.

TIn other place also I reve,
where that a Judge his owne bede
he woll nought benge of lawe broke,
The kynge hath him felfe wroke.
The greate kynge, it whiche Camby ses
was hote, a Judge lawles
he founde, and in to remembrance,
he bid boon him suche bengeance.

Dut of his fkin he was beflaine All quicke: and in that wife flaine, Do that his fkin was thape all mete, And natled on the fame fete, Where that his some shulve fitte, Ausse him if he wolde fitte The lawe so, the couetile, There saive he redie his Jusse.

Thus in defaite of other Judge
The kynge more otherwhile tudge,
To holden by the right lawe.
And for to speke of the olde dawe,
To take ensample of that was tho,
I finde a tale written also,
I own that a worthie prince is holde
The lawes of his londe to holde.
Ayrif for the high goddes sake,
And the for that him is betake
The people for to guide and lede.
Whiche is the charge of his kinge hede.

Elle ic ponif epemplum de patneipibue illie, non folum legem flatuentes illam conservant, sed ut commune bonum adaugeaut, pappaiam facultate diminuilt. Et narat, quod cum Utsen .paincepe subditoe fuoe in omni paosperitatis habundantia dimites et Bnanimes congruis legibus flare ses cife volens, ad utilitatem seipublice leges ils

las firmins obsernari peregre profecisse sind finds, sed prius invamentum solempne a legiis suis sub Bac forma exegit, quod ipsi vique in reditum summ leges suas nuttaterus infringerent, quidus inrastis peregrinationem suam in exitum abservas ditu perpetuo deleganit.

Tin a cronike I rebe thus Df the rightfull Lycurgus, whiche of Athenes prince was, Dow be the lawe in enery cas, Wherof be thulbe bis people rule, Dath fet bpon fo good a rule, In all this worlde that citee none Dflame was fo well become, forthwith the trouthe of gouernance, There was amonge bem no diffance, But every man bath his encrees, There was without werre pees, poithout ennie loue froode, Kichelle byon the commune good, And not boon the finguler, Debeined was, and the power Df bem, that weren in effate, was laufe, wherof byon bebate There Robe nothinge, fo that in reffe Might enery man bis berte refte.

And whan this noble rightfull byngs Sigh how it ferbe of all this thinge, 110 herof the people frode in eafe, De mbiche for euer wolde pleale The high god, whole thonke he laught, A wonder thinge than be bethought, And thope, if that it might be, Dowe that his lawe in the citee Might afterwarde for euer lafte. And therupon bis witte be caffe, What thinge hom were belt to feyne, That he his purpole might atteine. A parlement and thus be fette Dis wisdome where that he be let An audience of great and fmale, And in this wife be tolde bis tale ? Coo wote, and fo pe woten all, Dere afterwarde howe fo it fall, Pet in to nowe my will hath bee To bo Juffice and equitee, In foedringe of commune proffite, Suche bath ben euer my belite,

But

But of one thinge I am be knowe, The whiche my will is that ye knowe.

The lawe, whiche I toke on honde, was all together of goddes sonde, And nothings of myne owne wit, So mote it nede endure yit, And thall bo lenger, if ye wil.

for I wol tell you the skil.

The goo Mercurius, and no man, De hath me taught, all that I can Df fuche lames as 3 mabe, poherof that pe ben all glade: It was the god, and nothinge 3, pobich bid all this : And noise for the De bath commanbed of his grace, That 3 hall come in to a place, mbich is fozeine out in an ple, mbere I mote tarie fo; a while with bim to fpeke, and he hath bebe, foz as be faieth, in thilke febe De Chail me fuche thinges telle, That euer while the woolde hall dwell, Athenes thall the better fare. But firft er that I thiber fare, for that I wolde that my late Amonges you ne be withdawe, There whiles that I hall be oute, for the to letten oute of boubte Both von and me, thus woll 3 praie, That pe me wolde affare and faje with fuche an othe, as pe will take, That erhe of you thall bnbertake my lawes for to kepe and holde.

They sappen all, that they wolve.
And there byon theiswore there othe,
That fro that tyme, that he gothe,
Till he to hem come ageyne,
They shald his lawes well and pleyne
In every popul kepe and fulfill.
Thus hath Lycurgus his wille:
And toke his lene, and footh he went.
But lift nowe well to what entent
Of rightwishesse he did so.

For after that he was ago, The thope him neuer to be founde, So that Athenes, which was bounde, Neuer after thuld be releced, The thilke good lawe free, Whiche was for commune profit lette, And in this wife he hath it knette. De whiche the commune profite lought The konge his owne estate ne rought.

To do profite to the commune De take of crile the fortune, And lefte of prince thilke office Dnelp for lour and for fullice, Abrough which be thought, if that be migbe for ener after bis beth, to right The citee, lubiche was him betake, Wherof men ought ensample take, The good laives to anance, with bem whiche bnder gouernance The lawes haue for to kepe. for who that wolde take kepe Dfhem that firft lawes founde. Als ferre as laffeth any bounds Dflonde, ber names pet ben knowe. And if it like the to knowe Some ofher names, howe they fonde, Dowe berken, & thou thalte bnberffonbe.

ge flatuerunt afiquezum nomina specialius sos memogat.

Df euerp benefite the merite The god bom felfe it wol acquite, And che full ofce it falleth fo. The worlde it woll acquite alfo. But that maie not ben euen liche. The god be veueth the beuen riche, The worlde pefth onely but a name, Whiche Ront bpon the good fame Df bem, that bone the good bebe. And in this wife bouble mebe Receiven thei, that bone well bere, wherof if that the loft to bere, After the fame as it is blome, There might thou well the foth knowe. Dowe thilke boneff befonelle Df bem, that first for rightwifenelle Amonge the men the lawes mave, Maie neuer bpon this earthe fabe. for euer while there is a tonge, Der name thati be rebbe and fonge. And holde in the cronike waite: So that the men it shulden wite

To fpeaken good, as thet well oughten Df hem, that firfte the lawes foughten, In forozvinge of the worldes pees. Unto the Debzewes was Moyles The fyzite : and to the Aegyptiens Mercurius: and to Teotens Womans Spell was Numa Pompilius: To Sthenes Lycurgus A Paue frat the lawe, buto gregors Foroneus bath thilke boyce, and Romulus of romayns: for luche men that ben bilayns The lawe in fuche a wife ozbeineth, That what man to the lawe pleneth. Be lo the judge fande buzight. De fhall be ferued of his right. And fo ferforth it is befall. That lawe is come amonge be all. Bob leue it mote well bene holbe, As every kynge therto is holde.

for thringe, whiche is of kringes fette, maith honges ought it not be lette. no hat konge of lawe taketh no kepe, 18p lawe be mate no royalme kepe. Do lawe awate, what is a hynge ? Where is the right of any thonge If that there be no lawe in londe ? This ought a honge well underfonde, As be whiche is to lawe fwoze, That if the lawe be forloze withouten execucion, It maktha londe turne bp fo boun. pobiche is buto the konge a sclamoze. for thy buto kynge Alifandre The wife philosophie badde, Ahat be bym felfe fyzite be labbe Mflawe, and forth than oner all To bo fullice in generall: That all the topoe londe aboute: The iuftice of his lawe boubte : And than hall be fonbe in reft, for therto laive is one the beft Abone all other erthly thunge To make a liege brebe his kynge.

But howe a kynge thall gete hym loue Lowarde the highe god abouc, And eke amonge the men in erthe, This nerte poput, whiche is the ferthe Df Aristotles love, it terheth, wherof who that the schole secheth what policie that it is;

The boke reherseth after this,

Nil rationis habens, vbi velle tyranica regna Stringit amor populi, transier exul ibi: Sed pietas, regnii que conseruabit in auum Non tantum populo, sed placet illa deo.

E fic tractet de quarta principum regiminis pos ficia, que pietas dicta e fi, pet quam principes erga populum mifericordes effecti, mifericordiam als tiffimi gracius confequentur.

Tt nebeth not, that I belate The price, whiche preifed is algate, And bath bene euer, and euer thall. wherofto fpeake in fpeciall, It is the bertue of Piree. Throughe whiche the hie maiellee was fered, whan his fonne alight. And in pitee the worlde to right, Toke of the mappe fleffbe and blood: Ditee was caufe of thilke good, poherof that we ben all faue. well ought a man pitee to bane. And the bertue to let in price whan he bym felfe, whiche is all wife Dath thewed, why it thall be preffed. Ditee maie not be counterpeiled Df tyzannie with no peife. Soz pitee makth a konge curteile Both in his worde and in his bebe.

It fit well enery liege viebe. Dis kinge, and to his helf obeye, And right to by the fame weie. It fit a kynge to be pitous. Towarde his people and gracious. Thou the reule of governance, So that he worche no bengeance, whiche mate be cleped crueltee.

Justice whiche both equitee,
Is deedfull, for he no man spareth.
But in the londe where pitee fareth,
The kynge mate never fayle of love,
for pitee through the grace above,
So as the holy boke aftermed,
Dis reigne in good estate confermed,

Thapoliell lames in this wife Seyth, what man thulbe do Juile,

Do tti

am

And hath no pitee forth with all,

The dome of hym, whithe demeth all,

De maie him felfe full fore drede,

That him thall lacke byon the nede

To fynde pitee, whan he wolde.

For who that pitee woll beholde,

It is a poynte of Christes lore.

And for to loken ouermore

It is behouely, as we fynde,

To reason and to lawe of kinde.

Casiodore in his appaile telleth, The reigne is laufe, where pitee bivelleth.

And Tullius his tale anoweth,
And layth, what hinge to pitee boweth,
And with pitee front ouercome,
De bath that thelde of grace nome,
whiche the kynges yeueth victoyze.
The Alifandre in his histoyze
I rede, howe he a worthy knight,
of lodeyn wrath, and not of right,
fortunged bath: and he appeleth.
And with that worde the kynge quareleth,
And laith, hone is about me.

That wote I well my love (quod be)
fro thy lovelhip appele I nought,
But fro thy weath in all my thought
To thy pitce frant myn appele.

The kynge, which binderlode him wele, Depure pitee yaue him grace.

and che I rede in other place, Thus faibe whilome Constantine: pohat emperour that is encline To pitee for to be fernant, Dfall the worldes remenant De is worthy to ben a lorde. Tn olde bokes of recorde Thus finde 3 waite of ensamplaire, Traian the worthy bebonaire, 189 whome that Rome fode governed: Elpon a tyme, as be was lerned Df that be was to familier, De lappe buto that counceller, That for to be an emperour Dis will was not for baine honoure, De vet foz reddour of iuffice, Bat if he might in his office Dis lordes and his people pleafe, Zim thought it were a greatter eale with lone her hartes to him braive, Than with the drede of any laive. For whan a thrnge is done for doubte, full ofte it counth the wers aboute. What where a laying is pitous, The is the more gracious: That morbell thrifte him thall betide, whiche els thulde torne a fide.

Qualifer Indens pedeffer cum pagano equis fante itinerant per defertum, et ipfum de fide fua interrogauit.

To do pitee, supporte, and grace
The philosophie open a place
In his writinge of daies olde,
A tale of great ensample tolde
Unto the hinge of Macedoyne,
Liowe between Cair and Babyloyne;
Whan comen is the somer hete,
It hapnesh two men sor to mete,
As thei shulde entre in a paas,
where that the wildernesse was,
And as thei went forth spekende
Under the large wodes ende,
That o man asketh of that other,
what man are thou my liese brothers
Thicke is the creance and the feeth:

I am painim, that other layth: And by the lawe, whiche 3 ble, 3 thall not in my feyth refule To louen all men pliche, The poore bothe and eke the riche. whan thei be glad 3 thall be glad, And forte wban thei ben beffab. So thall I line in bnitee with enery man in his begree. for right as to my felfe I wolde, Right fo towarde all other holde Be gracious and bebonaire. Thus have 3 tolde the lofte and faire My faith, my lawe, and my creance. And if the lift for acqueintance Dowe telle what maner man thou art. And he answerde boon his parte, 3 am a fewe, and by my lawe 3 Chall to no man be felame To kepe bym trouth in worde ne debe: 28ut ifhe be without breve

s very fewe right as am 3
for els I may trefuly
Bereue hym both life and good.

The paintm herbe, and underfloode, and thought it was a wonder lawe.

And thus boon their fondzie falwe

Talkende both fozth thei went.

The daie was hote, the forme brent,

The paynim rode boon an affe,

And of his catell more and lafte

with hym a riche truffe he lab.

Ahe ieive, whiche all dutrouth had, And went boon his fete belde, Wethought bym howe he migheride, And with his wordes sie and wife Unto the paymin in this wife De sayde: De nowe it shall be sense what thyinge it is, thou woldest mene. Ho; if thy lawe be certepne, As thou hast colde, I dare well sepne, Abou wolt beholde my distresse, whiche am so full of werinesse, and it meride a myle o; two.

And let meride a myle o; two.

So that I mate my body ease.

The paynim wold hym not displease Of that he fpahe, but in pitce | and political It lift him for to knowe and fee to said 645 The pleynt, whiche that other made: And for he wolbe bis berte glabe De light, and made him nothing frauge. Thus was there made a neive chaunge. The paymin goth, the fewe alofte was lette, bpon his alle lofte. So gone thei forth carpende falle, Dn this, on that, till at latte The papnim might go no moze, And praged buto the fete therfore To fuffre hom rive a litell tobile. The fewe, whiche thought him to begyle, Anone robe forthe a great pale, And to the paynim in this cafe De lavoe: Thou halt do thy right Df that thou habit me behight To bo faccour bpon mp nede, And that accordeth to the bede, As thou art to the lawe holde. And in luche wife, as 3 the tolde,

I thynke allo for my partie
The works and do my duetes.
Thin alle thall go forth with mee,
with all thy good, whiche I have lefed,
and that I wote thou art difeled,
I am right glad, and not mispaide.
And what he hath these words saide,
In all halfe berode awais.

This partier toote none other waie, But on the grounde be kneleth euen, Dis handes by to the henen, And faide : Dhighe fothfallnes, That loueft all rightivisenesse, Cinto thy dome logoe I appele, and and Beholde and beine my quarele, with bmble herte I the beleche, drie in The mercy bothe and the the wreche 3 fet all in the intgement. And thus boon his marrement This paynim bath made his preiere. And than he role with ozery there, and goth bym forth, and in his gate, De calle bis eie aboute algate, The tewe if that he might fee. But for a tyme it might not bee, Will at laft apene the night, Do as god wolde he went aright, As he, whiche helve the highe were. And than he tighe in a balepe, where that the lewe liggende was All bloody bead byon the gras, whiche firangled was of a lion. And as he loked by and boton. De fonde bis alle fall by, forthe with his harnets rebfly All hole and founde as he it lefte, whan that the fewe it hym berefte. Wherof he thanked god knelende.

Lo thus a man maie knowe at ende, Zowe the pitous, pitee deferueth, for what man that to pitee ferueth, As Aristotle it bereth witnesse, Bod thall his fomen so redresse, That thei shall are stonde under sote, Witee men segme is thilke roote, where the vertues springen all. In any londe, lacke of pites Is caufe of thilke abuerfitee. sonal allegalo and that albaie maie thewe at ete, Who that the worlde otferetely fie. a mid ?

MAD. lot

Bood is that every man therfore met Take bebe of that is faibe tofoge. for of this tale, and other enotice Thefe noble princes whylom browe delle Der eutbence and ber apprile, attad lie tie As men maie fynde in many wife, upho that thele olde bokes rebe, di no suct And though thet ben in erthe dead, Der good name mate not bete, foz pitee, whiche thei wold obeie To bo the bedes of mercy. Depois paragraph and who this tale redily Remembreth, as Aristotle it tolbe, De mafe the wille of got beholde Thon the poput as it was ended, noberofthat pitee fobe commended, pobiche is to chariter felaive, As thei that kepen bothe o lawe.

Dota bie be pzincipie pietate ergapoputun, bei narrat, quod cum Codzus rep Athenis constra Dozences bestum gerere debevet, consulto pzins Apoline responsum accepit, quod Smum de duobus, Bidesicet aut seipsum paetio interfiei, et poputum sum saturate, aut seipsum satus fieri, et populum inferfici efigere oposteret , Super que rem pietate motue plebie g fue magie quam proppii corporie fatutem affectane, mortem fibi paeelegit, Et fic Bellum aggrediene pao Bifa multozum folne interiit.

Df pitee foz to fpeake pleyne, nobiche is with mercie wel belegne, full ofte he woll bym felfe peyne To kepe an other fro the pepne. for Charitee the mother is Df pitee, whiche nothynge amis Lan luftre, if the it maie amende. It fit to enery man livende No be pitous, but none fo wele As to a hynge, whiche on the whele fortune bath fet abouen all.

for in a kynge, if so befalle That his pitee be ferme and ftable, To all the londe it is baillable Dnely throngh grace of his perfone.

sur case

for the pitee of hom alone Maie all the large royalme lane. So fit it well a hynge to haue Biter for this Valerie tolbe, and fapo : holve that by bates olde Codrus, whiche was in his begree Thonge of Athenes the citee, A werre be hab avenft Dorence, And for to take his euibence, mine al what thall befalle of the bataile. De thought be wolde bim first counfalls. with Apallo, in whom he triffe, Through whole answere thus be wifte, Df two poputes, that he might chele, De that he wolde his body lefe, And in bataile bim felfe bepe: De els the feconte weie den To feen his people discomfite.

But be, whiche pitee bath perfite. Thon the pointe of his beleue, The people thought to releue, And chefe bom felfe to be beab.

where is notive fuche an other head whiche wolde for the lymmes bie :

And netheles in fomme partie It ought a kynges herte ftere, That be bis liege men forbere. And eke towarde bis enemies full ofte be maie belerue palle To take of pitee remembrante, where that he might bo bengeance. for whan a kinge bath the victoire, And than be drawe in to memoire To bo pitee in frede of inzeche. De maie not faile of thilke fpeche, noberof arife the wooldes fame To peue a prince a worthie name.

HIC PONIT EXEMPLYM de Bictoziofi paincipie pietate erga adnerfarios fuos, Et navrat, quod cum Dompeius Romas nord Imperatoz regem Armenie adnerfaril fus um in Betto Bictum cepiffet, captum g Bincutte at figatum Rome tenniffet, tyrannidia iracundie fila mulo peftponens, pietatis manfuetubinem opes ratue eft : bipit enim, quod nobiline eft regem fas cere & deponere . faper quo dictum regem abfar Bita redemptione non fotum a Binculis abfoluit, fs ad fui regni culmen gratuita Sofuntate cozonas tum reftifuit.

Treve howe whileme that Pompeie To whom that Rome muste obeie, A warre had in Jupartie Apenst the kynge of Armenis, whiche of longe tyme had hym grened, But at last it was acheved:
That he this kynge discomfite hadde, And southe with hom to Kome ladde As prisoner, where many a daie In sorie plice and poore he late.
The corone on his head deposed, within walles fast enclosed.

And with full great humilites De futreth bis advertites.

Pompeie fighhis pacience,
And toke pitce with conscience,
To that upon his high deps
& o foze all Rome in his paleys,
As he that wolde upon hym rewe,
Lette peue bym his cozone newe,
And his afface all full and playne,
Restozeth of his reigne againe.
And saide: it was more goodly thenge
To make than widone a kynge
To hym, whiche power had of bothe,

Thus thei that weren bothe wrothe, Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet infice netheles
was kepte, and in nothinge offended.
where of Pompeie is yet commended.
There mais no kynge hym felfe ercule,
whiche for to elchewe crueitee
he mote attempre with pitee.

Df cruelter the felonie Engendzed is of tyzannie, Apene the whole condicion Bod is hym felfe the champion. Whole Arength no man mate withflows. Hoz ever per it bath to Aronde, That god a tyzanne over ladde. But where pitee the raigne ladde, There might no foztune last, Whiche was grenous, but at last The god hym felfe it hath redzessed. Whiche never let his maister fall. But crueltee thoughe it so fall, That it maie reigne for a throwe, God woll it thall be ouerthrowe wherofenfamples ben enows Dfhem, that thilbe merell prowe.

Plis ic foquitar contra illos, qui fyrannica petes
flate principatum optinentes, iniquitatis fue mas
ficia gloziantur. Et narrat in exemplum, quatuer
Leontius tyrannus pium Juffinianil non fotum a
fotio imperatorie maieffatis fraudulenter exputs
fit, fed bi tipfe inhabitis ad regnil in afpectu pledis
efficeretur nafo et labris abfeilis, ipfum tyrannice
mutilauit: deus tamen, qui fuper omnia plus eff.
Eyberio fuperueniente una cum adiatorio Ebers
bellis Bulgarie regis Jufinianum interfecto Les
oucio, ad imperiil reflitui miscricorditer geurauit.

De crueltee I rebe thus, Whan the tyzanne Leoncius was to thempire of Rome arrived, Fro whiche he hath with Arength prines The pietons luftinian. As be whiche was a cruell man, Dis note of and his lyppes both De cutte, for he toolbe him lothe Ulnto the people, and make bnable But be whiche all is merciable, The high god ozdeineth fo, Abat be within a tome allo, Whan he was arengelt in his pre, was thouen oute of his empyre. Tiberius the power babbe, And Rome after his will be labbe.

And for Leonce in furbe a wife Dedeineth that he toke Juile Of note and hypes both two: for that he bid another to, which more worthy was than bee

And pitee was lette by agegne.
And pitee was lette by agegne.
For after that the bokes legne,
Therbellis hynge of Bulgarie,
with helpe of his chivalrie,
Instinian hath unpulonned,
And to thempire agegne coroned.

Heic foquifur pfterine de crudefifate Sie cult frammi, necnon et de Berifo einfdem confis fiario: qui ad togmentum populi quendam tauril eneum frammica coniectura fabricari confituit, in quo thi pfe prior proprio esimine utud epigente

Dfqr ad fui inferifus eppirationem indicialiter tops quebatur.

Tin a cronike I finde alfo Df Siculus, whiche was eke fo A cruell kynge like the tempelt, The whom no pitee might arelf. De was the firte, as bokes feie, Upon the fea whithe founde galete. and let bem make for the weere. as be, whiche all was out of herre fre pitee and milericorbe. fa; therto couthe be not accorde, But whom be might flenne, be flough, And therof was be glad enough. De had of councell many one, Amonge the whiche there was one. Bo name whiche Berillus bight, And he bethought hom, how he might Cinto this typanne bo likenge. And of his owne imaginpage Lete forge and make a bulle of bras. And on the fobe caft there was 2 boze, where a man maie inwhan he his payne thall begin Through fire, which that men put beiber. And all this did be for a wonder. That loban a man for papire iribe, ... The bull of beas, whiche gaveth taybe, It thuibe feme, as though it were A belowinge in a mans ere, And not the crienge of a man. But be , whiche all fleightes cart. The binell, that lieth in bell faft. Down that it caft bathe ouercaft. That for a trespas, whiche he bebe. De was put in the fame ffebe. And was hom felfe the first of all. whiche was in to that pepne fall. That he for other men orbenneth. There was no man that bom complemeth. Df typannie and crueltee By this ensample a kynge mate fee Dym felfe, and eke bis counceil bothe, Dowe they ben to mankynoe lothe, and to the god abhominable. Enfamples that ben concordable I fynde of other painces mo.

As thou fhalte beer of tome ago.

■ Rofa fic de Sionpfle tpranno, qui mire cruditi fatte feneritate etiam fofpites fuoe ab denogans dum equia fuie tribuit, cui fercules tandem fupers nemiena Fictum impium impietate fua pari moste conclufit.

The greate typamme Dionyle,
whiche mans life let of no pale,
Unto his hoale full ofte he pale
The men, in fleve of come and chale.
So that the hoas of thilke flove
Denoureden the mannes bloode,
Till foatune at lafte came,
That Hercules him overcame.
Ind he right in the same wife,
Of this typamme tooke the Julle,
as he tyll other men hath bo,
The same beth he died also.
That no piter hym hath socourde,
Tyll he was of his hops denourde.

C Dota fic de cofimiti Lechaontie fprannia qui carnee hoim hominibue in fuo hofpicio ad Befs cendum dedit, cuina formam condicioni fimilem coequane ipm i n tupum transformante.

Tof Lychaon allo I fonde, Bow he agene the lawe of hymbe Bis hofte flough, and in to meate Be made her bodies to ben eate With other men within his hows.

But Impiter the glozious, whiche was commened of this thynge. Mengeance byon this cruel kynge So toke, that he fro mannes forme In to a wolfe be let tranfformt. And thus the crueltee was kio, whiche of longe tome be had bed. Ta wolfe be was than openly, The whole nature painely De had in his condicion. And buto this conclusion That tyzannie is to befoffe I fpnbe enfample in Conbrie wile, and nameliche of bem full ofte, The whom fortune bath fet alofte Tipon the werres for to wynne. 28ut howe to that the tozonge begynne Df tyramme it maie not laste,
What suche as thei bone at laste
To other men, suche on hem falleth.
For avene suche, pitee calleth
Wengeance to the god abone.
For who that hath no tender lone
In sanynge of a mans life,
The shall be founde so gittise,
That whan he wolde mercie craus
In tyme of nede he shall none have.

Cofa qualifer leo Sominibue ffralle percit.

Of the nature this ? fonde The fiers lion in his hynne, whiche goth rampende after his vaale. If he a man fonde in his wate, De will hom depen, if he withfronde, But if the man couthe binberfonde To fall anone tofoze his fare, In figne of mercie and of grace, The lion thall of his nature Reftreigne bis Ire in fuche mealure, As though it were a bette tamed. And tozne awete halfyng afhamed. That he the man hall nothing grene. Dowe tholbe than a prince acheue The worldes grace, pf that he wolde Deffroie a man, whan he is volve, And frante boon his mercy alles

But for to speake in specialle,
There have be suche, and suche there bee
Ayrames, whose hertes no pitee
Wate to no poput of mercie plie,
That thei boon her tyraumie
De gladen hem the men to sea.
And as the rages of the sea
Ben impitous in the tempeste:
Right so maie no pitee areste
Of crueltee the great bltrage,
whiche the tyraume in his corage
Engendred hath, where I synde

This foquifur precipue confra tyrannos illos, qui cum in Bello Bincere poffüt, humani fanguinis effusionem faturari nequeunt: et narrat in epems plum de quodam Persarum rege, cuine nomen Spartachus erat, qui pre ceteris tunc in oriente Bellicofus et Victoriosus, quoscusa gladio Vincere

poterat, ablar pietate interfici constituit. Sed tandem sub mann Comiria Masagetarum regine in bell'o captus, g. a diu quesuit, seueritatem pro seueritate fractiter invenit. Nam et ipsa quodo dam Vas de sanguine persarum plenum ante se afferre decreuit, in quo caput tredui osque ad mor tem mergene divit: D sprannozum crudelissime semper esuriena fanguinem stissi, ecce iam ad sas turitatem sanguinem bibe.

TI reve in olde bokes thus, There was a buke, whiche Spartacus Men clepe, and was a warriour, A cruell man a conquerour with Aronge power, the whiche he lad, for this condicion he bab, That where byin hapneth the birtoire. Dis tuff and all his most gloire was for to flee, and not to fane. Df raunsome wolde be no good baus for laurnge of a mans life, But all gothe to the fwerde and knife, So leefe hom was the mans bloode. And netheles pet thus it froode, Do as fortune aboute went, De fell right betre, as by discent To Pers, and was cozoned honge And whan the worthip of this thonge was fall: and he was hynge of Bers, If that thei weren fratt diners The cyramies, whiche be woought, A thousand folde well moze be sought Than afterwarde to do malice, Till god bengeance apene the bice Dath thape: for byon a tide, whan he was hielte in his prive, In his rancour, and in his bete, Avene the quene of Mafagete, whiche Tomiris that tyme hight 2)e mabe warre all that be might. And the whiche wolde hir londe befende, Dir owne fonne avene him fende. whiche the befence bath bnbertake: But be discomfite was and take. And whan this kinge bym had in hondes 2)e woll no mercy buderfronde. But byd hym flea in his prefence.

The tidynge of this violence Whan it cam to the mothers eare, She sende anone aie wide where To luche frendes as the hab,
A great power till that the lab.
In londite wife and tho the cast,
Down the this kyinge male overcast.

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And at last acrosted was,
That in the dawnger of a pas,
Abrough whiche this tyranne thuld pas,
She thope his power to compas
with strength of men, by suche a wey,
That he shall not escape awey.

and when the had thus ordeined, She hath bir owne body feigned for feare as though the wolde fice Dut of hir londe : And whan that hee Dath berbe, howe that this lable febbe, So falt after the chale be fpebbe, That he was founde out of araye, for it betto bpon a bate, log and In to the paas whan be was fall, and The enbullbementes to breaken all, And hom beclipte on enery live, That flee ne might be not alibe. me during that there weren bead and take Tivo hundzed thoulande for his lake, That weren with hym of his holte. And thus was leved the great botte Dfbym, and of his tyzannie. It balve no mercy for to crie To hom, whiche whilome did none. for he buto the quene anone 10 as broughte: and whan that the him fie, This worde the fpake, and faid on bie :

Man, whiche out of mans kynde, Reason of man hast lefte behynde, And lined worse than a beste, whom pitee might none areste. The mannes blode to shede and spille: Thou hads never yet thy fille. But not e the laste tyme is come. That thy malice is ouercome, As thou till other men hast do, howe shall be do to the right so.

The bad this lady that men thulde A beffell brynge, in whiche the wolde we the bengeance of his Juile, whiche the began anone deutle, and take the princis, whiche he ladde, who whom his chiefe councell he hadde,

And while hem lasteth any breth
She made hem blede to the beth
Into the bestell where it stoode.
And whan it was fulfild of bloode,
She cast this tyraume therin,
And sayde him: Lo thus might thou winns
The lustes of thine appetite,
In bloode was whilom thy belite,
Owwe shalte thou brinken all thy sille
And thus onelithe of goddes wille
De whiche that wolde hym selfe straungs
To pitee, sonde merry so straunge,
That he without grace is loze.

So male it well thewe the moze, That crueltee bath no good ende, But pitee howe to that it wende, Makt b that god is merciable, ment little If there be caufe reasonable, poby that a hynge thall be pitous, Here 18ut els if he be boubtous To fleen in caule of rightwilenette, It male be faibe no pitoulnelle, But it is pulillanimitee, nobiche enery prince Chulbe flee. for if pitee mealure ercebe, Knighthode maie not alwey proceds To do fullice opon the right. for it belongeth to a hnight, and a nie it As glably for to fight as reffe, To fet his liege people in refte, whan that the warre boon bem falleth. for hem be mote, as it befalleth, Dfhis knighthone, as a lion 3Be to the people a champion without any pitee feigneb. for if manhode be refreigned, D2 be it pees, 02 be it warre, Juffice goth all out of berre, So that knighthode is fet behynde. Df Aristotles loze I fynde, A kynge fhall make good bilage, That no man knowe of his courage But all honour and worthinelle. for if a konge thall boon geffe, Mithout beray caufe brebe, De maie be liche to that 3 rede. And though that be like a fable, Thenlample is good and realonable.

Die loquitur fecundum philofophum dicene, quod ficut non becet principes tranmica impetus ofitate effe crudeles, ita nec decet fimozofa pufit l'animitate effe vecordes.

Tas it bo olde baies fille Trebe whilome that an bille Wip in the londes of Archade A wonder bredfult nople it made. fo; fo it fil that plke baie This bille on his childinge late. And whan the throwes on him come, Dis nople liche the Date of Dome was ferefull in a mannes thought Dithinges, which that thei fe nought: But well thei berben all aboute The notie, of which thei were in doubte, As thei that wenden to be loze Df thinge, whiche than was buboze. The nere this hil was boon chance To take bis Deliverance. The moze buboromly he cride: And every man was flebbe afibe for drede, and lefte his owne hows, and at laft it was a moms. The inhiche was boze, and to nozice Betake : and the thei belbe bem nice. for they withouten caule brabbe.

Thus if a kyinge his herte ladde With every thinge that he thall here, full ofte he thulde change his chere, And byon fantalie deede, Whan that there is no cause of viede.

C Dota Bic fecundum IB ogacium de magnanimo Bacide, et pufulanimo Eferfite.

Thorace to his prince tolde, That him were lever, that he wolde Upon unighthode Achilles feine In tyme of warre, than eschewe So as Therites bid at Arole.

Achilles all his hole tope Det open armes for to fight. Therfites fought all that he might Unarmed for to Aonde in refte. What of the two it was the beffe, That Achilles open the neve Dath vo, wheref his knightlyhede Is yet commended overalle.

Ikunge Salomon in freefall Saith , As there is a tome of pees, Do is a tome netbeles Df warre, in whiche a wince algate Shall foz the common right bebate, And for his owne worthip eke, But it behoueth not to feke Dnelp the warre foz wozibip : Wint to the right of his lozdibip, Whiche he is holde to defende : Mote enery worthye prince entende Betwene the simplesse of pitee, And the foole haft of crueltee. where fronte the bery hardineffe, There mote a kunge his berte abzelle. Whan it is tome, to forfahe, And whan tyme is, allo to take The deadly warres byon bonde, That be fallfer no brebe wonde, If rightivilenes be withall. for goo is mighty oner all To forther every mans trouthe, But it be through his owne flouthe, And namely the kinges nede It maie not faple for to fpebe. for he fante one for bem all. So mote it well the better fall. And well the more god fanoureth, whan be the commune righte locoureth. And for to fee the foth in bebe Behold the bible, and thou might rede Df great enfamples many one, wherof that I will tellen one.

Thic dicit, quod princepe inflicie caufa bettum nutto modo timere debet. Et narrat qualiter dup Gedeon cum folie trecentie virie quinque regen fcilicet Padianitarum, Amalechitarum, Amois tanozum, Amozeozum et gebufeozum, cum eozu epcercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratue eff, gracia cooperante dinina, victoriofe in fugam convertit.

Talpon a tyme as it befelle
Ayenst Jude and Israell,
whan sondry hynges come were
In purpos to dostrote there
The people, whiche god kepte tho,
and stoode in thiske dates so,
That Gedeon, whiche shulve lede
The goddes solke, take him to rede,

£t.

and fende in all the londe aboute, Tol be allembled bath a route noith .rrr. thoulande of defence To fight and make relitence, Agepte the whiche hem wolde affaple. And netheles that one bataile Df thie, that weren enemis, mans pouble more than was all his, noherof that Gedeon him baab, That be folitell people had. But be whiche all thinge mate belpe, nohere that there lacketh mannes helpe, To Gedeon bis angell fente, and bad, er that he forther wente, All openly that he bo crie That every man in his partie, the nedera nahiche molde after his owne wille In his Delite abibe fille At home in any maner wife, for purchace, or for couetile, for lufte of lone, or lacke ofherte, De thuld nought aboute ferte, But boloe bim ffile at home in pees. peberof bpon the mozowe be lees well.rr. thoulande men and mo, The whiche after the crie ben go.

INX.ID Tol

Thus was with him but onely lefte The thride parte, and pet god efte Dis angel fende and faid this To Gedeon: If it lois, That I then belpe thall budertake, Thon Chalt pet lelle people take, 18p whom mp wil is that thou fpede. for the to morowe take good bebe, Into the flood whan ve be come, 19 hat man that hath the water nome The in his bande, and lapveth fo, To the parte thefe oute all tho And him whiche wery is to Cwinke, Ulpon his wombe and lieth to bypnke. forfake and put bem al awege. for I am mightie all wepe, where as me lift my helpe to thewe In good men, though thei be fewe. This Gedeon awaiteth wele Thon the mozowe, and every bele, As god him bab, right lo be bebe. And thus there lefte in that frede

With him thre hondred, and no mo, The remenant was all ago. Wherof that Gedeon merueileth, And theron with god councedeth Pleinunge, as ferforth as he dare.

And god, whiche wolve he were ware That he thulve fpede boon his right, Dath bede him go the fame night, And take a man with him to here what thall be spoke in this matere A monge the bethen enemis, So may he be the more wife, what afterwarde him thall befalle.

This Gedeon amonges alle
Phara, to whom he trist moste,
By night toke towards thinke hosse,
whiche lodged was in a valeie,
To here what thei wolden seie.
Thom his soote and as he ferve,
Two sarasines spekende he herve:
Puod one, arede my swenen arighe,
whiche I met in my slepe to night.

Me thought I figh a barly rake,
whiche fro the hille his wey hath take,
And com rolleinde doivne at ones,
And as it were for the nones,
forth in his cours so as it ran,
The kynges tente of Madian,
Of Amaleche, of Amorie
Of Amon, and of Lebusie
And many another tente ms,
with great sope as me thought tho,
It threse to grounde and over cast,
And all his holf so lore agaste,
That I awoke for pure drede.

This fweuen can I well arebe,

The barly cake is Gedeon, whiche fro the hille downe sobenise shall come, and set suche a sarte supen the kinges, and be both, That it shall to be all sothe. Ho; in suche drede he shall be brynge, That if we haden night of wynge, The were one soote in dispaire we shall lene, and see in the agre. Ho; there shall nothing him withstonde, whan Gedeon hath understonde

Ahis

This tale, he thonketh god of all,
And princliche ageyne he falle,
So that no life him hath perceived.
And than he hath fully conceived.
That he shall frede: and therepon
The night fewend he thope to gone;
This multitude to assale.

Nowe halt thou here a great merualle, with what wilhome that he wrought.

The litell people, whiche he brought, was none of hem that he ne hath
A potte of erthe, in whiche he tath
A light bremping in a creffet,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other honde belive.

And thus boon the nightes tide
Duke Gedeon whan it was derke,
Dedeneth hym but o his werke,
And parted than his folke in thee,
And chargeth hem, that thei ne flee.
And taught hem how thei thulde afficie
All in a boice par companie.
And what worde thei fluide eke speke,
And howe thei fluide her pottes breke
Echeone with other, whan thei herde
That he hym selfe syst so serve.
Horishan thei cam into the stede,
De bad hem do right as he dede.

And thus stalkende forth a paas This noble duke whan tyme was Dis potte to brake, and loude ascribe, And tha thei breke on every side.
The trompe was nought for to seke, De blewe, and so thei blewen eke with suche a noyse amonge hem all, As though the benen shulde fall.

The hill onto her boyce answerde.
This hose in the valey it herve,
And sighe how that the hill a light,
So what ofherynge and of sight,
Thei caught suche a sodeine fere,
That none of hem be lefte there.
The tentes holly thei socioke,
That thei none other good ne toke,
Wat onely with her body bare
Thei stedde, as doth the wide hare.
And ener valon the hille thei blewe,
Till that thei sigh tyme and kneive,

That thei be fied opon the rage.

And whan thei wife their anantage.
Thei fill anone bean the chare.
Thus might thou le, bow gods grace
Unto the good men anafleth
But els oft tyme it faileth
To fuche as be not well disposed.
This tale nebeth not to be glosed.
Ho; it is openly thewed,
That god to hem that ben well thewed,
Dath yeue and graunted the bictoire,
So that thensample of this histoire
Is good for every konge to holde.

first in hym selfe that he beholde,
Pf he be good of his linguage:
And that the solke, whiche he thall bypage,
Be good also, so; than he maie
Be glad of many a mery date,
In what that ever he hath to doone.
In what that ever he hath to doone.
In all thyage maie spille and spede,
In every cas, and every nede,
Dis good kyage so well adresselfeth,
That all his so men he represents
So that there maie no man hym dere.
And also well he can sorbere,
And suffer a wicked kyage to salle
In handes of his somen all.

E fic dicit, quod Bbi et quando caufaet tempun sequirunt, princepe ittos fus potestate fua, quos inflicie aduet farios agnonerit, occidere de mre texnetur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Santregem Agag in Setto devictum inpla Samuelia confitum occidere notuit, ipse diumo indicio non solum a regno Braet prinatus, sed et feredes sui pro perpetus experedati funt.

Chowe ferthermoze if I hall feyn Df my matere, and tourne ageyn To fpeke of Juffice and Pitee, After the rule of rialtee.

This maie a kynge well onberstonde, Knighthode mote be take on honde whan that it kont boon the nede, We shall no rightfull cause drede, so more of warre than of pees, Is well stonde blameles. For such a cause a kynge mate have, wetter it is to see than save.

Et ii

wherof

wherof thou might ensample fynde,
The high maker of mankynde
aby Samuel to Saul badde,
That he shall nothynge ben adad
Agayne kynge Agag so; to fight.
If o; this the godhede hym behight,
That Agag shall be overcome.

Fol. CLYMIT.

And whan it is so ferforth come,
That Saul hath hym discomfite,
The god had make no respite,
That he ne shulde hym sea anone.
But Saul let it overgone,
And did not the gods beste.

for Agag made a great behelte
Dfrauniome, whiche he wold give,
Renge Saul sustreth hym to live,
And frigneth pitee forth withall.
What he, whiche seeth and knoweth all,
The hie god, of that he frigneth,
To Samuel boon hym pleyneth,
And sende hym worde: for that he lefte
Of Agag that he me bereste
The lyfe, he shall not onely bie
Dym selfe, but fro his regalie
De shall be put sor evermo,
Anought he, but eke his heyre also,
That it shall never come ageyn.

M Bie navrat veteri' fuper eode, qualifer Danib in eptremie inflicie caufa St Boas occideretur, as. fque veta remissione filio fuo Salomoni iniumpit.

Thus might thon fee the foth pleyne, That of to muche, and of to lite, Ulpon the princes frant the wite. But ever it was a kynges right To bo the bedes of a kinght. Hor in the hondes of a kynge The dethe and life is all o thynge, After the lawes of infice.

To Geen it is a beedly bice, But if a man the bethe beferue.

And if a kynge the life preserve Df hym, whiche ought for to die, De seweth not the ensamplarie, whiche in the bible is enident, Dowe David in his testament, whan he no lenger might leve, Unto his some in charge hath gene, That he loab thati dea algate.

And whan Dauid was gone bis gate, The ponte wife Salomone Dis fathers befte bib anone, And flewe load in fache a wife, That thei that berben the inile, Quer after deebbe bym the moze, And got was the well payt therfore, That he fo wolde his berte plie, The lawes for to iuftiffe. good Healthad 🤃 And pet he kepte forth withall Diter, fo as a prince thall, That he no tyzannie wzought. De fonde the wilbom, whiche be lought, And was fo rightfull netheles, and an and That all his life he ftode in pees, thank That he no deadly warres had. Define for every man his wilbom drab. And as be was bom felfe wife, Roght fo the worthy men of prife De bath of his counleple withholds. For that is every prince boloe To make of fuche his retinue, Whiche wife ben : and remne The fooles . for there is nothunge, whiche maie be better about a konge Than counseple, which is the substance Df all a kynges gouernance.

Thic dicit, quod populum fibi commiffum bene regere fuper omnia principi laudabifine eft. Et narrat m epemplum, qualiter pro eo quad das lomon, Bt populum bene regeret, ab altiffimo fas pientid [pecialius poftulanit, omnia Bona parites cum illa fibi habundancius aduenerunt.

EIn Salomon a man mate fee, what thynge of most necessitee Unto a worthy hynge belongeth.

Whan he his kyngdome binderfongeth, God bad hym chefe what he wolde, And fayde hym, that he have tholde, What he wolde alke, as of o thynge.

And he whiche was a newe kynge forth therboon his boone prayds
To god, and in this wife fayde:
D kynge, by whom that I thall reigne, year me wisdome, that I my reigne, forth with the people, whiche I have To then bonour maie kepe and saue.

weban

Whan Salomon his boone hath tared, The god of that whiche he hath ared, was right well payde, and granteth foone, not all onely, that he his boone Shall have of that, but of richelle, Of hele, of pees, of hie noblelle, For with wyldone at his alkynges, whiche fant above all other thenges.

This dicit fecundum Salomonem, quod regie mageftatie imperium ante omnia fano conficio dis sigendum eff.

But what kong will his reigne faue, firft bym beboueth foz to to baue, After the god and his beleue, Suche counceile, whiche is to beleue. fulfilde of trouth, and rightivilenes: But aboue all in bis nobleffe. Betwene the reddour and Bitee. A konge fall Do fuche equitee, And fet the balance in euen. So that the high god of benen, And all the people of his nobleie, Lowenge buto his name lete. for moft aboue all erthly good, where that a kynge hym felfe is good It helpeth, for in other weve If so be that a kynge fortwepe,

E Quidquid befir ant reges, plectuntur Achini.

full ofte er this it bath be leine The comen people is overlepne, And bath the kynges forme abought. All though the people agilte nought. Df that the kynge his god millerueth, The people takth that he beferneth Dere in this woolde, but elles where I not howe it thall fonde there. for thy good is a kynge to triffe, fpit to bym felfe, as be ne wift Done other belpe but god allone, So thall the rule of his perfone, within him felfe through prouidence, Ben of the better confcience. And for to finde enfample of this. A tale I rebe, and foth it is.

This de Lucio imperatore epemplum ponit, qua titer princepe fui nominie famam a fecretie cons filiarlis fapienter innefligare debet, et fi quid in ea finifirum innenerit, promifa diferetione ad deptera connertat.

The a cronike it telleth thus,
The kynge of Rome Lucius
within his chambre boon a night
The flewarde of his hous a knight,
forth with his chamberleine also
To connecte had both two,
And floden by thy chymnee
To gether spekende all thre.
And hapneth that the kynges soole
Dat by the fire boon a ffole,
As he that with his bable platte,
What yet he berde all that thei saide,
And theros toke thei no hede.
The kynge hem areth what to rede,
Of suche matere as cam to mouth.

And thei him tolde, as thei courh.
Whan all was spoke, of that thei ment:
The kynge with all his hole entent
Then at laste hem areth this,
What kynge men tellen that he is:
Emonge the folke touthinge his name,
D; it be price or it be blame,
Right after that thei herden sayne,
That they no poynt of soth forbeare
By thilke seyth, that they hym beare.

The flewards first open this things. Bafe his answere onto the kynge: And thought glose in this matere, And saide, als ferre as he can here, Dis name is good, and honozable. Thus was the flewards fauourable, That he the trouth playne ne tolde.

The konge than areth, as he fholbe, The chamberleine of his aufle.

And he that was subtile and wife, And somele thought boon his feeth, Zign tolde, howe all the people seeth, That if his counseyle were treive, That of his rounseyle were treive, That of hym selfe he shulde bee A worthy kynge in his degree. And thus the counseyle he accuseth In party and the kynge excuseth.

The foole, whiche herde of all this cas, Ee iii what what tyme as gods will was Sigh, that thet layben not enough, And hem to leazne both lough. And to the hynge he layd tho?

Sy: kynge if that it were to,
Df wildome in then owne mode
That thou the felfe were good,
The counceil thuld not be bad.
The kenge therof meruayle had,
whan that a foole to wifely spake,
And of hym selfe sonde oute the lacke
within his owne conscience.
And thus the sooles entdence,
which was of gods grace enspired
Makth good counceile was desired.

De put awaie the vicious, And toke to him the vertuous.

The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
The londes good is well dispended,
The people was no more oppressed:
And thus stoode every thinge redressed.
For where a kynge is propre wise,
And hath suche as him selfe is,
Of his counces, it maie not falle,
That every thinge ne shall availe.
The vices than gon awey,
And every vertue holte his wey:
where the hie god is pleased,
And all the londes folke eased.

Fo: (Ithe common people crie, And than a kynge lift not to plie To here, what the clamore wolde. And otherwise than he sholde, Disloeigneth for to bone hem grace, It hath be seene in many place, There hath be fall great contraire, And that I finde of ensamplaire.

De fic dicit, quod senioses magis epperti ad principle consistum admittendi potius epistumt, Et narrat, quasiter pro eo quod Roboas Salos monis filus et hecce, senium sermonibus renuns cians, dicta inuenum preelegit, de duodecim tris Bibus Ifrael a domino suo dece penitus amisit, et sic cil duabus tantumodo illusus postes regnanit.

After the beth of Salomone, whan thilke wife hynge was gone, and Roboas in his persone Receive shulpe the cozone,

THE REAL PROPERTY.

The people boon a parlement Aufled were of one allent, And all buto the hynge thei prefoe with commune boys and thus thei laybe?

Dur liege lozde we the beferbe, That thou receine our bumble fperbe. And graunt bs, whiche that reason wil, De of the grace, or of the fail, Thy fader while be was aline, And might both graunte and palue Thon the werkes whiche be had, Abe common people ffreicte lad, mahan be the temple made newe. Thinge whiche men neuer afoze knewe, De brought by than of his tallage, And all was bnder the bilage Df werkes, whiche he made the. But noive it is befall fo. That all is made right as be leibe, and he was riche whan he beid. Do that it is no maner nebe, If thou therof wilt taken bede, To pillen of the people moze, whiche longe tyme bath be greueb foge.

And in this wife as we the fete, with tender herte we the prefe, That thou releffe thilke dette, whiche upon be thy faher fette. And if the like to doone to, we ben thy men for evermo To gone and comen at thy beffe.

The kinge, whiche berde this requeste, Saith, that he will ben auised, And hath therof a tyme assist, And in the while, as he him thought, And in the while, as he him thought, And firste the wise knightes olde, To whome that he his tale tolde, Counseillen him in this manere, That he with love, and with glad there forgene and graunte all that is asked, Of that his fader had tasked.

For so he maie his reigne achene with thing which shall bem litell greve.

The kynge hem herd, and oner palleth, And with this other his wit compalleth, That youge were, and nothinge wile, And thei thele olde men delpile,

And

And favben : Str it thall be thame for euer bnto thy worthie name, If thou ne kepe not thy ryght (ushile thou arte in thy yonge might) uphiche that thene olde father gate : But faie buto the people plate, That while thou linet in thy londe, The lette finger of thine honde It thall be frenger ouer all, Than was thy fathers body all. And thus allo thall be the tale. If be bem imote with robbes fmale, with frozpions thou thalt bem imite. And where the father toke a lite, Thou thouself take michell mose: Thus thalte thou make bem brede loze The great berte of thy corage, Do foz to holde hem in leruage.

This ponge kynge hym hath conformed To bone as he was last enformed, whiche was to him his budopuge. For whan it came to the spekynge, The hath the younge councelle holde, That he the same wordes tolde. Of all the people in audience.

And whan they berden the fentence Df bis malice, and the manace, Anone tofoze his owne face Abei baue bim btterly refuled, And with full great reprone accused a Do they began for to raue, That be hom felle was fanne to faue. for as the wylde wode rage, Df wondes maketh the lea lauage, and that was caulme barngeth to waive, So for befaut and grace of lawe The people is fered all at ones, And forth they gone out of his wones, Do that of the lignages twelfe, Two tribes onely by hem felfe with bom abiden, and no mo. Do were thei foz euerma Df no returne without espeire Departed fro the rightfull beire De Itaell, with common boyce, A konge boon her owne chavce Amonge bem felfe anone thei make, And have ber ponge lopbe foglake.

A potoze knight leroboas They toke and lefte Roboas Whiche rightfull beire was by dicent, Lo thus the ponge canfe went. for that the councelle was not goods The reigne fro the rightfull blood Quer afterwarde denided was. Do maie it prouen by this cas, That ponge counceile, which is to warme, Er men beware both ofte barme. Dibe age for the counceile ferueth. And lufty youth his thouse deferveth alpon the traneile, whiche be booth, And both for to lep a foothe, 18p fondzie caufe for to bane. If that he will his reigne fane, A kynge behoueth euery baie: That one can, and that other mafe. Be fo the Rynge bem bothe rule, D: elles all goth out of rule.

E Dofa queffionem cuiuf dam philosophi, berum regno connientius fozet pzincipem cum male consilio optare sapientem, quam cum sano consilio ipsum eligere insipientem.

and byon this matere also A question betwene the two Thus weitten in boke I fonde. where it be better for the londe A kynge hym felfe to be wife, And to to beare his owne paile, And that his councetle be not good. De otherwife if it lo foode, A konge if be be bictous. And his councefle be bertuous. It is answerde in fuche a mile. That better it is, that thei be wife. 13p whom that the councelle thall be gone, for thei ben many, and be is one, And rather fall an one man motth fals counfeile, for ought be ran, from his wifebome be made to falla Aban be alone Gulbe bem all fro bices buto bertue change. for that is well the more frange. for the the lande male well be glab. whole kynge with good counfeile is lan Whiche lette bym bnto rightwifnes:

So that his high worthinelle
Betwene the reddom and pitee,
Doth mercie forth with equitee.
A kinge is holden over all
To pitee, but in speciall
To hem, where he is most beholde,
They shalde his pitee most beholde,
That ben the lieges of the loude.
For their ben ever bader his honde,
After the gods ordenance,
To stonde byon his governance.

Folkslyi

T Rota abfur percipue de peincipum erga face fubbitos debita pietate, legitur enim qualiter An thonius a Driptone eveplificatus, divit, quod mal let buum de populo fibi commifio virum faluare, qu'à centil ep hofile allenigenia in bello perdere.

Df themperour Anthonius I finde, bowe that be faide thus: Dowe bim were leuer foz to faue Dne of bis lices, than to baue Of enemies an bundzeb bebe. Sno thus be lerned as 3 rede DeScipio, whiche had bee Confull of Kome, and thus to fee Diuers ensamples bowe thet fronde, A kinge whiche bath the charge on bonde The common people to gouerne, If that be wil, be maie well lerne. Is none to good to the plefance Df god, as is good governance. And every governance is due To pitee, thus I maie argue, That pitee is the foundemente Df euery bynges regimente. If it be medled with Juffice. Thei tino remenen all bice. and ben of bertue molt vallable To make a kinges roplme Cable.

Lo thus the toure poputes tofoze
In governance, as thei be boze
Of trouth first and of largeste,
Of pitee, fozth with rightwishesse,
I have hem tolde, and over this
The first popute, so as it is
Set of the rule of policie,
where a kynge thall modifie
The fieldly lustes of nature,

Doive thinks I telle of fuche meature, That both kinde thall be ferned, And eke the lawe of god observed.

Corporis et métis regé decet onis honestas, Nominis vt famam nulla libido ruat, Omne q est hominis esseminat illa voluptas, Sit nisi magnanimi cordis vt obstat ei.

This tractat secundum Arifictelem de quina ta principum policia, que caffitatem concernit, cuine honestae impudicitie motus obsemperans tam corporis quam anime mundiciam specialius preservat.

The male is made for the femele, But where as one belireth fele, That neveth nought by wey of kynde. for whan a man maie redy finde Dis owne wife, what thulve he leche In frange places to befeche, To bozowe another mans plouch. whan be bath geare at home enough Affapted at his owne beffe, And is to bom wel moze boneffe, Than other thinge, whiche is buknowe. for thy thuide every good man knows And thenke, howe that in mariage Z)is trouth plite, lieth in mozgage, mbiche if be breke, it is fallehobe, And that discordeth to manhode, And namely towarde the great, mberof the bokes all trete. So as the philosophie techeth To Alifander, and bim beterbeth The loze, howe that he thall meafure Dis bobte , lo that no mealure Dfftelbir luft be thulbe errebe. And thus forth if I thall procede The fpfte popnte, as 3 lapo ere, 3s Chaftitee, whiche felde where Comth noise a daies in to place. And nethelelle but it be grace Aboue all other in fperiall Is none that challe male ben all. But pet a kynges high elfate, whiche of his order as a prelate, Shall be anopute and fanetified: Z)e mote be moze magnifieb for bignitee of his corone, Than fhulbe another lowe perfone,

whiche

Mohiche is not of highe empaile.

Therfore a prince hym thulve abuile,
Er that he fell in luche riote,
And namely that he ne allote
To change for the womanhed
The worthinelle of his manhed.

E Dota de doctrina Ariffotelle, qualiter pelcepe be animi fui locunditatem peouocet, mufieres foes mofas crebes afpicere debet; caucat tamen ne mes voluptuofa toepefcens ep carnia fragilitate in vitium dilabatur.

Df Ariftotle I hane well rabbe, Dowe he to Alifander babbe, That for to glabben bis corage De thulbe beholden the bilage Di women, whan that thei ben faire; But pet be fet an eramplaire, Dis boby lo to guide and rule, That be ne palle not the rule, wherof that be him felfe beggle. for in the woman is no gyle. Df that a man bim felfe by wapeth, whan be is owne witte beiapeth, I can the woman well ercufe. But what man will boon bem mule After the folifihe imprellion Df bis imaginacion, within bim felfe the fire be bloweth, Wherof the woman nothing knoweth, So may the nothinge be to wite,

Hoz if a man him felfe errite To dzenche, and will nought fozbeare. The water thall no blame beare,

what mate the golde though men couests. If that a man will love street,
The woman hath hym nothynge bounde,
If he his owne hert wounde,
She mate not let the folie,
And though so fill of companie,
That he might any thynge purchace,
Pet maketh a man the first chace.
The woman steeth, and he purseweth,
So that by wey of skill it seweth,
The man is cause bowe so befalle,
That he full ofte sith is falle,
Where that he maie not well arise.
And netheles full many wise

Befooled have hem felfe er this:

As nowe a dates pet it is

Amonge the men and ever was,

The Aronge is feblefte in this taas.

It fit a man by wey of kynde
To loue, but it is not kinde,
I man for loue his tot to lefe.

for if the month of Jule hall frele, and that December hall be bote, The pere millorneth well I wote.

To feen a wan from his estate
Through his fotte esseminate,
And leve that a man shall voos,
It is as hole abone the shoos
To man, whiche oughte not to be bled.
But yet the worlde hath ofte accused
full great princes of this deds,
Dowe ther for love hem selse missed,
where manhode stoods behinds,
Of olde ensamples as men synds.

E fle ponit exeplum, qualiter pro eo quod Sars banapattus Affiriozum princeps, muliebri obles etamento effeminatus fut edeupifcentie torporem, quafi ex edfuetubine adfibebat, as Arbacto regs medorum fuper foc infidiante in fui feruoris maa iori Boluptate fußite mutationions extinctus eff.

Thefe olde geffes tellen thus That whilome Sardanapalus, whiche helde all hole in his empfre The great kyngbome of Affire, was through the flouth of his corage fall into the ilke firie rage Df loue, whiche the men afforeth, naberof bym felfe be fo rioteth, and wereth fo ferforth womanniffhe. That agepn konde, as if a fiffe Abide wolde byon the lande. In women luche a lufte be fonde, That be bivelte euer in chambze ffile, And only wzought after the wille De women, fo as he was bede, . That feldome whan in other febe. If that he wolde wenden oute, To feen bowe that it fobe aboute. But there he kille, and there be platen, Thei taughten bym a lace to b;aled, And weue a purs, and to enfile

A perle: And fell thilke while

Dne Arbactus, the prince of Mede,
weeth the hynge in womanhede,
was falle fro chinalrie,
And gate hym helpe, and companie,
And wrought so, that at laste

This kynge out of his reigne he caste,
whiche was undere for ever mo.
And yet men speaken of hym so,
That it is thame sor to here,
sor thy to lone is in manere.

INVXID. lot

propter for profitatem armorum non minus epercuit.

Tkynge Dauid bab many a loue: But netheles alwaie about Enighthobe be kepte in fuche a wife, That for no fellbely couetife Df inft to ligge in lables armes, De lefte not the lufte of armes. p where a prince his luftes fueth, That he the warre not purfueth, han it is tome to bene armed: Die countre frant full ofte barmeb, un han the enemies be ware bolde, Mhat thei befence none bebolbe, full many a londe bath fo be loze. As men maie rebe ofte tome afoze. Df bem that fo ber eafes foughten. pobiche after thei full bere abouten.

E hic to quitur qualiter regnum lascinie volupsas tibus deditil, de facili vincutur: Et ponit epemptil de Cy20 rege persarum, qui cum Lidos micappo bitatis strenuissimos, sidigi in bello aduersantes nullo modo Incere potuit, cum ipsis tandem pascis tractatum dissimilans, concopdid finas? kabis tire simpit, super quo Lydipostes per asiquod tes pus armis insoluti sub pacis tempope Voluptatis bus intendebant. Quod Cy200 percipiens in con armatus substituti, ipsos ig inde sensibiles vinseens success substatios substitutarios subsuganit.

To machell eafe is nothinge worthe.

for that fetteth enery wice forthe,
And enery bertue put a backe,

Wherof price turneth in to lacke,

As in crenike I wate veherle, us hiche telleth, howe the kyinge of Berle That Cyrus hight, a warve habbe Ageinst the people, whiche be drande, and a countrey, whiche Lydas highe. But vet for ought that he bo might, As in batatle boon the warre. De bab of them altonie the warre. And whan he fighe, and will it wele, That he by Grength wan no bele; Than at lafte be caffe a wile This weathy people to begyle, And toke with bem a feigneb pees, mobiche fhulbe laften enbelees, So as he lapte in wordes wife, But be thought all in other wife. for it betto boon the caas. whan that this people in reft was, Thei token eafes many folbe, And worldes eafe (as it is tolde) By wate of kynde is the nozice Df euery lufte, whiche tourbeth bice.

Thus whan thet were in luftes fall,
The warres bene forgeten all.
Was none, whiche wolve the worthip
Df armes, but in toelship,
Thei putten businesse awaie,
And toke hem to baunce and plate.
But moste aboue all other thynges
Thei token hem to the likpnges
Of selshely lustes, that chastitee
Received was in no degree:
But every man both what bim lisse.

And whan the hynge of Perfe it wiffe, That thei buto folic entenden, With his power, whan thei lest wenden, More lovening than both the thunder He came, for ener and put hem buder, And thus hath letherte lore The londe, whiche had be tofore The beste of hem, that were tho,

E fote qualiter facta Bellica luons infortunat. Et narrat, quod cum rep Amolech hebreis fibi infuttantibus refifere nequit, confitie Balang mulieres regni fui pulcherrimas in cafiro hebreas sum milit, qui ab ipfis contaminati funt.

and in the bible I finde allo A tale, like bnto this thinge, Dowe Ameleche the painym kynge, noban that he might by no wege Defende his londe, and put aweie The mosthie people of Ilraell. This farafin, as it befelle Through the councette of Balaam, A rout of faire women nam, That luftic were, and of ponge age, And bab hent go to the linage Of thele bebrewes : and forth thef went, with even grep, and bjowes bent, And well arafed euerichone. and whan thei comen were anone Emonge thebactus, was none in aght, But catche who that catche might, and sche of hem bis luftes fought, pobliche after they full bere abought. for grace anorie began to faile, That whan thei comen to bataile, Aban afterwarbe in logy plite Thei were take and biscomfite. So that within a litell throwe The might of hem was ouerthzowe, That whilome were wont to fonde, Will Phinees the raule on bonde Dath take, this bengeance laft; But than it realed at laffe. for god was paide, of that he bebe. for where he fonde byon a fede A comple, tubirbe misferred fo, Throughout be fmote hem both two, And let bem ligge in mens ele, poherofall other, whiche hem lie, Ensampled bem bpon the bebe. And praphen buto the gobbebe, Der olde unnes to amende. and he whiche wolde his mercy lende, Refforet bem to newe grace.

Thus maie it theive in londy place Of challitee howe the clemeste Accordeth to the worthineste Af men of armes over all. But most of all in speciall This vertue to a kynge belongeth. How bounds south of that his londe thall spede or spille.

for the but if a kenge his will fro luftes of his flethe reftreene, Agreene hem felfe he maketh a treene, Into the whiche if that he floe, Dem were better go belive.

for every man male boderkonde, Howe for a tyme that it konde, It is a forte luft to like, whose ende maketh a man to like, And tourneth topes in to sorowe. The bright some by the morowe Bethineth not the derke night, The lufty yough of mans might In age but it konde wele, Mikorneth all the last whele.

Chicloquitur qualifer principum irregulata bos luptas eos a femita recta multotiens deuiare ess pellit, Et narrat e pemplum de Salomone, qui ep fue carnis concopifcentia victus, mulierum blanz dimètis in fui scandalil deos alienos colere pres sumebat.

That enery worthy prince is holde within hom felfe to beholbe, Mo fee the fate of his perfone, And thonke, howe there be topes none Olpon this erthe made to late: And how the flefhe Gall at laft The luftes of his life foglate: 2)vm ought a great ensample take Df Salomon, whose apetite was bolly fette byon belite To take of women the plefance. So that byon his ignozance The wyde worlde meruaileth pit, That be, whiche all mens wit In thilke tome bath ouerpalleb. with flethly luftes was fo talled, That he whiche ledde bnder the lawe The people of god, hym felfe withoains De bath fro god in fuche a inile. That he worthip and facrifice For sondrie loue in sondrie fede Ulnto the fals gods bebe. This was the wife Ecclefiafte, The fame of whom thall ever laffe, A hat he the mightie god fogloke Ageen the lawe whan bee toke Dis topues and the concubines

ling agricult. Ofhem that were faralines, for whiche he bib ivolatrie. 和國 紅地如日 forthis I rede of his fotte, 3935(20M) E She of Zidonie fo him labbe, That be knelende bis armes fpzadde To Afthoreth with great humbleffe, whiche of her londe was the goddelle. and the that was of Moabite So ferforth mabe bem to belfte 173 100161 Through luft, which all his wit deuoureth, That he Chamos bir gob bonozeth. An other Amonite allo with loue him hath affoteb fo. Dir goo Moloche that with encence De facreth, and both reverence In fuche a wife as the hym bab. Thus was the wylefte queriad with bipnbe luftes, whiche he fought. But be it afterwarbe abought.

Fol. CLXVI

E Rota fic qualiter Achiae propheta in fignum, quod regnum poft mortem Salomonie of eine peccatil a fuo hevede diminevetur, pattium fitum in duodecim partes feibit, unde decem partes fes roboe filio Dabat, qui regnatur? poftea fucceffit, precepto dei tribuit.

Lil vaidh magila Tfor Achias Silonites. whiche was prophet er his beres, while be was in his luftes all, Betokeneth what thall after falle. for on a baie, whan that he mette Ieroboam the knight be grette, And bad hom, that he thuibe abibe To bere what bom thall betibe. and forth withall Achias call Dis mantell of, and allo faft De cut it in to peres twelfe, Wherof two partes buto hym felfe. Ze hepte, and all the remenant, As god hath let his couenant, De toke unto Ieroboas, Df Nabat whiche the forme was. And of the hynges courte a knight, And faibe bym, fuche is gobs might. As thou hafte fene beparted bere My mantell, right in fuche manere After the bethe of Salomon God hath ogdeined therbpon, This reigne than be thall benibe,

Whiche tyme eine thom halt abtbe, And voon that vinifion The reigne as in proporcion, As thou half of my mantell take, Thou halt receive I bubertake.

And thus the fonne thall abte The luftes and the lecherte De hym, whiche nowe his father is.

So for to taken hebe of this It at akynge well to be chaffe: Magazan a for els be mate tightly wafte Dom felfe, and eke bis reigne bothe, and that ought enery kynge to lothe, D whiche a finne biolent, wherof lo wile a hynge was thent, That he bengeance of his persone was not enough to take alone, But afterwarbe, whan he was pallet, It bath bis beritage laffed, 2s 3 moze openly tofoze The tale tolde : And thus therfoze The philosopher bpon this thinge waitte, and rounfeiled to a hyinge, That be the forfete of lurure Shall temper, and rule of fuche meafure, nobiche be to konte luffilant, and eke to reafon accordant. So that the luftes ignozance Be caule of no milgouernance, Through whiche that he be ouerthrowe As be that will no reason knowe. for but a mans wit be fwerned, whan kynde is buliche ferued, It ought of realon to fuffife. for if it fall bym otherwife. De maie the luftes fore brebe. for of Anthonie thus 3 rede, whiche of Severus was the forme, That he his life of commune wonne Paue bollo buto thilke bice, And ofte tyme be was fo nice, noberof nature bir bath complemeb Winto the god, whiche bath vilbelaned The warkes whiche Anthonie wrought Dflafte, whiche be falle foze abought. for god his forfete bath fo wroke, That in cronite it is pet fpoke. But for to take remembrance

Df speciall misgouernance,
Through conetile and insulfice,
forth with the remenant of vice,
And nameliche of lecherie,
I synde write a great partie
within a tale, as thou thalt here,
whiche is thensample of this matere.

E fic foquit de Carquinio Rome mp impatoze, necno et de eiufor fitto note Arrous, qui oim victo val varietate repteti ta in foles q in mutieres in numer feetera perpetrarunt.

Cho as thefe olde geffes fevne The proude tyrannilibe Komerne Tarquinius, whiche was than honge, And wrought many a wrongfull thonge. Df formes be had many one, Amonge the whiche Arrous was one. Liche to his father in maneres, So that within a fewe peres, with treason and with tyrannie, Thei wonne of londe a great partie. And token bede of no inftice. whiche bewe was to ber office Thon the rule of gouernance, But all that ener was plefance, Unto the fellbes luft, thei toke. And fill fo, that thei bubertoke A werre, whiche was nought acheneb. But often tome it had bem greueb, Agepne a folke, whiche than highe The Babiens, and all by night Thus Arrous whan be was at home In Kome, a preup place be nome within a chamber, and bete bym felfe. And made hom woundes . r. oz twelfe Ulpon the backe, as it was fene. And fo forth with his hurtes grene In all the hafte that he maie De robe, and cam that other date Unto Gabie the eitee, And in be went : and whan that he was knowe, anone the pates were fet, The lordes all byon bym fet with drawe fluerdes bpon bonbe. and Arrous wolde hem not wistonde, And faibe, 3 am bere at your wille, ... As lefe it is that ye me spille As if myn owne father bebe,

And forth within that fame frede De praide hem that thei wolde fee, And tolde hem in what degree Dis father, and his bretherne bothe, Whithe as he fayd weren wrothe, Dym had beaten and reufled, And out of Kome for ener eriled. And thus he made hem to beleue, And faide: if that he might acheue Dis putpos, it shall well be yolde, 136e so that thei hym helpe woled.

Whan that the loades had lene, Lowe wofully he was before, Thei toke pitee of his grove. But yet it was hem wonder leve, That Kome hym had eriled fo.

The Gabtens by counteyle tho Olpon the goddes made hym fweare, That he to hem shall trouth beare, And frength hem with all his might.

and thei allo bem bath behight To belpen bom in his quarele. Thei thope than for his bele, That he was bathed and anount Will that he was in lufty poput, and what be wolve than be had. That be all bolle the citee lab Right as be wolde bym felfe benife: And than be thought bom in what wife De might his tyzannie theine. and toke to bis counfeile a fhrewe, ushom to his father forth be fent. and in his mellage be tho went, And praied his father for to fate 18y his autle and fynde a wate, Dowe thei the citee might wonne, While he froode lo well therin.

And whan the medlanger was come To Rome, and hath in counfeile nome The kynge: it fell purchance so, That thei were in a gardeine tho This medlager forth with the kynge. And what maner that it stoode: And that Tarquinius benderstoode: 189 the medlage, how that it ferde, Anothe be toke in honde a yerde, And in the gardeyne as thei gone,

The lilly croppes one and one, where that thei weren fprongen out, The finate of, as thei floode about: And faide buto the mellengere,

Lo this thying, whiche I do nowe here, Shall be in frede of then antivere.
And in this wife as I me bere,
Thou thalte but o my forme telle.

And he no lenger wolve dwelle, 2But toke his leve, and goth withall Ulnto his lozde, and tolde hym all, Howe that his father had do.

whan Arrous herbe hom tell fo, Anone be wiff what it ment, And therto fet all bis entent Till be through fraude and trecherie The princes beades of Gabie Dath limiten of, and all was wonne, Dis father cam tofoze the fonne In to the towne with the Romeyns, And toke and fleive the citeseyns Motthout reason oz pitee, That be ne fpareth no begree. And for the frede of his conquete De let bo make a riche felte, notth a folemone facrifice In Phebus temple, And in this wife whan the Romagnes aftembled were In prefence of hem all there, Thon the auter when all was dight, And that the fores were a light, from bnoer the auter fobeinly An bidous ferpent openly Cam out, and bath benoured all The facrifice, and eke withall The frees queent : and forth anone, So as be came, lo is be gone In to the depe grounde apene, And enery man began to seyne: A lorde, what maie this fignifie? And therbpon thei praie and crie To Phebus, that thei mighten knowe The caule : and be the fame throwe noith gaffli bovce, that all it berbe, The Romains in this wife anliverbe. And land, bow for the wickebnes Dfpzide, and of burightwifenes, That Tarquine and his fonne bath do. The facrifice is wasted to whiche might not ben acceptable Thom suche sinne abhominable. And ouer that yet he hem willeth, And saith, whiche of hem first kylleth This mother, he shall take wreche Thom the wronge: and of that speche Thei ben within her hertes glabe,

Though thei outward no semblance made,

Ther was a knight, which Brut' hight, And he with all the haffe he might To grounde fill, and there he kille: But none of bem the cause wifte, But menbe that be bad fpourned Berchance, and fo was overtowned. 25ot Brutus all an other ment. for he knewe well in his entent, Prowe therthe of every mans kynde Is mother: but they weren blynde, And ligbe not fo ferre as bee. But when thei leften the citee, And comen home to Rome ageyn: Aban euery man, whiche was Komeine, And moder bath, to bir be bende, and kiff, and eche of bem thus wende To be the fyzite bpon the chance, Df Terquine for to bo bengeance, Do as thei herden Phebus feyne. Bat every tyme bath his certevne. So muft it nebes than abibe, Till afterwarde boon a tide:

Efic natrat, quod cum Carquinius in obsidions ciustatie Ardee, of eam destrucret, intentus futt, Arrous silius eius Romam secreto adiens in dos mo collatini hospitatus est, obi de nocte illam cass tissumam dominam Lucreciam imaginata frauds di oppzessit, onde illa pze doloze moztua, ipse cas Carquinio patre suo, tota clamante Roma, imperpetuum epitum delegati sunt.

Tarquinius made bulkilfully A werre, whiche was fast by, Agepn a towne with wailes fronge, whiche Ardea was cleped longe, And cast a lege there aboute, That there mate no man passen oute.

So it befelle boon a night Arrous, whiche had his louper dight, A parte of the chinalrie with hym to inppe in companie
Dath bede: and whan thei comen were,
And lette at inpper there,
Amonge her other wordes glade
Arrous a great spekynge made,
who had the the best wife
Of Kome, and thus began a strife.
For Arrous latth, he hath the best.
Le ianglen thei withouten rest,
Till at laste one Collatine
I worthy knight, and was coline
To Arrous, laste him in this wife,

It is (quod he) of none empile
To speke a worde, but of the dede,
Wherofit is to taken hede.
Anone for thy this same type
Lepe on thy hors, and let us ride,
So maie we knowe both two
Unwarely what our wines do,
And that shall be a trewe assate.

This Arrous laith not ones naie, On horlekacke anone thei lepte, In luche manere and nothinge llepts Rivende forth till that thei come Ill princie within Kome, In Itrange place and downe thei light, And take a chambre oute of light.

Thet be disguised for a throwe,
So that no life thulde hem knowe.
And to the palets first thei sought,
To se what thrnge these ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrous made a baunt,
And thei hir sigh of glad semblaunt
All full of myrthes and of bordes,
But amonge all other wordes
She spake not of hir husbonde,
And whan thei had all understonde
Of thiske place what hem liste,
Thei gone bem forth that none it wisk.

Wellde thilke pate of bras,
Collacea whiche cleped was,
where Collatine hath his dwellynge,
There founden thei at home littynge
Lucrece his wife all environed
with women, whiche were abandoned
To werche, and the wrought eke withall,
And had hem halfe, and faid it thall
the for myn hulbondes weare:

whiche with his thelde and with his freare Lieth at flege in great bileafe, And if it fonloe bom not bifpleafe. Daive wolve god, I hav bym bere. for certes toll that I male bere Some good tidynge of his effate, My herte is ener boon bebate. for fo as all men witnelle, De is of luche an hardinelle, " That he can not hom felfe fpare, And that is all my mofte care, whan thei the walles foulde affaffe. But if my withes might analle, I wolde it were a groundles pit, We lo the liege were bukute. And I my balbonde lie. with that the water in hir eie Arole, that thene might it Coppe, And as men fene the bew bedroppe " de ast The lenes and the floures ete: Right lo bpon hir white cheke: The wofull faite teres felle.

Mohan Collarine hath herde hir tells.
The meanings of hir treive herte,
Anone with that to hir he flerte,
And layd: To my good dere,
Nowe is he come to you here,
That ye most e louen as pe sepne.

And the with goodly there ageyns
Beclipt him in hir armes finale.
And the colour, whiche erite was pale
To beautee than was reflored,
So that it might not be mored.

The kynges sonne, which was night and of this lady herde and sigh The thynges, as thei ben befall, The reason of his witter all Hath losse: so, lone by on his parts Lam than, and of his sirte darte with such a wounde him bath through That he must never fele a wite (smite, Definite him emaladie, To whiche no ture of surgerie Lan helpe, but pet netheles At thiske tyme he helde his pes, That he no countenance made, who as he coude in his manere,

Despake, and made frendly there,

Tyl it was tyme so, to goe.

And Collatine with him also

Dis leve toke, so that by night,

with all the hase that thei might,

Their iden to the siege ageyn.

But Arrous was to wo belein
with thoughtes, which boon him counte,
That he all by the brode sonne
To bedde goth, not for to reste,
But so, to thinke boon the beste,
And the fairest forth with alle,
That ever he sigh, or ever shalle,
So as him thought in his corage,
where he portreted hir image,

And howe the spate, a this be thought.

And howe the wepte, all this be thought.

And howe the wepte, all this be thought.

And howe the spate, a this be thought.

That he sozeton hath no bele,

But all it liketh him so wele,

That in the woode not in the debe

That in the woode not in the debe

And thus this tyrannithe knight
was loupled, but not halfe aright.
for he none other bede toke,
But that he might by lomme croke,
All though it were agepne hir wille,
The luttes of his fieth fulfille,
whiche love was not reasonable.
for where honour is remenable,
It ought well to ben abused:
But he whiche hath his luft affiled
with media love and tyrannie,
Dath founde byon his tretherie
were, whiche he thinketh to holde,
and layth: latune but the holde
Is fanorable for to helpe.

And thus within him lelfe to pelpe,
As he whiche was a wilde man.
The pon his treason he began.
And up he flerte, and south he wente
Dn horbacke, but his entente
There knewe no wight, and he name

The nerte toale, till he came

Cluto Collacea the gate

De Rome, and it was somedele late,

Right even open the some fette.

And he whiche had thape his nette

Dir innocence to betrappe,

And as it shulde the mishappe,

As prively as ever he might

De rode, and of his hors alight

Toso: Collatines Inne,

And all frendeliche goth him in,

As he that was cosin of house.

And the, whiche is the good footle
Lucrece, whan that the bym fighe,
with goodly there dreive hym nighe,
As the, whiche all honour imppoleth,
And hym, to as the dare, oppoleth
Lowe it flode of hir hulbande.

And he tho did hir binderstonde With tales feigned in this wife, Right as be wolve him felfe deuffe. Wherof be might bir berte glabbe, That the the better chere mabe, whan the the glabbe wordes berbe, Dowe that bir bufbande ferde. And thus the trouthe was deceived with flie treason, whiche was received No bir, whiche mente all good. for as the felles than floode Dis louper was right wel arrafed: 2But pet be bath no worde allafed To freke of love in no begree, But with conert fubtilitee Dis frendly fpeches he affaiteth, and as the tigre his tyme awaiteth In hope for to catche his praie.

Whan that the border were awate, and thei have souped in the halle, and thei have souped in the halle, and the latte, that slepe is on him falle, and the latte, be mote go to bedde.

And the with all halfe spedde, and the with all halfe spedde, and the throught it was to bodne, That every thinge was revie soone.

She brought him to his chamber tho, and to he brown them, and forth is go and the Into the other lene, and forth is go and the Daue had a frende, and had a fo, and the Daue had a frende, and had a fo,

wherof

poberof fill after morbell wo.

This typanine though be lie lofte. Dute of his bebbe arole full ofte. And goeth aboute, and lefed his ere To berken, till that all were To bedde gone, and flepten falle. And than byon bym felfe be caffe A mantel, and his (werbe all naked De toke in bonde, and the bnwaked A bebbe late : but what the mette God wote, for he the bore bnihette Do vinely, that none it berbe, The lofte paas and forth he ferbe Into the bebbe, where that the flepte, all fobeinly and in he crepte. and hir in bothe his armes toke. with that this worth wyfe awoke, Whiche through tendrelle of womanhed, Dir borce bath lofte foz pure brebe, That one worde fpeke the ne bare. And eke be bade bir to beware. for if the made nople or trie, De favo, his fwerbe laie fafte bie To flee bir-and bir folke aboute. And thus be brought hir berte in doute. That like a lambe, whan it is celed In wolnes mouth, fo was difealed Lucrece whiche he naked fonde, wherof the fwouned in his honde, And, as who faith, late bede oppgeffeb. And be whiche all bim had adzelled To lufte, toke than what him lifte. And goth his wege, that none it will, In to his owne chambre ageyn, and am And cleped bp his chamberleyn, And mabe bym redie fog to ribe. and thus this lecherous pride To boss lepte, and forth he robe. And the tohiche in hir bed above, whan that the will be was agone, She cleped after light anone, And by arole longe er the daie, And caft aweie bir fretthe araie, As the whiche hath the worlde forlake, And toke bpon the elothes blake. And euer bpon continuinge Right as men fee a welle fpginge, with eien full of wofull teares

Die heare hangynge aboute her eares
The wepte, and no man will whie.
Whe praied, that thei nolven dretche
The praied, that thei nolven dretche
This hall ende for to fetche,
Forthwith hir fader eke also.
Thus be thei comen bothe two,
And Brutus came with Collatine,
whiche to Lucrece was cosne,
And in thei wenten all three
To chambre, where thei might see
The wofullest upon this molde,
whiche wepte, as she to water sholde.

The chambre dore anone was froke. Er thei have ought onto hir spoke.
Thei see hir clothes all disgised,
And howe the bath hir selfe despised,
Hir heare hanginge onkemte aboute.

Abut netheles the gan to lowte, and knele buto hir hulbonde.

And he wolve fayne have binder fonde. The cause, why the fared so. with softe wordes asked tho:

What mate you be my god fivete?
And the, whiche thought hir felfe humete,
And the lest worthe of women alle,
Dir wofull there lete bowne falle
for thame, and coude hunethes loke,
And thei therof good hede toke,
And praiden hir in all wafe,
That the ne spare for to saie
Unto hir frendes, what hir asleth,
why the so sore hir felfe bewaileth,
And what the soothe wolde mene.

And the whiche hath hir forowe grene, Dir wo to tell then allaied, But tender thame hir worde belated, That fondry tymes as the mente To fpeke, byon the popute the frente. And thei hir beden ener in one

To telle forth, and there boon, when that the lighe the must neve, Wir tale between thame and dreve She tolde, not without peyne.

And he whiche wolde hir wo reffreyne, Zir hulbond, a fozy man, Comfozteth hir all that he can, And Iwoze, and she hir faver bothe,

Aff iii

That

That thei with hir be not worth,
Of that is do ageinst hir wille,
And praiden hir to be tille.
For thei to hir baue all forgene.

nyas ka

But the whiche thought not to line, Of hem will no forpeuenelle, And faib : of thilke wickebneffe, pobiche was to bir body wrought, All were it to the might it nought, Deuer afterwarde the worlde ne thall Reprouen bir : and forthwithall, Da any man therof be ware, A nabed fwerbe the whiche the bare pottbin bir mantell priuelp, Betwene bir bonbes lobeinly Dbe toke, and through hir berte it thronge, And fill to grounde, and euer amonge, whan that the fill, fo as the might, Dir clothes with hir bonbe the right. That no man bownewarde fro the knee Shulb any thonge of hir fee,

Thus late this wife honestely, All though the bied wofully.

Tho was no lozowe for to leke,
Dir hulbande and hir father eke
A fwome boon the body felle,
There mate no mans tonge telle,
In whiche anguilibe that thei were.

But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Towarde hom felfe his hert kepte,
And to Lucrece anone he lepte,
The bloudy swerde and pulleth out,
And swoze the gods all aboute,
That he theroschall do bengeance:
And the tho made a countenance,
Dir dedly eie and at laste
In thonkunge as it were by cast,
And so behelde hom in the wife,
whose for to loke mate suffise.

And Brutus with a manly herte
Dir hulbonde hath made by flerte,
forth with hir father eke allo,
In all halfe and faide hem tho,
That thei anone without lette
A bere for the body fette:
Lucrece and therupon bledend
De laide, and so forth out criend
De goth buto the market place

Df Kome : and in a litell fvace Through crie the citee was allembleb, and enery mans bert trembled, whan thei the foth berbe of the cas, And there boon the counsevie was Take, of the great and of the imale: And Brutus tolde bem all the tale. And thus cam in to remembrance Df fonne the continuance. and sold action of Whiche Arrous had do tofoze. And eke longe tome er be was boze Df that his father had bo The wronge came in to place tho, So that the common clamour tolbe The newe thame of formes olde. And all the towne began to crie: Awey awey the typannie Df lecherie and couetife.

And at laste in suche a wife
The father in the same while
forth with the some thei erile,
And taken better governance.
But yet an other remembrance,
That rightwisenes and lecheric
Accorden not in companie,
with hym that hath the lawe on honde,
That may a man well buderstonde,
As by a tale thou shalte witte

Of olde ensample as it is writte.

This ponit epemplum super eodem, qualiter IV wine Dirginius dup epercitus Romanozum vnis cam filiam pulcherrimam habens, cum quodam nobiliviro nomine glicio, vi ipsam in vpoze dus ceret finaliter concozdauit. Sed interim Applus Llaudius Imperatoz Virginis fozmositatem, vi eam Violaret concupiscens, occasiones, quib" mastrimonii impedire, ipsam as ad sui vsum appres hendere posset, suddota conspiracione sieri coniestauit, et cum propositum sui desiderii productis falsis testibus in Audicio, Imperatoz habere des buistet; pater tunc ibide presens eptracto gladio suiset; pater tunc ibide presens eptracto gladio suiset in pactuam, glin sui scandalum meretricem servare vinentem.

Tat Rome whan Appius, whose other name was Claudius, was gonernour of the citee, wald There full a wonder thunge to fee, Touchend a gentill maybe, as thus: mehome Liuius Virginius Begeten had byon his wife, Men faiben, that fo faire a life As the, was not in all the towne. This fame, whiche goth by and bowne, To Claudius came in bis ere, wherof his thought anone was there, nobiche all his berte bath fette a fyze, That he began the floure befpie, whiche longeth buto maibenhebe, And lende, if that he might fpebe The blonde luftes of his wille. But that thong be might not fulfille. for the froode bpon mariage, 2 worthy bright of great lignage (llicius whiche than bight) Acco: beb in bir fabers fight was, that he thulb his boughter web. But er the cause were fully spedde Dir faber, whiche in Romanie The ledyng of the chiualrie In governance bath bnbertake Spon a werre, whiche was take, Gothe out with all the Arength be had Df men of armes whiche be lab. Do was the martage lefte, And fode bpon accozoe till efte.

The kunge, whiche berde tell of this. Dowe that this maide ordeined is To mariage, thought a nother, and hab thilke time a brother, whiche Marcus Claudius was hote. And was a man of fuche riote, Right as the kynge bym felfe was, Thei two tegider byon this caas In counceple founden out the weve. That Marcus Claudius thall fepe, Dowe the by weve of conenante Mobis feruice apurtenante was holle, and to none other man. And there boon be faith be can In euery popnt witnelle take, So that the thall it not foglake. Whan that thei had thape to After the lawe whiche was tho, while that hir faver was ablente, She was formoned and affente To come in prefence of the hynge, And stoode in answere of this thynge.

Dir frendes witten all wete, That it was falthede enery dele, And comen to the kynge, and faiden Alpon the comune lawe and praiden, So as this noble worthy knight Dir fader for the common right In thilke tyme, as was befall, Laie for the profite of them all Alpon the wilde feldes armed, That he ne thulde not ben harmed The thamed, while that he were oute. And thus their preiden all aboute,

Foz all the clamour that he herve, The kinge boon his lufte answerve, And yaue hem onely dates two Df respite: for he wende tho, That in so shorte a tyme appere Dir fader might in no manere.

But as therofhe was bereined.
for Livius had all conceived
The purpos of the hynge tofore,
So that to Rome agene therfore
In all hafte he came riberioe,
And lefte byon the felde liggends
His hoft, till that he came ageyne.

And thus this worthy capitegne Appered redy at his date.
Where all that ever reasone mais 13y lawe in audience he dooth, So that his doughter byon sooth, Of that Marcus hir had accused, He hath tosoge the courte excused.

The kynge, which law his purpole faile, and that no fleight might anayle, Incombred of his luftes blynde. The lawe tourneth out of kynde, and halfe in wrathe as though it were, In prefence of hem all there, Deceived of concupificence, paue for his broder the lentence: And bad hym, that he thulde cease This maybe, and make hym well at ease.

1But

But all within bis owne entent, De wift bow that the cause went, Df that his baother bath the wite, De was bym felfe for to wite. But thus this maiden had wronge, whiche was byon the konge alonge, But ageyne bym was none apele, and that the father wift wele. Wherof boon the tyzannie, That for the lufte of lecherie 2) is boughter thuld be difceined, And that Ilicius was welled Ulntruly from the martage: Right as a lyon in his rage, whiche of no brebe fet account, And not what pitee fhulbe amount, A naked Gwerde be pulled out, The tobiche amonges all the rout Ze threff through his doughters fibe. And all alonde thus be cribe:

NEW YORK OF

Lo take hir there thou incongfull kynge. For me is lever upon this thinge.
To be the father of a maide,
Though the be dead, than if men faide,
That in hir life the were thamed,
And I theref were eutil named.

Tho bad the konge men Quibe areffe Dis boby, but of chilhe belle Like to the chafes wilde boze The houndes whan be feleth foze To throwe, and goth forth his wey: In furhe a wife for to fey in This worthy hnight with fiverbe in bonde, Dis wey made, and thet bym wonde, That none of bem bis Grokes kepte, And thus bpon bis bors be lepte, And with his fwerde bropping all bloode, whiche within his boughter floode, De cam there as the power was Di Rome, and tolde bem all the cas: And fand bem : that thei might lere Mpon the wonge of this matere, I bat better it were to redielle At home the great burightwilneffe, Than fo; to warre in frange place, And lefe at home ber owne grace.

for thus fant every mans life In icopardie for his wife,

And for his boughter, if thei bee Ballyng an other of beautee.

Df this merualle, whiche thei fis so apparant afore her eie Df that the hynge hath hym milbore, Her othes thei haue all fwore, That thei will fronde by the right.

And thus of one accorde bpzight To Rome at ones home ageput Thei tozne, and thostly for to feyne, Abis tyzannie cam to mouth, And enery man faith, what be couth, so that the preuie trecherie, pohiche fet was boon lecherte, Lam openly to mannes eare, And that brought in the common feare, That every man the perfil brabbe Df bym, that fo bem querlad. for thei or that were worle falle, Through common counfeile of bem all Thei have ber wongfull kong bepoled. And hem, in whom it was supposed The counceple floode of his ledynge, 18p lawe buto the bome thei baynge, where thei receiven the penance, That longeth to fuche gouernance.

And thus the buchaste was chastiled, wheref thei might ben adulted, That shulbe afterwarde gouerne, And by this entbence levne, Lowe it is good a kynge esthewe The luste of vice, and vertue seize.

Thic inter alia caftitatie regimen concernentia foquitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuiue flatus facramentum quafi continentiam equiparana etia Bonefte defectationis regimine moderari decet, Et narral in epêpfil qualiter pao eo quod utifeps tê Biri, qui Sare Raguelia filie magia paopter concupifcentiam q paopter matrimonium volupe tuofe nupferunt, vinus post asum omnes paima nocte a demone Asmodeo siguitatim ingulati insperierunt,

To make an ende in this partie,
whiche toucheth to the policie
Df chastitee in speciall.
As for conclusion finall,
That every lust is to eschetoe,
By great ensample I mate argeive,

200m

Profine in Bages a towne of Mede There was a maide, and as 3 rede Sara the hight, and Raquelle Dir father was : and fo befelle Dibobie bothe and of bilage mas none fo faire of the liguage, To feche amonge hem all, as thee, poberof the riche of the citee Df luftie folke, that rouden loue, Affated were boon bir loue, And aren bir for to webbe. Dne was, whiche at laft fpebbe, But that mas moze for likinge To bane bis luft, than for weddynge, As he within his berte caffe, whiche bem repenteth at lafe. for fo it felle the first night, awhan be was to the bebbe bight, As he, whiche nothinge god belecheth, But all onely bis luftes fecheth. A bedde er be was fully warme, And wolde baue take bir in bis arme, Afmode, whiche was a fende of belle, And ferueth as the bokes telle To tempte a man in fuche a wife, mas reby there, and thilke empaffe, whiche be bath fet boon belite, De bengeth than in fuch a plite, That he his necke bath writh a two. This ponge wife was lezie tho, pobiche will nothinge what it ment. And nethelelle pet thus it went, Dot onely for this fraft man, But after right as be began, Sire other of bir bulbondes Asmode bath take in to his bondes. Do that thei all a bebbe beibe. whan thei bir banbe towarde birlepde, Dought for the lawe of mariage. 1But foz that ilke firte rage, In whiche that thei the lawe ercebe. for who that wolde take bebe. nobat after fill in this matere, There might be well the footh bere. pahan the was wedded to Thobie, and Raphael in companie Dath taught bym, bowe to be boneft. Asmode wan nought at thilke feste: and pet Thobie his wille has, for be his luft fo goodely labbe, ... That both laive and kynde is ferneb, mberof be bath bym felfe preferuco, That be fill not in the fentence, Df whiche an open euibence Df this enfample a man mait fet, That whan likpinge in the begree Df mariage maie fozitoete, well ought bom than in other weie Df luft to be the better abuileb. for god the lawe bath affiled As well to reason as to kynde, But be the beaftes wolde bunde Duely to lawes of nature, But to the mannes creature God gaue bym reafon fozth withall, poberof that be nature thall Ulpon the caules modifie. That he fall do no letherfe. and vet be thall bis luftes baue, So ben the lawes both fane, And enery things put out offclander; As whilom to kynge Alifander The wife philosopher tanght, moban be bis firft loge caught, fot only bpou chaffitee, But bpon all boneffee. moberof a kynge bym felfe maie taffe, Dow trewe,bow large,bow fuff,bow chaff Dom ought of reafen foz to bee, forth with the bertue of pitee. Through which be mai great thoke beferne Toward his god, that be preferue Dom, and his people in all welthe, Di peas, richelle, bonour, and belthe Dere in this worlde, and elles ehe.

My lonne as we tofoze speke
In thrifte, so as thou me selvest,
And for thin ease as thou me present,
Thy love throwes for to liste,
That I the wolve telle and wisse
The forme of Aristoteles lore:
I have it seive, and somdele more
Of other ensamples, to asaie
If I the peines might alaie
Through any thringe, whiche I can saie.
Lido was my sather, I you prase,

Df that ve baue buto me tolbe, 3 thanke you a thoulande folde. The tales founden in mine ere, But pet my berte is elles where, I maie my felfe not reffregne, That I name ener in loues peyme. Suche loze coube 3 neuer gete, whiche might make me fozpete D popnte, but if lo were 3 depte, That I my tibes ate ne kepte To thinke on loue, and on his lawe, That bert can I not withdrawe, for the me good faber bere Leue, and fpeke of my matere, Touchend of lone as we begonne, If that there be ought ouer ronne, D; ought fogpete, og lefte bebynbe, whiche falleth buto lones kynde, mberof it nebeth to be thatte, powe alketh, fo that while I line 3 might amende, that is amis. CANy good bere forme pis, The shaffte for to make playne There is pet moze for to lavne Dflone, whiche is bnauiled. But for then thalt ben well abuffeb Ulnto thy thatfte, as it belongeth, A popute, whiche boon loue bongeth, And is the lafte of all tho. A topi the telle, and than bo.

Foli CL KKILL

Explicit liber feptimus,

Que fauet ad viciñ vet? hec modo regula co Nec noue ecotra qui docet ordo placat. (fert Cecus amor dudum no du fua lumina cepit, Quo Venus impositum deuia fallat iter.

Poft quam ab inftantiam amantis confessiones series denins super sis que Aristotelea regem Alexandrum edocuit, dena cum aliarum cronicaril epèplis seriose tractauit, iam ustimo in isto octas no documine ad confessionem in amoris causa res grediens tractare expopenit, super soc quod non nulli primordia nature ad libitum Boluptuose cos sequentes, mullo sumano rationis arbitrio, seu ecclesie legum impositione a suis epcessib? desite refrenantur, unde quatenus amorem concernit as mantis conscientiam pro finali sue cosessionis mas teria Genius rimari conatur.

OCTAVVS.

De mightie gob, whiche but begonne Stonte of hym felfe, and hath begonne

The beuen bim lifte to fulfill Pfall tope, where as hee Sit entronileb in bis fee, And bath bis angels bym to ferue, Duche as him liketh to preferue, Do that thei mowe nought foglweie, But Lucifer be put aweie, notth al the route apolfafted Df hem that ben to him alteb, whiche out of beauen in to belle, from angels in to fendes felle, where that there nis no love of light, But moze berke than any night, The pepne Chall ben endelelle, And pet of fires netheles There is plentee, but thei ben blake, poberof no light male be take.

Thus whan the thinges ben befall,
That Lucifers courte was fall,
where beably prive hem hath conneced,
Anone forthwith it was purusied
Through bym whiche all thinges maie.

De made Adam the firte date
In paradife and to his make
Dim liketh Eue also to make,
And had hem crece and multiplie,
for of the mans progente,
whiche of the woman thall be bore,
The numbre of angels, whiche was love,
whan thei oute of the bliffe fells,
De thought to reflore and fille
In heuen thilke holy place,
whiche stoode the boyde boon his grace,

28 at as it is well will and knowe,
Adam and Eue but a throwe,
So as it will of hem bette,
In Parabile at thillse tide
the dwelten, and the cause whie
writte in the boke of Genesie,

As who faith, all men baue berbe, Dowe Rhaphael the fyzie fwerde In bonde toke and droue bem out. To gete ber lines foode aboute Alpon this wofull erthe bere. Metodre faith to this matere, As be by renelacion It bad byon a bilion, Figure that Adam and Eue allo Wiraines comen bothe two In to the weelde and were afhamed, Till that nature bath bem reclaimed To loue, and taught bem thilke loze. That firfte thei ktife, and ouer moze Thei bone, that is to kynde due, poberof thei badben faire iffue.

A forme was the firste of all, and Caim by name thei bym call Abel was after the feconde, And in the gelle as it is founde, Mature fo the canfe labbe, I wo boughters eke dame Euc habbe, The firste cleped Calmana mas, and that other Delbora. Thus was mankende to begenne: for the that tome it was no forme The fuller to take the brother. ushan that there was of choile none other. To Caim was Calmana betake, and Delborahath Abel take, In whom was gete natheles Df worldes folke the firff encres. Men fein that nebe bath no laine. And to it was by thilke dawe, And lafte bnto the feconde age, Mill that the great water rage Df Noe, whiche was faide the flood, The worlde, whiche than in fynne food, Dath Deinte, out take lines eight. Tho was mankende of litell weight.

Sem, Cam, Tapher, of these thre, That ben the sonnes of Noe, The worlde of mans nation In to multiplication was restored neive ageyne, So ferforth as these bokes seyne, That of hem thre, and her issue There was so large a retinue Dinacions fenentie and tipo. In Condate place eche one of tho The wide worlde baue enhabiteb. But as nature bem bath errited Thei toke than litell bebe The brother of the fufterbebe. To webbe wines, till it came In to the tyme of Abraham. whan the thirde age was bygonne. The nede tho was overonne. for there was people enough in londs. Than at firte it came to bonde, That lifterhode of mariage was togned in to collnage: Do that after the right line The colon weddeth the coline. for Abraham er that he beieb This charge bpon his fernant lefed, To him and in this tople fpake. That be bis fonne Ifaac Do weade for no worldes good, But onely to his owne blood.

Wherof the fernant as he babbe, Whan he was beade, his sonne hath ladds To Bethuel, where he Rebecke Dath webbed with the white nethe. for the, he will well and sighe, was to the childe cosine nighe.

and thus as Abraham hath taught, whan Ifaac was god betaught, Dis some lacob bib also. And of Laban the boughters two, whiche was bis eme, be toke to wife, And gate bpon bem in bis life, Df hie fyst whiche highte Lie, Dyr formes of his progenie: And of Rachel two formes ehe. The remenant was for to leke, That is to fein of foure mo. Wherof be gate on Bilatino. and of Zilpha be bad ehe twey. And thefe twelne, as I the fep Through pronidence of god bym felfe. Ben faibe the Batriarkes tivelfe, Pf wbom as afterwarde befel The tribus tivelfe of Ifrael Engendzed were, and ben the fame. That of bebreives the badden name,

pobiche

mbiche of Libzed in aliance foz euer kepten thilke blance Moff comonly till Christe was boze, But afterwarde it was forlore Amonge bs that ben baptifeb. for of the lawe canoniled The pope bath bode to the men, That none thall webben of his kyn, De the leconde, ne the thaid. But though that boly churche bid So to reftrepne mariage, There ben pet bpon loues rage full many of fuche nowe a date, That taken where thei take mate. foz loue, whiche is bubelein Df all realon, as men fein. Through forte, and through nicetee Df bis boluptuofitee. De fpareth no condicion Dfhynne, ne pet religion, 28ut as a cocke amonge the bennes, De as a ffalon in the fennes, mobiche goth amonge all the floode: Right lo can be no moze good, But taketh what thong comth next to bode.

My fonne thou thatt bnderfronde, That luche belite is foz to blame. for the if thou baft ben the fame To lone in any fuche manere. Mell forth therof, and thrive the bere! They faver naie, god wote the foothe, My feyze is not in fuche a boothe, So wilde a man pet was I neuer, That of my kymie of lene of lener Me luft loue in furbe a wife. And the I not for what emprile I fhulbe affote byon a nonne, for though 3 had hir love wonne. It might into no price amounte, Do theroffet I none acounte. Be maie well afke of this and that, But fothely for to tell plat, In all this woolde there is but one, The whiche my berte bath ouergone. I am toward all other free. full well my fonne nowe I fee, The worde fonte ener beon o place, But pet therof thou ball a grace,

That then the might to well errule of love, such as some men vie, so as I spake of nowe tofoze. How all such tyme of love is loze, and like but the bitter swete. How though it thinks a man syst swete, we shall well felen at laste, what it is sower, and mais not laste, for as a morrell envenomed: so hath such love his lust missimed and great ensamples many one a man mais synde therepon.

This toquitur contra ittos, quos Benus fui de siberii fernoze inflammans, ita incestinosos effecista wt neig propriis sorratus parcunt. Et narrat epo emplum, qualiter pro eo quod Bains Casigula tres sorrat series emplum, qualiter pro eo quod Bains Casigula tres sorrat series peccatil non series, ipsum non solum as imperio, sed a Sita insticua vindice pris nanit. Parrat eciam aliud epemplum super eode, qualiter Amon silms Danid fatui amoris concus piscencia preventus. Sorrat eciam aliud epemplum super ede, su silicancia preventus. Sorratum sed sum Ebamar a sue Virginitatis pudicicia imuis dessonant, proprier quod et ipse a fratre suo Associa precio imuis redemit, peccatil sue mortis precio imuis redemit,

Tat Rome fpaffe if we begon. There thall I funde howe of this fun An emperour was for to blame, Gaius Caligula by name, Whiche of his owne fuffers three Berefte the birginitee. And whan he had bem fo forleyn, As be, whiche was all bilepn, De oto hem oute of londe erfle. But afterwarde within a while God bath berefte him in his fre Dis life, and ehe his large empire. And thus for likinge of a throwe. for ever his luft was overthrows. Of this forp allo I fyribe, Amon his lufter ageyn kynbe, whiche hight Thamar, he forlage, But be that luft another bate Abought, whan that Abfolon Dis owne brober there boon, Df that he had his lufter thente, Toke of that fonne bengemente, And flough him with his owne bonde. And thus bukynde, bukynde fonde.

Sicharraf qualiter A off duas filias finas ipfis confencientions carnali copula cognount, duosque ex cis fulios fulles Aboab a Amo pasgemuit; quos sum posica generatio pana et exasperans contra popula dei interra faltim pasmissionis vario gras namine a sepin s insultabat.

and for to le more of this thinge, The bible maketh a knowlegeinge, noberofthou might take enibence Myon the Sothe experience, no han Lothes wife was overgone, And hape buto the falte ffone, As it is spoke butothis date, 130 both his boughters than be late. with childe he made hem both great, Mill that nature bem wolbe lette, And fo the raufe about labbe, That eche of bem a fonne bab. Moab the fratt, and the feconde Amon, of whiche, as it is founde. Cam afterwarde to great encres Timo nacions : and netheles for that the fockes were not good. The branches mighten not ben goob. for of the falle Moabites, Forth with the frength of Amonites Df that thef were firft milget, The people of god was ofte bplet In Afraell and in Judee. As in the bible a man maie fee. ELo thus my forme as 3 the fate Thou might thp felfe be belaie Df that thou half of other berne. for ener pet it bath to ferbe Dfloues luft, if fo befall, That it in other place falle, Than it is of the lawe fette. De whiche his loue hathe lo belette, Mote afterwarde repent bem foze. And enery man is others loze, Df that befill in tome er this, The prefent conte, whiche notive is. Maie ben enformed, boto it Coobe, And take that hom thonketh good, And lene that, whiche is nought fo: But for to loke of tome ago. Doine luft of lone errebeth laive. It ought for to be withoraire.

For every man it thulde drede, And nameliche in his librede, whiche convneth oft to bengeance, where a tale in remembrance, whiche is a longe procede to here, I thinke for to tellen here.

Omnibe est comunis amor, sed îmoderatos
Que facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamé vnde Venus attractat corda videre
Qua rationis erunt, non ratione sinit.

Chic foquitur adhuc contra incestuosos amantit coitus, Et nerrat mirabile epemplum de magno rege Antiocho, qui Voore moztua propriam siste violauit, et quia silie matrimonium penes alios impedire Voluit, tale ab eo epiit edictum, quod si quis eam in voorem peterit, nist quoddam prosticiam questionis, quam ipse rep proposucrat, deraciter societes, capitali sentencia puniretur, super quo veniens tandem discretus iunenis prinzeps Epri Appolinus questione sociat, Nectame sistem habere potuit, sodium recollegit, Onde Appolinus a facie regis sugiens, quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter amozem pes ricula passus est.

The which is cleved Panteone,
The which is cleved Panteone,
In lones cause I rede thus,
Dowe that the great Antiochus,
Di whom that Antioche toke
Dis sirstename, as saith the boke,
was coupled to a noble quene,
And had adoughter hem betwene,
But such fortune cam to honde,
That beth, which no kyng mate withstand,
What every life it mote obey,
This worthy quene toke awey.

The honge, whiche made mochel mone, Tho floode, as who laith, all hym one without wyfe: but netheles Dis doughter, whiche was pereles Of bewtee, dwelt about hym fille. But whan a man bath welth at wille. The fleth is freel, and falleth ofte, and that this maide tendre and fofte, whiche in hir fathers chamber dwelte, within a tyme will and felte: for likynge of concupience,

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nofthout inlight of confrience, The faber fo withluffen blente, That be call all his bole entente Dis owne boughter for to fpille. The hunge bath leffer at his toille, with frengthe and whan he tome feve The ponge maiben be foglete. And the was tenber, and full of beebe, She couth not bir marbenbebe Defende : and thus the bath forlore The floure, whiche the bath longe bote. It belveth not all though the wepe, fo: thei that thulbe bir bobie kepe Df women, were ablent as than. And thus this mayden goeth to man. The wilde faber thus beuoureth Dis owne fielh, whiche none focoureth, And that was raufe of morbel care.

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But after this bukinde fare Dut of the chamber goeth the kinge. And the late fill, and of this thinge within hir felfe fuche forowe made, There was no wight, that might hir glade for fere of thilke horrible bice.

with that came in the nozice, whiche fro childhode hir had kepte, And alketh, if the had flepte, And why hir chere was unglad.

But the, whiche hath ben overlad, De that the might not be weeke, for thame couth bunethes speke. And nethelesse mercy the praied with weppinge eie, and thus the faied.

Alas nip infter wele awate That ever I figh this ilke date. Thinge whiche my bodie firste begate In to this worlde, onelich that My worldes worthip hath berefte. With that the swowneth nowe and efte, And ever witheth after deth, So that welnie hir lacketh breth.

Ahat other, whiche hir wordes herde, In comfortynge of hir answerde, To lete hir favers foule desyre She wist no recoverire, whan thinge is do, there is no bote, So sufferenthei that suffren mote: There was none other, whiche it wist.

Thus both this kinge all that high life Dibis likinge and his plefance,
And last in suche a confirmative,
And suche belite he toke therm,
Dim thought that it was no un.
Ind the durit him no thinge with leve.

Wur fame, whiche goeth enery were To londer reignes all aboute, The great beautee teileth onto De luche a maybe of hie parage. So that for lone of mariage The worthis princes come and lende, As they, whiche all honour wende, And hasive no thinge, howe that it Goode,

The faver whathe unvertees,
That thei his doughter thus befought,
the ith all his but he rail and fought,
Dowe that he mighes fride a lette,
And in this wife his lawe tareth,
That what man his doughter areth,
But if he couth his question
Associately the house that befell,
The whiche he wolde but himstell,
The whiche he wolde but himstell,
De chalce in certern less his here.

And thus there were many dede, Der heades Condinge on the gate, All at last longe and late, for lacke of answere in this wife The remenante, that weren wyse, Eschewden to make assate.

The aduentu Appolini in Antiochiam , BBl ipfe fulam regis Antiochi in woozem poftulanit.

Appolinus the pamee of Apre,
whiche hath to lone a great velice.
As he whiche in his bigh moode,
was likinge of his hote bloove
A yonge, a freihe, a luftle knyght,
As he late muspinge on a myght
Of the tidinges, whiche he berde,
The thought affaie howe that it force.
The was with worthie companie
Arated, and with good name
To thip he goeth, the winde him driveth,
And faileth, till that he armeth

Saufe

Saufe in the porte of Antioche. We londeth, and goeth to approche The hynges courte, and his prefence.

Df every naturall fcience,
whiche any clerke him couth teche,
him couthe enough: and in his speche
fwozdes he was eloquente.
And whan he ligh the hynge present,
he praieth, he mote his doughter have.

And tolde hym the condition, And tolde hym the condition, Howe first but o his question He more answere, and faile nought, D; with his beed it thall be bought. And he him asketh, what it was.

C Queffio regis Antiochi: fcelere Begoz, maters na carne Defcoz, queto patrem meum matris mee Birum, mooris mee filium,

The kinge verlareth him the caas with freme worde and frozoie there, To him and laive in this manere.

Thich felonic I am op boze,
I ete; and have it not forlore
My moders stellhe whole hulbonde
My faver for to ferhe I fonde,
whiche is the some eke of my wife
Derof I am inquisitife.
And who that can my tale save,
All quite he shall my boughter have.
De shall be dead withouten faile.
For thy my some, quod the kinge,
2de well adusted of this thynge,
whiche hath thy life in icopardie.

Appollinus for his partie, when he that question had herde, That the kinge he hath answerde. And hath reherced one and one The popules, and safe therboon.

The question, whiche thou half spoke, If thou witte, that it be valoke, It toucheth all the prinitee Betwene then owne childe and thee, And fronte all holle upon you two.

The kinge was wonde forte tho, and thought, if that he faid it oute, Then were he thamed all aboute, with die wordes and with felle. De fauth : Mp fonne 3 thail the telle, Though that thou be of litell witte, It is no great meruaile as vit, Abin age maie it not fuffile. But loke well thou nought befuffe Aben owne life : for of mp grace Df thirtie baies full a space I graunte the to ben abuileb. and thus with leue and tome affifes This vonge prince forth be wence. and bnberftobe well what it mente. within his berte as be was lered. That foz to make bym afered, The kinge his time bath fo belafen. wherof he bead and was amajed Df trefon, that be bete fbulne. for he the kynge his fouthe tolbe. and fobeinly the nightes tibe. That moze wolde he nought abide, All prinely his barge be bente, And home agepne to Apze be wente. And in his owne witte be faieb, for brede if he the kynge bewraped, De knewe fo well the kinges berte. That beth ne Guibe be nought afferte. The kynge him wolde fo purfeine. But he that ivolve his veth elcheive. And knewe all this tofoze the bonbe, Forfake be thought his owne londe, That there wolde he not abide. for well be knewe that on fome five This tyzanne of his felonie. 36v fome manere of trecherie. To greue bis bodie will not leue.

TDe fuga Appollini per mare a regno fue.

Thos thy withouten takinge leve As privilithe as thei might, De goeth him to the lea by night, Der thippes that ben with whete laden, Der takill redie tho thei maden, And haleth laple, and forth thei fare.

But for to tellen of the care, That thei of Tyre began tho, whan that thei wift he was ago, It is a pitee for to here. Thei loften luft, thei loften chere,

Gg ti

Ther

Thei toke boon bem fuche penance, There was no longe, there was no baunce, But every myzthe and melodie Mo bem was then a malabie. for buluft of that aventure There was no man whiche toke tonfure. In beably clothes thei bem clothe, The bathes and the fewes bothe Thei thit in by enery wey: There was no life whiche luft pley, the take of any tope kepe. But for bir liege lorde to wepe, and every wight faith as he couth, Alas the luftie doure of youth, Dur prince, our bead, our gouernour, Abzough whom we fronden in bonour, without the commune affent, That fobeinly is fro bs went. Suche was the clamour of bem all.

E Qualifer Chaliarina miles, of Appolium Beneno intopicaret, ab antiocho in Cypum miff', ipfo ibidem non innento Antiochiam redit.

EBut fee we nowe what is befalle Cloon the fyzit tale playne,
And tourne we therto agayne.

Antiochus the great fyze,
whiche full of rancour and of yze
Zis herte bereth so as ye herbe,
Df that this paynce of Tyre answerde.

De bab a felowe bacheler, whiche was his prenie councepler, And Thaliart by name be bigbt, The kynge a Gronge poylon bym dight within a bore, and golde therto, In all haffe and bad hym go Streight buto Tyre, and for no coffe De spare, till be had loft The papice, whiche he wolde fpflle. And whan the konge bath faid his will, This Taliart in a galeve with all the halfe be toke his wep. The wynde is good, thei feilen bline, Tyll be toke londe byon the rive Df Tyre, and forth with all anone Into the bozough be gan to gone, And toke his inne, and bode a theolie. But for he wold nought be knowe,

Disguised than he goth hym out. De figh the weppinge all about, And areth, what the cause was.

And thei hym tolde all the cas, Howe lode pully the paynce is go. And whan he figh, that it was lo, And that his labour was in bayne, Anone he tourneth home agayne. And to the kynge whan he cam nigh, De tolde of that he herde and ligh, Howe that the paynce of Tyre is fled, So was he come ageyne busped.

The kynge was lozie foz a while. But whan he lighe, that with no wile De might acheue his crueltee, De frynt his wrath, and let hym bee.

C Qualifer Appolinus in poztu Charlis applis cuit, Abi in Bofpicio cuiufbam magni Biri nomine Strangutionis Bofpitatus eft.

(IBut oner this nowe for to tells Df aduentures that befelle Unto this prince, of whiche I tolde.

De hath his right cours forth holde By from and nedell, till he cam To Tharle, and ther his londe he nam.

A bourgets riche of golde and fee was thilke tyme in that citee, whiche cleved was Stranguilio, Dis wyfe was Dionyle also.

This yonge prince, as laith the boke, with him his herbergage toke.

And it befill that citee fo Befoze tyme, and than allo, Through Gronge famyn, which bem lad, Was none, that any wheate had.

Appolinus, whan that he heroe
The mischese howe the citee serve,
All freliche of his owne giste
Dis wheate amonge hem soz to thiste,
The whiche by thip he had brought,
De yane, and toke of hem right nought.
But sithen syrst this worlde began,
was never yet to suche a man
More soye made, than thei hym made.
For thei were all of hym so glade,
That thei sor ever in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance

Df hym, and in a commen place
Thei let it op: so that his face
Might enery maner man beholde,
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton onergylte.
Thus hath he nought his yeste spilte.

Dualiter Befficanus cluis Epai Efarfim beniene Appolinum beinfibtis Antflochi paenuns ciault.

Alpon a tyme with a route,
This loade to pley goeth hym oute;
And in his wate of Tyre he mette
A man, whiche an his knees, him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
whiche paide his loade to have infight
Olpon hym felfe: and laide hym thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth, if that he might hym spille.
That other thought, and helde hym tille,
And thanked hym of his warninge,
And bad hym telle no tidinge,
whan he to Tyre cam home ageine,
That he in Tharse hym had segne.

Dualiter Appolinie poztum Tharfie refins quene cum ipfe per mare nauigio securiozem ques sinit, superueniente tempestate nauis cum omnis? pzeter ipsum solum in cabem contentis iupta Pen taposim pericsitabatur.

Fortune batheuer be muable, And maie no while Conde Cable. for noive it bieth, nowe it loweth, Dowe Cant bozight, nowe ouerthaoweth, Dowe full of blitte, and notweof bale, As in the tellpinge of my tale Dere afterwarde a man maie lere, miche is great routh for to here. This lorde, whiche wold done his bell, mithin bom felfe bath litell reft, And thought be wolbe bis place chaunge, And feke a countrei moze fraunge. Of Tharliens his leve anone Be toke, and is to thippe ygone. Dis tom's he name with faile bp drawe, where as fortune both the laive And theweth, as 3 thall reherfe, Dowe the was to this lotte binerle, The whiche bpon the fea the ferketh, The inyinge arole, the wether berketh, It bleive, and mabe fuche tempelfe. Done anker maie the thip areff. 19 biche bath to broken all bis gere. The thipmen foode in luche a fere, was none that might bim felfe beffere. But euer awaite bpon the lere, whan that thei fhulben brenche at'ones, There was enough within the wones, Df weppinge, and of lozowe the. The ponge konge maketh mochel wo, Do for to fee the thip trauaile. But all that might him nought analle. The maft to brake, the faple to roofe, The thip bpon the waters broofe, Mill that thei fee the londes coffe. Tho made a bowe the leffe and moffe, 1Be fo thei mighten come a londe. But be whiche bath the fea on bonde, Neptunus wolde nought accorde, But all to brake cable and corbe Er thei to londe might approche. The thip to claue bpon a roche. And all goth potone in to the bepe. But be that all thinge maie hepe, Unto this lorde was merciable, and brought him faue bpon a table, whiche to the lande him hath bpboze, The remenant was all forloze. Therof be mabe mothel mone.

E Quafiter Bppofinue nuone fuper fifue lactas Batur, vbi quidam pifcatoz ipfum fuo coffosio nes fiene, ad Brbem Pentapolim direpit.

Thus was this ponge lozde alone All naked in a poure plice. His colour, which was whilom white was than of water fade and pale. And eke he was so soze a cate, That he will of him selfe no bote, It helpe him no thynge foz to mote. To gete ageyn that he hath loze; which hath his beth sozioze foztune, though the will not yelpe, All sodephly hath sente him helpe, whan him thought all grace awete. There tame a fisher in the weye, and sigh a man there naked fronde.

The canfe, he hath of hym great routh, And oncly of his poure trouth, Df suche clothes as he hadde, with great pitee this loade he clade. And he hym thouseth as he sholde, And saith hym, that it shall be yolde, If ever he gete his state ageine, And praith, that he wolde hym sepne, If nigh were any towne for hym.

De layde pe, Pentapolim, where both kynge and quene dwellen, whan he this tale herde tellen, De gladdeth hym, and gan beleche, That he the wey hym wolde teche. And he hym taught: and forth he went, And praid god with good entent, To lende hym toye after his lorowe, It was nought palled yet midmorowe.

Caualiter Appolino Bentapolim adneniente, findus gimnafü per bebem publice pelamatus eft.

Than afterwarde his wey be nam, where foone boon the noone be cam. De ete luche as be might gete, And forth anone whan he had ete, De goth to fee the towne aboute, And cam there as be fonde a route Df ponge luftie men withallan And as it foulde the befalle, That daie was fet of furbe alife That thei thulbe in the londe gyle, As was berve of the people leie, Der commune game than pleve. And cried was, that thei fhulde come Cinto the game all and fome Dibem that ben beliner and wight, To bo luche mailfrie as thei might. Thei made hem naked as thei Golde. for fo that fike game woloe, And it was the cultome, and ble, Amonge bem was no refule. The floure of all the towne was there, And of the courte also there were, And that was malarge place, and made to Right even befoze the bynges face, whithe Arthefcates than hight. The pley was pleyed right in his fight.

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And who moffe worthie was of bebe, Receiue be chulve a certaine mede, And in the citee beare a price.

Appolinus, whiche ware and wife Dfeuery game couth an ende, De thought affaie, howe to it wende:

A Qualiter Sppolinus fudum ginnafii bincens, in aula rigis ab cenam fonozefice ceptus eff.

and fill amonge bem into game, And there he wanne hom furbe a name, Do as the bonge bom feife accounteth, That be all other men formounteth, And bare the price about hem all. The konge bab, that in to bis halle At louper tome be fhulve be brought. And be cam than, and lefte it nought, without companie alone. was none to femely of perfone, Df bilage, and of limmes bothe, If that he had tohat to clothe. At louper tyme netheles wir al signes The kynge amiddes all the pres Let clepe bem by amonge bem all and bab bis marchall of bis ball, and sain To fetten bym in fuche begree manach bait That he upon hom might fee, The hynge was foone lette and ferned, And he whiche had his prife veferued After the hynges owne worde, was made begyna mitotel bozde That both hynge and quene bynt fie. De lette, and tall about his eie, And lawe the lozbes in effate, And with bem fetfe foere in bebate, Thynkende what he had loze, and fuche a foroine be toke therfore, That he lat ener fille, and thought, As he whiche of no meate rought.

Comedit, sed dosage wift, sudmiffa sapitezmas pime ingemessed, auf tandem a fiffa tegis cons fortains Liberam plecters cuncis andictibus, citherando Sires modum complacuts.

And of his great gentlinelle and and said 2) is doughter, which was tayle and good

And at the boids before him stoods,
As it was thilke tyme blage,
De bad to go on his mellage,
And fonds for to make him glade.
And the bid as hir fader bade.
And goth to him the lofte paas,
And asketh whens, and what he was,
And visithe be shulde his thought leve.

De laith, madame by your leue, My name is hote Appolinus, And of my riches it is thus, a due die Topon the fea 3 bane it loze, and amenail The contrei, where as I was bore, where that my londe is, and my rente I lefte at Tyze, whan that I wente, Abe worthip there, of whiche I ought, Unto the god I there betonght. And thus togider as thei two fpeke, and and The tearis canne bowne by his cheke. The king, whichetheroftobe good kepe, Dad great piter to fee him wepe.adisig and And for his boughter fenbe ageput, hall and And peald hir, fayer, and gair to fayn, That the no lenger wolde beetche, But that the wolve anone forth fetche Dir barve, and bone al that the cars To glad with that fory man gotted at 12 3 And the to doone bir favers bell and and and Dir barpe fet, and in the felle antered and alpon a chaire, whiche thei frete, sid and o Dir felfenert to this man the fette den ing 19 ith harpe both and eke with mouth To him the vio, all that the couth and files To make him there, and ever be ligheth, And the him alketh, home him likether

Madame cerces wel, be faied,
iBut if ye the measure placed,
whiche, if you lift, I shall you lere,
It were a gladde thinge for to here.
A leve sy, tho good she,
howe take the barpe, and lete me see,
Dewhat measure that ye mene.
Tho praith the hinge, tho praich the quene,
forth with the loodes all arewe,

De takih the barpe, and in his ivile. De temparth, and of futhe affice

That as a bopre relestiall
Dem thought it sowned in her ere,
As though that it an angell were,
They glaven of his melodie
Whit mother of all the companie,
The kygnes boughter, whiche it herde,
And thought the of that he answerde,
Whan that ictivas of hir appoled,
Within hir herte hath well supposed,
That he is of great gentilnesse,
Dis veces ben therof witnesse,
Anothwith the wiscome of his loze,
It never hat have suche manere,
De might not have suche manere,
Disgential blood but if he were,

Whan he hath harped all his fille, The hinges helt to fulfille, A weie goth dithe, a wate goth cup, Down goth the bozbe, the cloth was bp, Abei rilen, and gone oute of the balle.

TD uditer Appolinue cum rege pao filiafna ernoienda refentus eft.

The kynge his chamberleyn let calle, and bab, that he by all toepe A chambee to: this man pur urte. A chambee for this man purnete, It thall be do me torbe quot bee. Appolinus, of whom 3 mene, Tho toke his leue of honge and quene, And of the worthie maibe alfo, whiche prated unto hir fader tho, That the might of the ponge man Df tho letenres, whiche be can, Dis loze haue . And in this wife The konge bir graunteth bir appetle So that hom felfe therto affent. Thus was accorded er thei wente, That be with all that ever be male This youge fapze frethe mate Df that he couth thalde enforme. And full affenteb in this forme, Thei token leue as for that night,

Dugliter filia regie Appolinum opnato apa paratu veftiri fecit, Et ipfe ad puelle doctrinum in gpluribus familiariter intendebat, unde plas cata puella in amozem Appollini epardescene, informabatur. Tand whan it was on incrowe right Winto this younge man of Ayre, Df clothes, and of good attyre, with golde and filuer to dispende This worthie younge ladie sende.
And thus the made hym well at ease, And he with all that he can please Dir serueth well and faire againe. De taught bir, till the was certeyne Of harpe, citole, and of riote, with many a tewne, and many a note, Whom musike, byon measure.
And of hir harpe the tempure

BRY WY JO JOH

But as men fepne, that frele is youth, with leffer and continuante This mapbe fill boon a chance, That loue bath mabe bum a quarele Agegne hir youth frethe and frele. That mangre where the inclue or nought, be mote with all hir hertes thought, To lout and to his lame obep. 22.560.00000 And that the thall full fore abete. for the wote nener what it is, But euer amonge the feleth this . and out? Touchinge bpon this man of Type, 18th & Dir berte is bote as any fpre. and other while it is a cale. ... o and hathit Dowe is the redde, nome is the pale, ogg A Right after the condicion and an another 2 Dfbir imaginacion. But euer amonge bir thoughtes all ainidas She thought, whan lo mate befall, inil De that the laugh at that the wepe, od ? She wolde hir good trame hepe for fere of womanmple hame.

But what in ernell what in game she frant foz lone in suche a plite,
That the hath lost all appetite
Of mete and dynake, of nightes rest,
as the that note what is the best.
But foz to thyrake all hir fille
She helde hir ofte tymes stille
within hir chamber, and goth not out.

The konge was of hir tofe in conte, whiche wift nothonge what it ment.

The highest wift nothonge what it ment.

The konge was of hir tofe in conte, which was a serie figures what it was a serie figures with the content of the cont

ENR

To walke, of princes somes three
To walke, of princes somes three
There came, and fill to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondrie wyse
Besought, and profereth his service,
So that he might his doughter have.
The kynge, which wold hir hundur save,
Sateth, sie is ticke, and of that speche
Tho was no time to beserbe,
What eche of hem to make a bille
The bad, and write his owne wille,
This name, his fader, and his good.

And whan the wift howe that it flood, and had her billes ouerfepne,
Thei shulben have answere agepte.
De this counseple thei weren glab,
And written, as the kynge hem had,
And every man his owne boke
Into the kynges honde betoke.
And he it to his boughter sende,
And praide hir for to make an ende
And write agepte hir owne honde,
And write agepte hir owne honde,

Appoliter filla regie omnibne allie refielle

The billes weren well received, But the bath all her loves wetnes: And thought the was tyme and space To put hir in hir labers grace,

And wrote agenie, and thus the tappe.

The thame, which is in a mappe, with speche date not be birlotte, with speche date not be birlotte, with speche date not be birlotte, white I to pon fader thus, white I to pon fader thus, white I have Appolinus of all this worlde what so bettee, I wil none other man abibe.

And certes it I at him faile,
I wot right welle withoute faile,
be thall for me be boughtertes.

This letter came, and there was prese.

And when that he it understode,
we paus hem answere by and by.

But that was boone so princly,
That none of others councers wiffe.

The tolksher leve, and where hem lift

Thei wente forth bpon their wey.

C Qualiter rep et regina in maritagium fille succum Appolino consencierunt.

The kynge ne wold nought bewrey The councell for no maner hie, But fuffreth till he time fie

And whan that he to chambre is come, He hath buto counceill name This man of Tyre, and lete hym fee The letter, and all the privitee, The whiche his boughter to him fente.

And the his knee to grounde bente,
And thougeth him and hir also.
And er thei wente then a two,
with good herte, and with good cozage,
De full lone and full mariage
The kinge and he be hole accozded.
And after, whan it was recozded
Winto the doughter, howe it stode,
The yefte of all this worldes good
he shuld have made hir halfe so blithe,
And forth with all the kinge als swith,
for he woll have hir good assent,
Dath for the quene hir moder sente.

The quene is come : and whan the berde Df this mater, howe that it ferbe, She figh bebate, the lighe bileale, But if the wolde hir doughter pleafe. And is therto affented full, whiche is a dede wonderfull. for no man knewe the foth cas. But be hom felfe, what man be was. And netheleffe fo as bem thought, Dis bedes to the foth waought, That he was come of gentill blood, Dim lacketh nought but worldes goob. And as therof is no dispeire, for the thall be hir faders bepre, And he was able to gouerne. Thus well thei not the love werne Df bim and bir in no wife. But all accorded thei benile The daie and time of mariage, nohere love is lozde of the cozage Dim thinketh longe, er that be fpebe, But at lafte buto the bebe.

CQualiter Appolinus file regie nupfit, et pals ma nocte cum en concubiens ipfam unpzegnauit.

The time is come, and in ber foffe. with great offrynge and facrifice Thei webbe, and make a great felle, and every thynge was right honelle Within bous, and the withoute It was fo boone, that all aboute, Df great worthip, and great noblette, There cried many a man largelle UInto the lozdes bigh and loube. The knightes, that be ponge and proude, Thei Jufte firfte, and after baunce : The date is go, the nightes chaunce Dath berked all the bright forme, This lozde, whiche bath his lone worme, Is go to bed with his wife. where as thei lebe a luftie life. And that was after fombele fene, for as thei pleiden bem betwene, Thei gete a childe betwene bem tipo, To whom fill after morbell wo.

C Qualiter ambaffiatopes a Epzo in quadam nam petapolim venientes, mortem regis Antios ehi Appolino nuncianerunt.

E poin have I tolde of the sponsastes, which afterwards to hem befelle, It is a wonder for to telle.

It is a wonder for to telle.

It fell a date their iden oute,
The kinge, and quene, and all the route,
To pleten hem boon the Kronde,
where as thei feen towards the londe
I thip failing of great arrate.
To know what it mene mate
Till it be come thei abide,
Than see thei stonde on enery side
Endlongs the thippes bords to thewe,
Df pendunceals a roche reive.

Thei alken, whens the thip is come.

And over this thei faiben moze
The cause why thei comen soze
was for to seche, and for to synde
Appollinus, whiche is of hynde
Der liege lorde: and he appereth,
And of the tale whiche he bereth,

That for bengeance, as god it wolde,
That for bengeance, as god it wolde,
Antiochus as men maie witte,
with thonder and lightnyng is forimitte.
Dis doughter hath the same chance:
So ben thei both in o balance.

for the our liege love we leie, In name of all the londe, and preie, That lefte all other thenge to doone, It like you to come loone, and fee your owne liege men, with other that ben of your ken, That liven in longunge and delyre, Till pe be come agente to Tyre.

This tale after the hynge it had ... Pentapolin all overspead.
There was no tope for to seche.
Hore was no tope for to seche.
And saiden all of one accorde:
A worthy hynge shall ben our lorde.
That thought be first an benines,
Is shape be nowe to great gladnes.
Thus goth the tydynge over all.

E Qualiter Appolno ell voore fue impregnata a pentapoli Ber fue Eraum nauigatibus contigit voorem mortis articulo anguftiată, in naui fuid, que pofica Chaifie vocabatur, parere.

Appolinus his leve toke,
Appolinus his leve toke,
To god and all the londe betoke,
with all the people longe and brode,
That he no lenger there abode.
The kynge and quene forowe made,
But yet somoele thei were glade
Offiche thynge, as thei herde tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To thip he goth, his wife with childe,
The twhiche was ever meke and milde,
And wolde not departe hym fro,
Suche love was betwene hem two.

Lichorida for hir office was take, whiche was a norice, Lo wende with this yonge wife, To whom was hape a wofull life, within a tyme, as it betto,

Whan thei were in the fea amid, Dut of the north thei fee a cloude,

The frozme crofe, the wonder lowe Shei blewen many a dredefull blaffe,
The welken was all onercaste:
The derke night the some hath binder,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moone, and eke the steeres bothe
In blacke cloudes thei hem clothe,
where their bright loke thei hide,

This yonge lavie wepte and crive, To whom no comforte might anaile, Dichilve the began transile where the late in a caban close, This wofull look fro his arole, And that was longe or any morowe, So that in anguisthe and in sorowe She was delinered all by night.

And deide in every mannes sight.

I But nethelesse for all this wo A maide chylde was bore tho.

Qualifer Appolimus mogtem Spogie fue plapit,

Appolinus when he this knewe. for lorowe a fwonne be ouerthrewe, That no man will in hym no life. And whan he woke, be faid : a wife, My iope, my luft, and my before, My welth, and my recoverice, why thali I line, and thou thalt ble ? Za thou fortune 3 the befie, how half thou do to me thy werlf. A berte, why ne wilt thou berk, That forth with hir I might palle? My pernes were well the laffe. In fuche weppinge, and fuche crie Dis bead wife, whiche late bym bie. A thoulande fithes he hir kiffe, was never man that lawe ne wifte A forome, to his forome liche, was ever amonge open the liebe, De fill fwoundige, as be that thought Dis owne beth, whiche be lought Unto the goddes all abone, With many a vitous worde of lone: But fuche wordes as the were Derbe neiler no mannes ease But onely thilke, whiche be laive. The mailler thipman came and praine

with

With other luche, as ben therht, And laine, that he maie nothings wint Agepne the deth, but thei hom rede He well ware, and take hede:
The sea by weie of his nature
Receive maie no creature,
whichin hom selfe as sozto holde,
The whiche is dead. Hoz the thei wolde,
As thei counceilen all about
The dead bodie casten out.
Hoz better it is, thei saiden all,
That it of hir so befalle,
Than if thei chulden all spille.

Dualiter fnadentione naufie coppus Spozie fur mostue in quedam ciffa plumbo et ferro 08: tufa, que circumligata Appolume cam magno ehefanto vna cum quedam littera fus eine capite feripta rectudi, in mari proici fecil.

Abekpage, which understode her will, And know her countaite that was trewe, Began agepn his sozowe newe, with pitous herte, and thus to fete, It is all reason that pe prepe.

3 am (quet be) but one alone, So wolde 3 not for mp perlone, There fell furbe aduerfitee, But what it mafe no better bee, Doth than thus byon my worde, Let make a coffre ffronge of bozde, That it be tieme with lead and pitche. Anone was made a coffer fiche Ali redie brougist buto his bonde. And whan he lawe, and redie fonde This coffre made, and well englued, The dead bodie was befeived In cloth of golde, and leide therin. And for he wolve buto hir win Alpon some coffe a sepulture, Ulnder hir head in aduentore Df golde he lepbe fommes great, And of tetoels fronge beyett, Forth with a letter, and fayo thus.

Copia tittere capiti ppogia fue fu ppofite.

That here and fee this letter waitte,

That belpeles without rede Here lieth a kynges boughter dede, And who that happeth hir to finde, Ho: charitee take in his mynde, And do fo, that the be begrave: 10tch this creasour, whiche he thall have.

Thus whan the letter was full spoke,
Thei have anone the coare stoke,
And bounden it with you safe,
That it mate with the wawes last,
And stoppen it by suche a wete,
That it shall be within docie,
So that no water might it greve.
And thus in hope, and good belove
Of that the coops shall well arine,
Thei cast it over bood as blive.

M Qualiter Appolinus, Spozis fue coppore in mare protecto. Epram relinquene, entfum fuum berfus Charfin nauigio bolene arripuit.

The thip forthe on the waives went,
The paince hath changed his entent,
And fanth, he will not come at Type
As than, but all his defire.
Is firste to fatten unto Tharfe.
The wounde storme began to scarle,
The sound arist, the weder clereth,
The shipman, which behinde stereth,
whan that he saw the wonder saught,
Towards Tharse his cours he straught.

E Dnalifer coppus predicte defuncte fuper fitus apud Epfefum quidam medicus nomine Cerimo, cum aliquibus fuis difcipulis inuenit, quod in flofs picium portand, et eptra ciffam ponens fpiraculo vite i ea adfuc imuento, ipfa plene fanitali refituit.

Tibut noive to my matere ageyn, Ao telle as olde bokes sepne,
This dead copps, of whiche ye knowe,
With wynde and was sooth throwe,
Noive here, now there, till at last
At Ephesus the sea byrast
The costre, and all that was therin.
Of great mermaile noive begyn
Mate here, who that sixteth still.
That god will save mate not spill.
Right as the copps was throwe a londe,
There cam walkinge byon the stronde,

LIBER

A worthie clerke, and furgien, And else a great physicien, Df all the londe the wifest one, Whiche hightmasster Cerimone. There were of his disciples some. This maister is to the coster come, De peyseth there was somwhat in, And bad hem beare it to his inne, And goethhim selfe southe with alle. All that thall falle, falle shall.

Thei comen home, and tarie nought. This coffer in to his chamber is brought, nabiche that thei finde falle foke, But thet with crafte it haue bnloke. Thei loker in, where as thei foumbe A body beave, whiche was wormbe In cloth of golde, as I faibe ere. The trefour ele thei founden there, forthwith the letter, whiche theirebe, and the thei token better bebe. Cinlowed was the body foone, As he that knewe, tohat was to boone, This noble clerke with all halfe Began the beynes for to talle, And lawe hir age was of poutte. And with the craftes, whiche he couth, De lought and founde a light of tife. with that this worthie kinges wife Ponefflie thei token oute, And maben fores all aboute. Thei leied bir on a couche lofte, Ario with a fliete warmed ofte Dir colde brette began to beate, Bir berte alfo toftache and beate, This mailler bath bir every topite with certein ople and ballam anopate, And put a licour in bir mouthe, whiche is to fewe clerkes couthe. So that the conereth at late. And firft bir cien op the caffe, And whan the mote of treetigth caught, Dir armes both forth the Aranghe, Delde op hir bortoe, and pitoulie She fpake, and fath, tobere am 1? where is my lorbe; what worlde is this? As the that worte not bowe it is.

But Cerimone the warthe little

And faive: madame ye ben here, where ye be faur, as ye that here Dere afterwarde, for thy as nowe My counted is coinforteff you. Ho; triffeth wel withoute faile, There is no thinge, which that you faile, That ought of reason to be do.

Thus patien that a date or two.

C Qualiter 1902 Appolini fanata, bomung relis gionis petitt, ufi facro velamine manita, caffan omni tempoze Bouit.

Thei speke of mought as to; an ende, Til the began sombele amende, And will hie felse, what the mente. The so; to know hie hole entente. This matter attest all the raas, Dowe the cam there, and what the was.

Dowe I came here, wote I nought, Auod the, but well I am bethought Drother thinges all about, fro popute to popute and tolde him oute, As ferforthly as the it with.

And he his colde howe in a chiffe The lea hir threwe byon the londe, And what tresour with his he sonde, whiche was all vedy at hir wille, As he that those him to fulfille with al his might, what things he shold

with a! his might, what things he tholbe. She thonkerh him, that he to wolve, And all hir fierte the victoleth, And faith him wel, that the fuppoleth, Dir lozde be breint, bir chilbe alfo. So lawe the nought but all wo. noberof as to the moste no mose De wil the toine, and praieth therfore, That in fome temple of the citee, To kepe and holde hir chaffitee, She might amonge the women owell. whan he this tale herbe tell, De was right glad, a mabe bir knowen. That he a doughter of his owen Zath, whiche he wil onto hir pene To ferne, witte thei buth line. In feed of that, whiche the hath loffe. Al onelp at this office tolte. She Mall be rendied forth with bir.

She fatth, graunte merry lene fir,

God quite it pou, there I ne maie. And thus thei brine forth the bate Till time cam, that the was hole. And the thei toke ber counseple hole To thape byon good governance, and made a worthie purueiance Agepne baie, whan thei be beileb. And thus when that thei were counfeiled, In blacke clothes thei them cloth, The boughter and the laby both, And polde bem to religion. The feffe, and the profession, After the rule of that begree, was made with great folemnites where as Diane is fanctified. Thus frant this lady tuftified. In order, where the thynketh to bivelle.

Dualiter Appolinue Charfim'nauigans ifitia fud Chaifim Stragulioni et Dionpfie Roozi fue educandum commedanit, et deinde Cyaum abiit, Botcum ineftimabili gaudio a fule receptue eff.

EBut nowe ageinwarde for to telle In what plite that hir lorde frode in.

The faileth, tyll that he maie wynne
The hauen of Tharle, as I faide ere.
And whan he was arrived there,
Tho was it through the citee knowe,
Wen might fee within a throwe,
As who faith all the towne at ones
Thei come agepne hym for the nones
To yeuen hym the reverence,
So glad thei were of his prefere.

And though he were in his cozage Wilealed, pet with glad vilage
De made hem there, and to his inne, where he whylom lotourned in,
De goth hym Aranghe, and was received.
And whan the prees of people is weived,
De taketh his holle but hym tho
And laith: My frende Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is befalle:
And thou the lefte arte one of all,
Forthwith the wife, whiche I mak trik.
For the if it you both lift,
My doughter Thaife by your leve
I thenke hall-with your bleve
As for a tyme: and thus I praise,

That the be kepte by all wase.
And whan the hath of age moze,
That the be set to bokes loze.
And this auowe to god I make,
That I that! never for his sake
My beroe for no likynge thane,
Till it befalle, that I have
In covenable tyme of age
Besette his buto mariage.

Abus thei acrosde, and all is weller And for to reffen hym sombele, As for a while he ther soiourneth, And than he taketh his leve, and tourneth To thip, and goth hym home to Tyre. Where every man with great delyze Rivalteth byon his compage.

But whan the thip cam in failynge, and perceinen that it is he, was never yet in no citee Duche tope made, as thei tho made. Dis herte also began to glade of that he feeth his people glade.

Lo thus fortune his happe hath labbe, In fondep wife he was transfled, But how fo ever he be affailed, Dis later ende thall be good.

E Qualiter Chaifis bna cum philotenna Sran gulionis et, Blonpfie filia, omnis sciencie et hos neftatis doctrina imbuta eff., sed et Chaisis phis totennam precellens in odium mortale per innis diama Dionpsia recollecta eft.

And for to speke howe that it stoope Df Thaife his doughter, where the divel In Abarle as the cronike telleth She was well kepte, the was well loked. She was well taught, the was well boked: So well the fped hir in hir youth, That the of every wyledome couth, That foz to leche in enery londe So wife an other no man fonde, De lo well taught at mannes eie. But wo worth ever falle enufe. foz it befill that tyme fo, A boughter bath Srangulio, pobiche was cleved Philotenne, 2But fame, whiche will euer renne Lame all baie to bir mothers eare. and faith, where euer hir doughter were

2)b

With Thaile let in any place, The common boyce, the comon grace was all boon that other maybe, And of hir daughter no man laybe.

who was worth but Diony fe than! Dir thought a thoulande pere till whan She might be of Thaife weeke, Df that the berbe folke lo fpeke. And fill that ilke fame tibe. That bead was trewe Lichoride, pobiche bab be feruant to Thaife, So that the was the wors at eale. for the bath than no feruile, But onely through this Dionyfe. whiche was ber deably ennemie: Throngh pure treason and enuie, She that of all fozowe can, Tho fpake bnto bir bondeman, whiche cleved was Theophilus, And made bom twere in counceill thus, That be luche tome as the bom let, Shall come Thaife for to fette, And lebe bir out of all fight, where that no man hir belpe might, Ulpon the Aronde nighe the lea, And there be Chall this maiden dea.

This chooles berte is in a trance, As he whiche dead hym of bengeance, when tyme cometh an other daie: But pet durft he not faie nate, abut froze, and faid he thuide fulfill Dir heftes at hir owne will.

Qualiter Dionpfla Chaifin of occideret, Eheospie feruo fuo tradidit, qui eli noctanter longius ab Brbe ipfam appe l'itus maria interficere apposfuerat, pirate ibidem l'atitantes Chaifin de manu earnificis exipuerunt, ipfam in ofque ciuitatem Mitelenam ducentes, cuidem Leonino scoztozum ibidem magistro Bendiberunt.

E The treason and the tyme is shape, So fell that this churlishe knape Dath lad this maiden where he inolde Alpon the stronde, and what the sholde She was adjad, and he out byapte Arusy sweede, and to hir saide, Thou shalt be dead; also quod the, why shall I so : Lo thus quod be My ladie Dionyse hath bede,

Thou thalt be murozed in this frede.

This maiden tho for feare thright,
And for the love of god all might
She pretth that for a litell fromde,
She might knele upon the grounde
Towarde the heven for to crave
Hir wofull foule that the maie fave.

And with this nople, and with this crie, Dut of a barge fafte by, pobiche hid was there on fromer fare, Men ferten out and weren ware Df this felon, and he to go. and the began to crie tho. A mercy belpe for goodes fake. In to the barge thei bir take, Canana As theres thulbe, and forth thei wente. alpon the fea the wynde hem bent, And maulgre where thei wolde or none. Tofoze the weber forth thei gone. There belpe no faile, there belpe nome oze, forfformed, and forblowen fore In great perill fo forth thei oriue, Till at lafte thei arrive At Mitelene the titee. In bauen laufe and whan thei bee. The maiffer Gipman mabe bim boune, And goth hom out in to the towne, And profereth Thaife for to felle.

Dne Leonin it herde telle,
whiche mailler of the bozdel was,
And bad hym go a redie pas
To fetchen hir: and forth he went,
And Thaife out of his barge he hent,
And to the bozdeler hir folde.
And that he by hir body wolde
Take anantage, let do crie,
That what man wolde his lecherie
Attempte byon hir maidenhede,
Laie downe the golde, and he thulde spede.

And thus whan he hath cried it out, In fight of all the people about.

ADualiter Leoninus Chaifim ab lupanar beffis nauit, Bbi bei gracia pzeuenta, ipfius virginitatem nuttus violare potnit.

De labbe hir to the bozdell tho, No wonder though the were two, Close in a chambre by hir felfe,

Ethe

Che after other ten o; twelfe Df vonge men in to bir went. But luche a grace god bir fent, That for the forowe, whiche the made, was none of hem, which power have Mo bone bir any bilanie.

This Leonin let euer afpie, And wayteth after great bepete. But all for nought the was forlete, That no man wolde there come.

uphan be therof bath beer nome, And knewe, that the was pet a maybe, Ulmo his owne man be lapde, That be with frength agepne bir leue, Tho chulde hir maybenhode beceut. This man goth in, but fo it ferbe, noban be bir ivofull pleintes berde, and be therof bath take kepe, Bom lift better for te wepe, Than bo ought elles to the game. And thus the kepte bir felfe fro fhame, and bueled botone to therthe and praphe Ulnto this man, and thus the lapbe :

If fo be, that the maifter wolve, That I bis good encrees Colde; It maie not falle by this weie, Butluffre me to go mp wepe Dut of this bous, where I am in, and 3 hall make hymfor to toyn In fome place els of the towne, Belo it be of religioione, pobere that boneft women dielle. And thus thou might thy mailer telle, That whan I haue a chambre there, Let bom bo crie ale toice where, mabat lozde, that bath his boughter bere. and is in will that the thall lere Dffache a schole that is trewe. Thall bir teche of thonges news, nobiche that none other woman care In all this londe. And the this man Dir tale bath berbe, be goth agepn. And tolde buto his maifter plepn, That the bath fepbe : and therbport. mohan that he fame bevete none At the bozbell because of bir, The bad his man go and fpie A place, where the might abide,

That be maie wonne boon fome floe Bo that the can : but at left Thus was the laufe of this tempeft.

Qualiter Chaifie a lapaneri virgo tiberata. inter facras mulieres Bofpicium Babens, fcietias, quibus eboctafuit, nosiles regni puettas ibibem e

dobe to se a romana o The bath hir fro the borbell tahe, ila dill But that was not for goddes fake, at and But for the lucre, as the bom tolbe, it il Dowe comen tho, that comen wolbe le no Di women in her luffie pouth To here and fee, what thinge the couth. She can the wifebome of a clerke, 17 10 She can of any luftie werke, whiche to a gentill woman longeth, And some of hem the buderfongeth To the citole, and to the barpe, and whom it liketh for to carpe Biouerbes and bemaundes flie, In other fuche thei neuer fie, whiche that frience fo well tanght wherof the great giftes caught, That the to Leonin bath wonne. and thus bir name is to begonne Df fondgie thonges, that the terbeth, That all the londe to bir fecheth Df ponge women, for to lere.

EQualifer Cheophilue ad Dionyliam mane sa diens affirmault fe Ebaifim occidife, fuper que Dionpfia una cum Stragulione marito fuo botos sem in publico confingentes, exequias et seputta sam Bonorifice, quantum ad exera subbola sons tectatione fieri confituerunt,

Dowe lette we this mayben here. And speke of Dionyse agapne, And of Theophile the bilapne, Df whiche 3 spake of nowe tofoze, uban Thaife thalbe bane be fogloge. This falle chorle to his labie whan he cam home all princip. De faith: Madame Capne I bane This maybe Thaife, and is begrane In pring place, as ye me bede. for the madame taketh bebe, And kepe counceple, howe to it frome. This fende, whiche bath this buber Cond.

2) bii

pons gian, and weneth it be footh.

POLUCYXXX

Dhe wepeth, the crieth, the compleyneth, And of fickenes, whiche the feyneth bbe faith, that Thaile lovevnly By night is bead, as the and 3 To gether lien nigh my lozbe. She was a woman of recoade, And all is leued, that the feyth : And for to pene a more feith Dir bulbonde, and eke the both In blacke clothes thef bem cloth, And make a great enterement. Sub for the people Chall be blent, De Thaife as for the remembrance. After the riall albe blance, I tombe of laton noble and riche. with anymage buto bir liche Liggringe, aboue therbpon, Thei mabe, and let it by anon.

Dir epitaphe of good affle was writte about : and in this wife It spake, D ve that this beholde, Lo here lieth the, the whiche was holde The fairest, and the source of all, whole name Thaiss men call.

The kunge of Type Appolinus Dir father was, nowe lieth the thus. Sourtene yere the was of age, whan beth hir toke to his biage.

Qualiter Appolinus in regno fuo apud Cyaff epiffene, parliamentun fieri conflituit.

Thus was this falle treason his, whiche afterward was wyde kid, As by the tale a man thall here, But to beclare my matere
To Type I thynke tourne ageyne.
And telle, as the cronikes serve.

whan that the kynge was comen home, And hath lefte in the falte fome Dis wife, whiche he maie not forpete, for he some comforte wolde gete, The lette sommone a parlement, To whiche the lordes weren astent, And of the tyme he hath ben out, The seeth the thynges all about, And tolde hem ske howe he hath sara Mohile he was out of londe fare,
And praide hem all to abide:
for he wolve at some tibe
Do shape for his wines mynde,
As he that wolve not be unkinde.

Solempne was that ilke office, And riche was the facrifice, The feast rially was holde, And therto was he well beholde. For furhe a wife as he had one, In thilke dates was there none.

Taualiter Appolime poft parliament it Chars fin ppo Egaife filia fua querenda adut, qua ibide non inuenta abinde nanigio receffit.

Twhá this was done, then he him thought Elpon bis poughter, and befought Suche of his lozdes, as he wolde, That thei with him to Tharfe tholde To fette bis boughter Thaife there, And thei anone all redie were. To thip thet gone, and forth thet went, Till thei the hauen of Tharle bente. Thei londe, and faile of that thei lethe 18p conerture and fleight of fpeche. This faile man Strangulio, and Dionyfe bis wife allo, That be the better trowe might, Thei labbe bem to baue a fight, mbere that bir tombe was arrafeb, The laffe pet be was milpapte.

And netheles so as he durst, He curseth, and sayth all the worst Unto fortune, as to the blinde, whiche can no liker wer finde. For hym the neweth ever amonge, And medleth so owe with his songe, But sithe it mate no better be, He thomketh god, and forth goth he Sathringe towarde Tyre ageyne. But sodepnly the wynde and reyns Began byon the sea bebate, So that he suffre mote algate.

C Dualiter navie Appolini ventie agitata potstum vebie Abitelene in die quo festa Deptuni ces lebzari consucueritt, applicuit, is ipse pae dologa Ehaifie file sue, quam mortnam reputabat, in fundo nauie obscuro iasens kumen videre notuit.

The laive, which Neptune ordeineth, whereof full ofte tyme he pleyneth, And held him wel the more elmaied. Of that he hath tofore affaied. So that for pure forowe and care, Of that he feeth this worlde to fare, The rest he leueth of his caban, That for the counsell of no man, Ageyne therin he nolde come, where he weppinge alone laie, There as he sawe no light of date.

And thus tofore the wome thei drive, Aill longe and late thei arrive with great distresse, as it was sene Upon this towns of Mitelene, whiche was a noble cite tho.
And happeneth thiske tyme to, The lordes both, and the commune The high festes of Neptune Ulpon the stronge at rivage, as it was custome and blage Solempneliche thei be sigh.

What thei this Arange bellell figh Com in and half his fatle analed, The towne therof hath spoke and taled.

■ Quatifer Alenagojas Bebis Mitelene prins ceps nauim Spootist inneffigans, ipfu fic cotrifs tatu nifit que respondentem consolari satagebat.

The lorde, whiche of that citee was. pohole name is Atenagoras, was there, and faire, be wolve fee. What thip it is, and who they bee, That ben therin : and after foone. noban that he figh it was to boone, Dis barge was for him araied, And he goeth foorth, and bath affafeb, De fonde the Chip of great araie: But what there it amounte maie. De figh thei maden heup chere, But well bim thinketh by the manere, That thei ben worthie itter of blood. And afteth of hem towe ir froode: And thei bim tellen all the caas, Dowe that her lorde fordrine was, And whiche a forowe that he made. Df whiche there mate no man bim glabe. De praieth that he her lorde maie lee. But thet him tolde it maie not bee. Hor he lieth in so derke a place, That there maie no wight see his face.

But for all that though hem be lothe, The fonde the ladder, and downe he goeth, And to him hake but none answere Ageine of him ne might he here, Hor ought that he can do or seyne, And thus he goeth him by ageyn.

Duafifer precepto principie, bi Appolinum confolaretur, Chaifie cum cithera fua ad ipfu in obscuro nanie, veitacebat, producta eft.

Tho was there spoke in many wife Amonges hem, that weren wife, Nowe this, nowe that, but at lass The wisome of the towne thus cast, That yonge Thaife was assent. Ho; if there be amendement To glad with this wofull kynge, She can so muche of enery thynge, That the thall glad him anone.

A mestager for hir is gone, And the came with hir harpe in honde, And saide hem, that the wolde some By all the weies, that the can, To glad with this sory man. But what he was, the will nought But all the thip hir bath belought, That the hir witte on him dispende, In aunter if he might amende, And sayn: it thall be well aquit.

whan the hath binderstonden it, whe goeth hir downe, there as he laie, where that the harpeth many a laie. And like an angell songe with alle. But he no more than the walle. Toke hede of any thonge be berde.

And whan the lawe that he lo ferbe, She falleth with hym whito wordes, And telleth him of londzie bozdes, And afketh him demandes frange, whereof the made his herte thange, And to hir speche his eare he lepde And hath meruaile, of that the layde. Hoz in pronerbe, and in probleme She spake, and bad he soulde deme,

In many a fubtile queffion. But he for no luggeftion nabiche towarde bom the coude fere, . De molbe not one worde animere. But as a mab man at laffe. Dis head weppinge awey he cafe, and balfe in weath he bad bir go. But vet the wolde not bo lo, And in the berke forth the gothe. Till the bym toucheth, and be worth, and after bir with bis bonde De fmote : and thus whan the him fonde Difealed, courteilly the lapbe, Quop my lorde, I am a maple, and if pe woft, what 3 am, and out of what linage I cam, pe wolbe not be lo faluage. with that he lobzeth his courage,

EQualiter ficut dens deftinanit patri filla innen

and put awey bis beuie chere. aBut of bem two a man maie lere. apphat is to be fo fibbe of bloode, Done will of other howe it Roode, And vet the father at lafte Dis herte bpon this mapbe caffe, That be bir loueth kyndely. And pet he will neuer why, But all was knowe er that thei went. for god wote ber hole entent, Der bertes both anone discloseth. This konge, bnto this maide oppoleth. and alketh firft, what is bir name. And where the lerned all this game, And of what kyn the was come. And the that hath his wordes nome, Inswereth, and faith: my name is Thaife, That was sometyme well at aile. In Tharle I was forthorate and febbe, There I lerned, till I was fpedde Df that I can : mp father eke I not tobere that I thulbe bym feke, De was a konge men tolde me. My mother Dzeint in the fee. fro pount to pount all the bum tolbe. That the hath longe in berte bolbe, And never durit make bir mone,

But onely to this loade allone,

To whom hir herte can not hele,

Tourne it to wo, tourne it to wele,

Tourne it to good, tourne it to barme.

And he tho toke hir in his arme, But luche a love as he tho made, was never lene, thus ben thei glade, That lovy hadden be toforne, fro this date fortune bath lworne. To let hym betwarde on the whele. So goth the worlde, now wo, now wele,

Dualiter Athenagogas Appolinum de naud in hofpicium honozifice recollegit, et Chaifim, patre consensciente, in prozem duvit.

This kynge bath founde newe grace, So that out of his derke place, De goth hym bp in to the light, And with hom cam that fwete wight Dis boughter Thaife, and forthanone Thei bothe into the caban gone. pobiche was ordeffed for the honge, and there be bid of all his thonge, and was araied rially, And out be cam all openly, Debere Athenagoras be fonte. Whiche was lozde of all the longe. De praieth the kunge to come and fee Dis caltell bothe, and his ritee. And thus thei gone forth all in fere This king, this loade, this maiden bere. This loade tho made bem riche fefte. with every thynge, whiche was boneffe To plefe with this worthy kynge: Ther lacketh bem no maner thonge. But pet for all his noble araie Wineles he was buto that dafe. As be that pet was of yonge age.

Do fill ther in to his cozage
The luftie wo, the glad payme
Df loue, whiche no man restrayne
Pet neuer might as now to foze.
This lozde thynketh all this world loze,
But if the kynge will boone hym grace,
De wasteth tyme, he wasteth place,
Tym thought his herte wold to breke,
Till he maie to this maide speke,
And to hir fader eke also.

For mariage, and it fyll fo, That all was boone, right as he thought, Dis purpos to an ende he brought, The wedded hym as for hir lorde, Thus ben thei all of one accorde.

E Qualiter Appolime, was cu filla et eine mas eito nauimingredietes, a Mitilena pfig Charfin eursum proposuerunt, s Appolimus in somnia admottus Bersus Epheld, vi ibide in teplo Dias ne facrificaret, Bela per mare dinertit.

Twhan all was done right as thei wolde, The kynge buto his fonne tolde Of Tharfe thilke traiterie, And faid, howe in his companie Dis doughter and him feluen eke, Shall go bengeance for to feke.

The thippes were redie foone. And whan thei faive it was to boone. without let of any went, with faile by braine forth thei wente Mowarde Tharfe bpon the tibe: But he that wote what thall betide, The bie god, whiche wolde bym kepe, whan that this konge was fall a flepe By nightes tyme be bath bym bede Mo faple bnto another febe. To Ephefum be bad bom braive. And as it was that tome lawe De fhall bo there his facrifice. And eke be bad in all wife, That in the temple amongelf all Dis fortune, as it is befalle, Touchping his boughter, and bis wife, De thall be knowe boon his life.

The kinge of this aution
Dath great imaginacion,
what thinge it lignific maie.
And netheless whan it was date,
he had cast anker, and abode.
And while that he on anker rode,
The wynde, that was tofoze strange,
Olyon the poynte began to change,
And tozueth thider, as it sholde.
The knewe he well, that god it wolde,
And had the maisser make hym yare,
Tofoze the wynde foz he wolde fare
To Ephelum, and so he dede.
And whan he came into the stede,

where as he shulve londe, he londeth, with all the haste he maie and sondeth To shapen him in suche a wise,
That he maie by the mozowe arise,
And boone after the mandement
Of hym, whiche hath hym thider sent.
And in the wise that he thought,
Olpon the mozowe so he wzought.
Dis doughter, and his some he nome,
And forth to the temple he come,
with a great route in companie,
Dis pestes so; to sacrifie.

The citezens tho herden fate.
De suche a kynge that came to praie Unto Diane the goddesse,
And lefte all other besinesse,
Thei comen thider for to see
The kinge and the solemonitee.

T Qualiter Appolinus Ephelum in templo Dia ne facrificans, Spozem fuam ibidem velatam in venit, qua fecum affumpta navim verfus Erzum regreffus eft.

Twith worthie knightes environed The kynge bym felfe bath abandoned Ao the temple in good entente. The boze is by, and in be wente, Where as with great denocion, Df holy contemplacion, Within his berte be made his Grifte : And after that a riche vifte De offreth with great reuerence, And there in open audience, Df bem that foden all aboute, 2)e tolde bem, and beclareth out Dis happe, luche as him is befalle, There was no thynge forpete of alle. Dis wpfe, as it was goddes grace, whiche was profetted in the place, As the that was abbelle there, Unto his tale bath leied hir ere. She knewe the boyce, and the bilage: for pure love as in a rage She ffraught to bym all at ones, And fill a Swoune boon the Cones, wherof the temple flore was paned. She was anone with water laued Mill the came to bir felfe ageyne,

And than the began to feyne:
Abletted be the high fonde

That I may fe my bulbonbe, whiche whilom be, and I were one.

The konge with that knewe bir anone, and toke bir in bis arme, and biff, And all the towns this foone it wift. Tho was there tope many folde. for every man this tale bath tolde, As for miracle, and weren glabe. But neuer man luche tove mabe, As both the kong, which hath his wife. And whan men berve bow that bir life was faued, and by whom it was, Thei wondzed all of fuche a cas. Through all the londe arole the fperbe Dimaiffer Cerimon the lethe, and of the cure whiche he bede. The konge hom felfe tho bath bebe, and the the quene forth with bem, That be the towne of Ephelym will lene, and go where as thei bee. for neuer man of his begree Z)ath bo to hem fo mythell goob. And he his profite bider foode, and granteth with bem for to wende. And thus thei maben there an ende, and token lene, and gone to thip with all the hole felaufhip.

CQualifer Appolinus bna cum bpoze et filia fua Sprum applicuit.

This kong, whiche now bath his belice, Saith, he woll holve his cours to Tyre. Thei handen toynbe at will tho, with toplayle coole, and forth thei go. And Arvhen neuer till thei come To Tyre, where as thei have nome And londen bem with morbell bliffe, A bere was many a mouth to hiffe, Eche one welcometh other home. But whan the quene to londe come, And Thaife bir doughter by bir lide, The whiche love was thilke tibe There maje no mans tunge telle. Thei layben all, here cometh the welle Di all womanniffe grace. The kyinge bath take his roiall place,

The quene is in to chambre go.
There was great fell arated tho.
Whan tyme was thet gone to mete,
All olde forowes ben foryete,
And gladen hem with topes newe,
The discoloured pale hewe
Is nowe become a ruddy cheke,
There was no mirth for to seke.

CQualifer Appolime Affenagozaen Chaife Spoze fuper Cyzum cozonari fecif.

The kynge as he well couve and tholde. The kynge as he well couve and tholde Makth to his people right good chers. And after foone, as thou that here, A parlement he had sommoned, where he his boughter hath cozoned, footh with the love of Mitelene, That on his kynge, that other quene.

And thus the fathers ordinance, This londe hath let in governance, And layde that he wolde were To Tharle, for to make an ende Of that his doughter was betraied, where were all men well paied, And laid, howe it was for to done. The thippes weren revy loone.

Q Qualiter Appolime a Cyzo per mare berfue E farfim iter arripiene, vindicta cotta Stragus. thonem et Bionpliam voozem fuam pinineia, qua ipfi Caifi filte fue ituleralt indicialiter affecut eft.

A fronge power with him he toke, Thon the faite he cast his loke, and figh the wynde was conenable. Thei hale op ancre with the cable, Thei faile on hie, the stere on home, Thei saile on the town a londe at Tharse nygh to the citee.

And whan thei wilten it was bee, The towne bath done bom regerence,

De telleth hem the violence, whiche the traiton Strangulio.
And Dionyse hym had do

Touchynge his boughter, as ye herde,
And whan thei wist, how it serve,
As he whiche pees and lone sought,
Unto the towne this he besought.

Zo bone bim right in fugement.

Anone thei weren both allente, with Grengthe of men and comen foone, And as bem thought it was to boone, Attevnt thei weren by the lawe, And bemed to bonged and bratue, And brent, and with wonde to blowe, That all the worlde it might knowe. And byon this condicion, The bome in erecucion was put anone withoute falle. Ind every man bath great merualle, whiche berbe tellen of this chance, And thomked goddes purueance, whiche both mercy forth with fuffice. Dlain is the mozbzer, and the mozbrice Through very trouth of rightwilnelle, And through mercy faue is fimpleffe Df hir, whom mercy preferneth. Thus bath be wel, that wel beferueth.

E Qualiter Arteftrate P l'apali rege mortuo, ipfi de regno epifolas super foc Appolino direverunt, Onde Appolinus una cum Poore sua iside aduenientes, ad decus imperii ell magno gaudio coronati funt.

Twhan al this thinge is boone and eved,
This kinge, which loved was and frended
A letter hath, which came to hym
By thip fro Pentapolim,
In whiche the londe hath to him writte,
That he wolde underkonde and witte,
Howe in good mynde and in good pees
Dead is the kinge Artestrates,
wherefther all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her liege lorde,
That he the letter wol receive,
And come, his reigne to receive:
whiche god bath peue him, and fortune.
And thus belought the commune,
forthwith the great lordes all.

This kinge lighe howe it is befalle. Fro Tharfe and in prosperitee De toke his leue of that citee, And goeth him in to thip apene.
The wynde was good, the sea was pleyne, Dem neverth not a riffe to sake, The Gentapolim have take.

The londe whiche herde of that tydings was wonder glad of his cominge,
De refleth him a daie of two,
And take his counceil to him tho,
And let a tyme af parlement,
where al the londe of one affente,
forthwith his wife have him croned,
where all good him was fortoned.

Lo what it is to be well grounded. For he hath first his lone founded Zonestly as for to wedde, Zonestly his lone he speede, And had chyloren with his wife, And as him liste he led his life.
And in ensample his life was writte, Ahat all lowers mighten witte Zowe at laste it shal be sens Wolone what thei wolden mene.

for fee nowe on that other floe, Antiochus with all his pribe, whiche lette his lone bnkonbelp. Dis ende had fodepnip, Det ageyn kynde bpon bengeance, And for his luft bath bis penance. Lo thus my fonne might thou lere, what is to love in good maners, And what to love in other intle, The mede arileth of the feruice, fortune though the be not Cable, pet at fomtime to favourable To bem, that ben of lone treine. But certes it is for to rebe. To fee lous agein hynde falle. for that makth fore a man to falle, As thou might of tofoze rebe. for the my forme I wolde the rede Mo let all other loue awete, But if it be through fuche ameie. As loue and reason wold accorde. foz elles if that thou bifcozbe. And take lufte as boeth a beffe, Abploue mate nought ben boneffe. for by no fail that I finde Suche lufte is nought of lones kynde

Confeffio amantia, ondeppo finali sondufies ne confilum confeffopia impetrat,

Cany faber howe to that it fombe,

Pour

Pour tale is herde, and buderfonde, As thinge, whiche worthie is to here De great ensample and great matere, twherof my faber god you quite.

varadale?

But in this popute my felle acquite I maie right wel, that euer pit I was affored in my wit, 13ut onely in that worthy place, Where all fuff and all grace Is let, if that Danger ne were : But that is all my molte fere. I not what ye fortune acoumpte, But what thinge Danger maie amounte I wot wel : fo; I haue affated. for whan myn bert is belle arafeb, And I have all my wit through fought Dflone to befeche bir ought, foz all that ener 3 fike mate. 3 am conclubed with a nate. That o foliable bath ouer throine A thouland wordes on a rowe Dfluche as 3 beft fpeke can, Thus am I but a lende man.

But faber, for ye ben a clerke Df love, and this matere is berke, And I can ever lenger the lake, (But yet I mate not lete it palle) Pour hole counsell I besethe, That ye me by some weye teche, What is my bell, as for an ende. TMy some buto the trouth wende howe woll I sor the love of thee, And lete al other trystes be.

Confeffoz Genius ea, que fibi falubzius eppedis unt fano confitio finatiter iniungit.

The moze that the nede is hie,
The moze it nedeth to be flie
To him whiche hath the nede on honde,
I have well herde and understonde,
My sonne, all that thou hast me saied:
And eke of that thou hast me praied
Powe at this tyme, that I shall,
As so; conclusion final,
Counseyl byon thy nede set,
So thinke I finally to knette
Thy cause, there it is to broke,

And make an ende of that is spoke.

for I behight the that gifte
first whan thou come under my thrifte,
That though I towarde Venus were,
Pet spake I suche wordes there,
That so, the preshode, whiche I have,
Mynorder, and my state to save,
I sayde, I wolde of mynostice
To bertne more than to vice
Encline, and teche the my lore,
for thy to speken overmore
De soue, whiche the male analle,

Take loue, where it male auafle. for as of this, whiche thou arte in By that thou feelt it is a finne. And linne maie no price beferue. withoute price and who thall fertie. I note what proffit might quatle. This foloweth it, if thou tranaile Where thou no proffit half ne price, Thou arte towarde the felle briwile: And fith thou mightell luft atteine. Dfeuery luft the ends is peine. And enery pepne is good toffee, So is it wonder thinge to fee, Why fuche a thonge thall be beforeb. The moze that a flocke is fireb The rather in to albe it torneth. The foote, which in the wepe spozneth, Ifull ofte bis beade bath ouerthzome. Thus lone is blynbe, and can not knowe, where that he goeth, till be be falle. Moz thy but if it to befalle With good counteple that be be labbe, Dym ought for to ben a brabbe. for councept palleth all thinge To him, whiche thinketh to ben a kinge, and every man for his partie A kyngbome bath to fullifie, That is to fein bis owne dome. If he milrule that kyngoome, De lefeth him felfe, that is moze, Than if be lotte thip and oze, And all the worldes good with alle. For what man that in speciall Dath not bim felfe, he bath not els, no moze the perles than the thels, all is to him of a balue,

Though

Though he had all his retinewe
The wide worderight as he wolde,
whan he his herte hath not with holde
Towarde hym felfe, all is in vaine.
And thus my forme I wolde fayne,
As I faid er, that thou arife
Er that thou fall in suche a wife,
That thou ne might thy selfe reconer.
Hor love whiche that blynde was ever,
Wakth all his servantes blynde also,

My sonne and if thou have ben so, Pet is it tyme to withdrawe,
And set then herte inder that lawe,
The whiche of reason is governed,
And not of wille: and to be serned
Ensample thou hast many one
De nowe and the of tyme a gone,
That every lust is but a while,
And who that will him selfe begyle
De mais the rather be discribed.

My forme noive thou half conceived Somiwhat of that I wolde mene, Were afterwarde it thall be fene, If that thou leve boon my loze, For I can bo to the no more, But teche the, the right were, Nowe chele, if thou wilt live or befe.

E Bic foquifur de controucrfia, que inter confeffozem et amantem in fine confeffionia Berfabatur

TMy fader fo as 3 hane berbe Pour tale, but it were answerde, 3 were morbell forto blame. My wo to you is but a game, Ahat feleth not of that 3 fele. The felynge of a mans bele Maie not be likened to the berte, I nought though I wolde a fferte, And pe be fre from all the pevne Of lone, wherof I me plevne, It is right easy to commaunde The berte, whiche fre goeth on the launde, not of an ore what him eileth, It falleth ofte a man merueileth, Df that he leeth another fare. But if he knewe him lette the fare, And felte it, as it is in foth, De foulde do right as be doth,

D; elles wors in his begree.
for well I wote, and to do yee,
That love hath ever yet ben bled,
So mote I nede ben erruled.

But fader if pe wolde thus Unto Cupide and to Venus Be frendly toward my quarele, Do that my berte were in bele Df lone, whiche is in my baeffe, 3 wote well than a better preffe was neuer mabe to my behoue, But all the while that I house In none certeyn betwene the two, I not where I to wele or wo Shall tozne: that is all mp brede. So that I not what is to reve. 2But for finall conclution, I thunke a supplication, with plaine wordes and expresse. waitte buto V enus the goddeffe, The whiche I prate you to bere, And bypnge agepne a good answere.

Tho was between my prese and mee Debate, and great perpleritee.
My reason benderstoode hym wele, And knewe it was soth enery dele,
That he hath said, but not sor thy My will hath nothing set ther by.
Hor towchinge of so wise a porte
It is but love no disporte.
Pet might never man beholde
Reason, where love was witholde.
Thei be not of a governance.

And thus we fellen in distance My presse and I, but I spake sayre, And through my wordes bebonagre. Than at last we accorden, So that he saith, he will accorden. To speke, and stonde on my side. To Yenus both and to Cupide, And bad me write, what I wolde, And said me truly that he sholde My letter bere but the quene. And I sat downe byon the grene, fulfylled of lones fantasse, And with the teres of mine eie, In sede of ynke, I gan to write. The wordes, which I woll endite.

Winte

Unto Cupide and to Venus, And in my letter 3 faybe thus.

TOTAL CENTRAL

Sie tractat formam eninfdam fuppficatios nie, quam ep parte amantie per manue Benii far cerdotie fui, Senue fili pozrectam acceptabat.

The wofull pepne of lones malable, Ageine the whiche maie no philike auaile,. My herte bath fo be wapped with fotie, That where fo that I reffe og trauafle, I fynde it ener reby to affaile My reason, whiche can not bom befenbe, I hus feche I belp, wherof I might amede.

fraff to nature if that 3 me complayne, Abere finde I howe that every creature Somtime a pere bath loue in bis demayne, So that the litell weenne in his meafure Zath of kynde lone bnber his cure, And 3 but one before, whiche 3 mis, So but I, bath enery konde his blis.

The realon of my witte it ouerpalleth, Df that nature techeth me the weie To loue, and yet no certeyn the compaffeth, Dow that I fpede a thus between the twee 3 fonde, and not if 3 fhall line og beie. for though reason ageyn my will behate, 3 may not flee, that 3 ne lone algate.

Thon my felle this fike tale come, Dowe whilom Pan, whiche is the god of with lone wreffled, a is ouercome. (hinde, for ener I wraftle, a euer Jam bebynbe, That I no Grengthe in all my berte finde, poherof that I maie fonden any theowe, So fer my wit with loue is ouerthrowe.

whom nebeth belp, be mothis belpe crane, De belples be thall his neve fpille, Blainly throughout my wittes all Thane, Wut none of bem can belpe after my will, And also well I might fit ffille, As prace buto my laby of any helpe: Thus wote I not wherof my felfe to pelpe.

Unto the great Jone and if I bib To bo me grace of thilke fwete tonne, pobiche biber kete, in bis cellere amiobe Lieth couched, that fortune is ouercome: But of the bitter cuppe 3 bane begonne, I not howe ofte, and thus I finde no game. for euer 3 afke and euer it is the fame.

3 fee the woolde fonde ener bpon chaunge. Dow windes lowde, now the weder fofte, I maje fee eke the great moone change. And thing whiche now is low is efte alofte. The deedfull werres in to per full ofte Thei tozne, eener is Daunger in v place, Whiche nill change his will to bo me grace.

But bpon this the great clerke Onide Df loue whan be makth his remebiannee. De fayth: there is the blynde god Cupide, The which bath lone buder his gouernace, And in bonde with many a fisie launce De wonnbeth ofte, where be woll not bele-And that fombele is caufe of mp quarele.

Quide eke layth, that love to performe Stat in the bond of Venus the godbelle. But whan the takth couleill with Saturne, Ther is no grace, and in that tyme 3 gede Began my loue, of which myn beumette Is now and ever thall, but if I fpede, Do mot Inot my feift what is to rede.

for the to you Cupide and Venus both, with all my hertes obeilance 3 praie, If ye were at fyzh tyme waothe, whan I began to lone, I you fape Dowe fronte, and do this fortune aware, So that Daunger, which front of retinewe with my lady, his place may remewe.

D thou Cupide got of loues lawe, That with the barte beeneng half fet a fire mp berte, do that wounde be withdraw, Di peue me falue, fuche as 3 befpie. for fecuite in thy courte withouten byte To me, whiche euer hath kept thin heffe Maie neuer be to loues lawe honeffe.

D thou gentell Venus loues quene; without gilte thou boll on me thy weech,

Thou wotek my pein is ever alich grene, for lone, and yet I maie it not areche: Thus wolde I for my last worde besethe, That thou my lone acquite, as I deserve: Drelles do me playnly for to fierue.

Thic foquitur, qualifer Benus accepta amantis ! [upplicatione, indifate ad fingufa refpondit,

Tubban I this Supplicacion. with good beliberation. In luche a wile as pe nowe witte, Zab after myn entente baitte Unto Cupide and to Venus, This preeft, whiche bight Genius, It toke on bonde to prefente, Dn my mellage and forth be wente To Venus, for to wit hir wille: And I bobe in the place fille, And was there but a litell while. Dot full the mountnance of a mile, whan I bebelbe, and fodefnly 3 figh where Venus floode me by. Do as 3 might bnber a tree To grounde I felle bpon my knee, And prefet hir for to bo me grace, She caft hir chere bpon my face, And as it were halupnge a game, She afteth me, what was my name. Mabame Tlaibe, Johan Gower.

Moiv lohan, quod the, in my power Thou must as of thy love stonde.

For I thy bille have benerssonde,
In whiche to Cupide and to mee
Somdele thou hast complaymed thee,
And somedele to nature also,
But that shall stonde amonge you two.
For therefhave I not to doone,
For nature is buder the moone
Maistresse of every lives kynde.
But it so be, that she mate synde
Some holy man, that wyl withdraive
Dir kyndely lust ageine hir laive,
But selde whan it salleth so.
For feive menthere ben of tho.

But of these other enough there bee, whiche of her owne nicitee, Agein nature and hir office, Deliten hem in Condrie vice; upherof that the full ofte hath pleined, And effe my course it hath difoeigned, And ener thall: for it recepueth Pone fuche, that hynde to difceineth.

for all oneliche of gentill lone Mp courte font, all courtes aboue, And taketh none into retineine, But thonge, whiche is to konde deine. for els it thall be refufeb : wherof I bolde the ercufed. for it is many bates gone, That thou amonge bem were one. whiche of my courte half be witholde, So that the moze 3 am beholde Df the pileale to commune, And to remewe that fortune, whiche many bates bath the greued. But if my counfaile mate be leued, Thou thalt be eafed er thou go Df thilke bufely foly wo. nober of thou failt then bert is firen. 18ut as of that thou hall belyzeb. After the fentence of the bille, Thou muft therof boone at mp fofil, And I therof me woll abuile: for be thou bole, it Chall fuffice, Mp medicine is not to leke. The whiche is hollome to the feke, Dot all perchance as pe it wolbe, But fo as ye by reason tholbe, Accesbant buto loues hynde. for in the plice, whiche I the funde, So as my courte it hath awarbeb, Thou thalt be duely rewarded. And if thou woldell moze crane, It is no right that thou it hane.

Qui cupit id, a habere nequit, sua tépora pdis Est voi non posse velle, salute caret. Non a statis opus gelidis hirsuta capillos Cum calor abcessit a quiparabit hyems. Sicut habet Maius non dat natura decembri, Nec poterit compar storibus esse lutum. Sic neg decrepita senum inuenile voluptas Floret in obsequis, quod Venus ipsa petit. Couenies igitur foret, vt quod cana senectus Attigit, viterius corpora casta colant. Bic cotra quofclicy birde inneteratos amoris cos eupiscentia affectates loquitur Denus, Buineque, amantis confess supplicationem quasi deridens, ipsum pro co op senescit, debitis est, muttis ephore tationibus insufficientem redarguit.

INVERSE ED des

EVenus which frant without lawe, In none certeine, but as men drawe. De Ragman boon the chance, whe letth no peife in the balance, whe letth no peife in the balance, where the trewe man full ofte awele whe put, whiche hath hir grace bede, and lette an ontrue in his stede.

Lo thus blindly the world the bemeth In loues caule, as to me femeth, I not what other men wolde fevn, But I algate am fo befegne, And Conde as one amongelf all, whiche am oute of hir grace fall : At nebeth take no witnelle. for the, whiche laide is the goddelle, To whether parte of love it wende, Dath lette me for a finall ende The poput wherto that I hall bolde. for whan the bath me well beholde, Dalupinge of scoone the layo thus: Thon wolf well that I am Venus, aphiche all onely my luftes feche. And well I wote though thou beleche Mp loue, luftes ben there none, whiche I maie take in the perfone. for loves lutte and lockes bore In chamber accorden neuermoze. And though thou feigne a yonge cozage, It theweth well by thy bilage, That olde crifell is no fole, There ben full many yeres Cole with the, and fuche other mo, That outwarde feignen youth fo, And ben within of poore allaie. My berte wolde, and I ne male, Is nought beloued nowe a baies, Er thou make any fuche affates To love, and faile boon thy fete. Better is to make beam retreate for though thou mighteft loue atterne. Pet were it but an idell peine,

Whan thou arte not fufffant, To holde loue his couenante,

for the take home the herte againe, That thou travaile not in vague, Wherof my courte maie be discessed. I wote, and have it wel concessed, Dowe that the wille is good enough. But more behoveth to the plough, wherof the lacketh as I trowe. So fit it wel, that thou beknowe The feble efface er thou beginne. Thing, wher thou might none ende winne, what bargein shulde a man assale, what that him lacketh for to paie:

My some if that thou well bethought, This toucheth the, somet it nought, The thinge is to ned in to was, The which was whilome grene gras, Is withered beie, as time nowe: No, thy my counseil is that thou Remembre well, howe thou arte olde.

Dualiter fuper berifoziam Beneria ephozta cionem contriffatus amans, quali moztuus in ters ram cozruit, voi vt fibi videbatur, Lupidinem ca imumera multitudine nuper amantum varia turs mis affifenciam confpicebat.

Twoban Venus bath bir tale tolde, Than I bethought was all aboute, And wiff wel withouten boubte. That there was no recoucrire, And as a man the blace of free with water quencheth, lo ferde 3. A colde me caught fodepnly, for lorowe that my herte made, Mp bebelp face pale and fabe Becam, and fwoune 3 fil to grounde. And as 3 late the fame foumbe, De fully quicke, ne fully deade, Me thought I lawe tofoze myn beat Cupide with his bowe bente, And like buto a parlement, whiche were ordeined for the nones, with him cam all the worlde attones Df gentill folke, that whilome were Louers, I faine bem all there. forth with Cupide in fonory rowtes. Mpn eie 3 caffe all aboutes,

To knowe amonge bem who was who: I figh where luftie pongth the, As be whiche was a capitante, Befoze all other byon the playne Stode with bis rout well begon. Der heades hempt, and therbpon Barlondes, not of one colour Some of the lefe, fome of the floure, And fome of great perles were. The news quife of Beme was there. with fondy thynges well deutled 3 fee, wheref thei be queintifeb: It was all luft, that thei with ferve. There was no longe that I ne berbe, . whiche untoloue was touchpuge. Df Pan, and all that was likenge, As in pippinge of melodie was berde in thilke companie. So loude that on enery fide It thought that all the heuen cribe In fuche accorde, and fuche a folune Dfbumbarde, and of clariotone, With comemule, and Chalmele, That it was balfe a mannes bele So glad a nople for to here

And as me thought in this manere
All freshe I sigh hem springe and daunce,
And date love her entendaunce.
After the lust of youthes heste,
There was enough of top and fest.
How ever amonge thei laugh and pley,
And put Careout of the wete,
That he with hem ne sat ne stode.
And oner this I donorstode,
So as myn care might areche,
The most matere of her speche

The nominibus illogum nuper amantil, qui funt amanti spasmaso atiqui suvenes, atiqui senes apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga deil g deam amoris pro sanitate amantis recuparada multiplicatis precibus misericorditer inflabant.

It was of knighthode and of armes:
And what it is to ligge in armes
with lone, whan it is arhened.
Ther was Triftram, which was beloned
with bele liolde: and Lancelor
Stode with Gonnor: and Galahor

with his lady : and as me thought, I faive where Iafon with hom brought Dis loue whiche Creufa bight. And Hercules, whiche mochell might, was there, bearing his great mace. And most of all in thinke place De pepneth bym to make there and I notth Iolen, which was hom bere, Thefeus though he were untrewe To loue, as all women unewe, Det was he there netheles with Phedra, whiche to love he ches. Df Brece che there was Thelamon, Whiche fro the honge Laomedon At Troie his bonghter refte away Efeonen as for bis praie, nehiche take was, whan Iafon cain fro Colchos, and the citee nam, In bengeance of the forfte hate, line A That made hem after to behate, "... noban Priamos the neive tolone Dath made . And in a biffolone Me thought that I figh allo Hector, forth with his bretherne tho. Zoom felfe toobe with Penthafilee. And nerte to bom 3 might fee, where Paris Robe with fappe Helaine whiche was his tove foueraine. and Troilus frode with Crefeide: But euer amonge though be pleibe 130 femblant, be was beup cheren. for Diomede, as bym was lered, Daimeth to be his partinere. And thus full many à bachelere, A thousande mo than 3 can fepne. with yougth 3 figh there well befeptie, forth with her lours glad and blith.

And some I sigh, whiche ofte sithe Compleynen bem in otherwise.

Amonge the whiche I sawe Narcise, and Piramus, that soay were.

The worthy greke also was there Achilles, whiche sor lone beied.

Agamemnon she as men seteb, and Menelaie the hynge also I sigh, with many an other mo, whiche hadden be sortmed sore In lones eanse; and onermore,

Defwomen in the same cass
with hem I sigh where Dido was
Rozsake, whiche was with Aenee.
And Phillis eke I might see,
whom Demophon besteined had,
And Ariadnehir sozowe lad,
for Theseus hir sister toke,
And hir britindly sozsake.

Fol. CLXXXVIII

I figh there ete amonge the prees Complaying boon Hercules, This fight love Deianire, whiche fethim afterwards a fige.

Meden was there ete, and pleyneth Thom lafon, for that he feigneth, without cause and toke a neive, She saide, sie on all untrewe.

I figh there Deidamie, of whiche had lofte the companie
De Achilles, whan Diomede
To Troic him fet byon the nede.
Amonge these other byon the grent
I figh also the wofull quene
Cleopatras, whiche in a grant
with serventes bath hir selfe begrane
All quicks; and so the was to toze,
for sorote of that the had loze of the selfe had an

And forth with hir I figh Thilbe, had whiche on the harpe liverdes poynte, for love beted in lory poynte.

And as myneare it might knowe, and the harde layde, wo worth all flower and large.

The plaint of Proigne and Philomene There herde I what it wolve mene, have Low Thereus of his untrouthe Undid hem both, and that was routhe.

and next to bem I faire Canace, whiche for Machayr bir faders grace Bath loft, and beied in wofull plite.

And as I figh in my spirite, and the chought amonge other thus.
The doughter of kynge Priamus
Polixena, whom Pyrrus flough
was there, and made sozowe enough:
As the whiche defed giltles
For love, and yet was loveles,

And for to take the disporte

II IE

And that was Circes, and Calyple, That couthen do the moone cleple, Definen and chaunge the liknette, Def artmagike logicerette, Thei belde in honde many one To love, whether thei wolde or none.

But aboue all that there were De women I lawe foure there, whole name I herde most communed. By hem the courte stode all amended. For where thei comen in presence, Wen deven hem the renerence, As though thei had ben goddeses De all the worlde, or empresses. And as me thought, an ere I leide, And herde, how that these other sette:

Lo thele ben the foure wines, whole feith was proued in her lines for in enfauntiple of all good, with mariage to thei stoods, That fame, whiche no great thing biveth, bet in cronicke of bem abiveth.

Penolope that one was hote,
white that his love Vlysses late
sfull many a vere and many a date
Ulpon the great stepe of Troie:
white that his love was out of londe,
while the was love was out of londe,
while the was love w

That other woman was Lucrece, wife to the Romayn Collatine.
And the confireigned of Tarquine
To thinge, whiche was ayenst hir will,
whe wolve not hir selven still,
Whe wolve not hir selven still,
In kepping of hir good name,
As the whiche was one of the beste.

The thirde wife was hote Alceste
whiche whan Admerus shulde die
Ulpon his great malabie,
She praced but the goddes to,
That the reference hall the wo,
And deced hir felfe, to gove him life;
Se where this were a noble wife,

The fourth wife, whiche I there ligh,
I heroe of hem that were nighe,
Dowe the was cleped Alceone,
Whiche Ceix hir losde allone,
And to no mo hir bodie kepte:
And whan the ligh him drenche, the lepte
Into the wawes, where he fwam,
And there a fea foule the becam:
And with hir winges the him belprad
for love that the to him had.

Lo thefe foure weren tho, whiche I figh as me bethought tho Amonge the great companie, pobiche loue had for to gie. But pougthe, whiche in fperiall Df loues courte was marthall, So belle was buon bis late. That be none bebe, where be laie Dath take, And than as 3 behelde, Me thought I figh byon the felde, where Elde came a fofte vaas Towarde Venus, there as the was with him great companie be ladde, 1But not fo fele as pouth hab. The mofte parte were of great age, And that was fene in ber vilage, And not for the lo as they might, Thei made bem yongely to the light. But pet Theroe no pipes there To make mirth in mannes ere, But the mulike I might knowe: for olde pren, which fowned lowe with harpe, and lute, and with citole, The hous baunce, and the carole, In luche a wife as love bath bebe, A fofte paas thei bannce and trebe, And with the women otherwhile with fobje there awonge thet fmile. for laughter was there none on bie? and netheles full Well 3 fle, That thef the moze queinte it mabe foz lone in whom thet weren glabe, And there me thought I might fee The kinge Dauid with Berfabee, and Salomon was not withoute Padinge an honoreth in a conte Df wynes and of concubines, Jewes the and farasines

To him I figbe all intendant. I not where be were fuffilante. But netheles for all bis witte De was attached with that waitte, whiche lone with his hombe enfeleth, from whom none erthly man appeleth. And ouer this, as for no wender with his lion, whiche he put biber. with Dalida Sampson 3 knewe. Whos love his frength all onerthreive. 3 fame there Aristotle alfo. whome that the quene of Grece allo Dath bribeled, that in thilke tome Dhe made him fuche a filogeffme, Ahat be fozpate all his logike. There was none arte of his practike, Through whiche it might beit erclubed, That be ne was fully concluded To loue, and bio bis obeifance.

And the Virgile of acqueintance I figh, imbere be the maiden praid. whiche was the boughter, as men lapby Of themperour whilem of Rome. Sortes and Plato with him come, ... Do Dio Quide the poete, I thought than howe lone is fivete, 10 hiche hath fo wife men reclamed, And was my felfe the lalle afhamed, De for to lefe or for to topnine In the mifchief that 3 was in. And thus I late in hope of grace : and whan thef comen to the place, nobere Venus Robe, and I was falle, This olde men with one boyce alle To Venus praiden for my fake. and the that mighte not foglake to great a clamour, as was there, Lete pitee come in to bir ere: And forth with all buto Cupide She praieth, that he boon his line Me wolde through bis grace fende Some tomforte, that I might amende Thom the tras which is befall. And thus for me thet praiden all Dibem that weren olde aboute, And eke fome of the yonge route, And of gentilnes and pure trouth I berde bem tel, it was great routhe

That I withouten helpe to ferbe.
And thus me thought I late and herbe.

NICKY Y JOHOT

E fic tractat, quafiter Cupido amatie fenechte confracti vifcera perferutane, ignita fue cocupifs edtie tela ab eo penit? eptrapit, que Den? poftea abfgs cafoze percipiene, vacuum refiquit, Et fic tand è provifa fenectue ratione invocane, fomine interiorem perprine amore infatuatum mentie fanitati plenius reficuranite.

Cupide, whiche mate burte and bele In loues caule, as for my bele. allpon the popute which him was prevo Lam with Venus, where I was lepoe Smounend open the grene gras, And as me thought anone there was Dn euerp libe lo great prees, That every life began to prees. I wote not wel howe many score, buche as I spake of nowe tofoze Louers, that comen to beholde But moff of hem that were olde, Thei Croben there at thilke tibe To fee what ende thall betibe Alpon the cure of my lotie. Tho might I here great partie Spekente, and eche his alone aduls Bath tolor, one that, another this. But amonge all this I berbe, Thei weren wo, that I fo ferbe, And faiden that for no riote, An olde man fhulde not affote. for as thei tolben rebilp, There is in him no cause why, But if be wolde him felle be nice, So were be well the moze nice. And thus desputen some of tho: And fome faiden no thinge fo, But that the wilde loues rage In mannes life forbereth none age, pobile there is ople for to fire The lampe is lightly fet a fire, and is full herbe er it be queinte, But onely if be be fome feinte, whiche gob preferueth of his grace. And thus me thought in fondate place, Df hem that walken bp and boune, There was bluers opinion.

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B023

And fo for a while it laft, Til that Cupide to the laffe, forthwith bis meber ful aduffed, Dath beterminen and beutleb. Unto what pointe be woll befrende, And all this tome I was liggende . Thon the grounde tofoze his eien, and thei that my difeale fien, Suppolen nought I thulbe line: But be, whiche wolde than peue Dis grace, fo as it mate bce, This blynde god, whiche maie not lee, Dath groped, til that he me fonde : and as he put forth his bonde Moon my boon, where Tlate, Me thought a firie launcegate, nobich whilom through my herr be call, De pulleth oute, and alle fat as this was to, Cupidenam Dis wep, I not where he becam: And fo bid all the remenant, whiche buto him was entenbant, Df hem that in a vilion I had a renelacion, and had had had So as 3 tolde notice tofore. But Venus ment nought therfore, De Genius, whiche thilke tome Aboven both fall byme, And the whiche maie the bertes binde In loues canfe, and ehe bubyube, Er 3 out of mp traunce arole, Venus whiche helpe a bore clote, And wolde not I tholog bete, Toke out, moze colde then ony keye, An ointement: and in fache pointe She hath my wounded herte anointe, My temples, and my repnes also: And forth with al the toke me tho A wonder myrrant for to holde, In whiche the bad me to beholde and take bebe, of that I feit. Wherin anone my bertes eie g raft, and faire my colour fabe, Myn eien bim, and all buglabe, My chekes thinne, and all my face with elbe 3 might fee beface. So rineled, and fo me befein. That there was no things full ne pleyer.

I faive also myn heares hoze, My will was tho to fee no moze Dn whiche for there was no pleasance. And then into my remembrance I brewe myn olde daies palled, And as reason it hath compalled.

TQuod flaine Jominia menfibne anni equiperatar.

Tamabe a likenes of my felue Ulnto the fonder monthes twelve. wherof the vere in his effate Is mabe, and frant bpon bebate, That like to other none accordeth. for who the tomes wel recordeth, and than at Marche if be begin, poban that the luftle pere comth in, Till Auguffe be pafte and Beptembze The mighty pongth be maie remembre, In whiche the pere bath his deduite Dfgraffe, of lefe, of floure, of fruite, Dfcome, and eke the winy grave, And afterwarde the tyme is thane To froff, to inowe, to wynde to rayne, Mill efte that Marche be come agapne. The winter woll no fommer knowe, The grene lefe is ouerthrowe, The clothed erth to than bare, Dispoiled is the fommer fare, That erft was bete, is than chele, And thus thinkende thoughtes fele, I was out of my (wolune affraide, wherof I ligh my wittes fraide, And gan to clepe bem bome ageyne. And whan reason it bette lepne, That lones rage was awepe, De cam-to me the right wever And bath remened the fotie Dfthilfe bnwife fantalie, wherof that I was wont to plain, So that of thilke firp paine T was made fobje, and hole enough. Venus behelbe me than, and lough, And alketh, as it were in game, what love was and I for hame. De will, what I chaide answere: And netheles I gan to fwere, That by my trouth, I knowe him nought,

So ferre it was out of my thought,

My good forme, tho quod the, Doive at this tyme I lene it well, So goth the fortune of my whele. Ros the my comcelle is thou leue. Manante, I faid, by pour leur, pe weten well, and fo wote 3, Mbat I am bibebouely Pour courte, fro this day, for to ferue. and for I maie no thonke deferue, And alfo for 3 am refufet, I praie pou to ben erculed. And netheles as for to latte, while that my wittes with me laffe, Touchende my confession, 3 are an abfoinfion Df Genius, er that I go. The preeft anone was redy tho. And lapde: Sonne as of thy haifte, Thou baft full pardon, and foggifte, forvete it thou, and fo will 3. My holp father graunt mercy Duod I to hom, and to the quent I fill on knees boon the grene, And take my lene for to wende. But the that wolde make an ende, As therto, whiche I was most able. A paire of bedes blacke as lable She toke, and hynge my necke about. Thon the gaubres all without was waitte of golde pur repofer. Lo thus the laye, Iohan Gower, Dowe thou art at laft caffe, Thus have I for thin cafe caffe. That thou of loue no moze feche. But my will is, that thou beleche. And pray bereafter for the pees, and that thou make a plepue relees! To loue, whiche taketh litell bebe Df olde men bpon the nede, al whan that the luftes ben awer, for thy to the mis but o wey, In whiche let reason be thy gupbe. for be maie foone bym felfe milgybe, That feeth not the pertil tofoze.

My fonne be well ware therfore, And kepe the fentence of my lore,

And tarte thou in my courte no moze:
But go there vertue mozall dwelleth:
There ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
whiche of longe tyme thou hafte writte,

rollexe

If chou then bele wilt purchace, Thou might not make fute and chace, Where that the game is not prouable,

It were a thonge bureafonable, A man to be lo ouerfate. for thy take bebe of that 3 fate. for in the lawe of my commune we be nought thape to commune Thy felfe and I neuer after this. Nowehaue 3 lepbe all that there is Df loue, as for the finall ende, Aben, fog I mote fro the wende. And grete well Chaucer, whan pe mete, As my disciple and my poete. apply apply ap for in the floures of his pouth, In fontage wife, as he well couth Df bitees, and of longes glade, The whiche be for my fake mabe, The londe fulfilled is ouer all, wherof to hom in speciall Abone all other 3 am moft bolbe. for the noise in his dates olde Thou halt bom tell this mellage, and all That he boon bis later age, and and and To fette an ende of all his werke, As he whiche is mon owne clerke, Do make his teffament of loue, As thou half bone thy Mifte about, So that my courte it maie rerozde. Madanie, 3 ran me well accorde, and E (Duod I) to telle as pe me bib. and with that worde it le betib ich um jook Dut of fight all fobeynly, hande in and Enclofed in a ferred faie, in nadi and dad Venus, whiche is the quene of lone, was take in to hir place aboue; in the More will I not inhere the betam. And thus my leue of hir 3 riam. To de the

And forth with al that fame tide. Dir preeff, whiche wolde nor abide, Dr me be lefe, or me be tothe, Dut of my fight forth he goth.

CHE.

So will I not wherof to pelpe, 2But that onely I had loze My tyme, and was fozie therfoze.

And thus bewhaped in my thought, Whan all was tourned in to nought, 3 flood amafed for a while, And in my felfe 3 gan to fmile, Thonkende boon the bedes blake, And howe thei were me betake, for that I thulbe bib and prate: and whan I fame none other wate, But onelie that I was refufed, Unto the life, whiche I had bled 3 thought never torne agevine. And in this wife foth to fegne Domwarde a fofte pas 3 went, where that with all myn hole entent, Thon the point that 3 am figiue, 3 chinke bide, while 3 line.

Parce precor Christe, populus quo gaudeat Anglia ne triste subeat, rex sume resiste (iste Corrige quos gitat fragiles, absolue reat : Vnde deo gratus vigeat locus iste beatus.

The whiche within baies feuen, This large woolde, forth with the heuen, Df bis eternall prouidence, Dath made, and thilke intelligence In mannes fonte reafonable Zath Chape to be perburable the fire weberof the man of his feture Aboue all erthly creature After the loule is immoztall, To thilbe loade in fpeciall, strong only As he whiche is of all thonges, while and The creatour, and of the hynges Dath the fortunes boon bonbe. Dis grace and mercy for to fonde, Ulpon my bare knees 3 prate, That he this londe in fiker wate: will fette boon good gouernance. for ifmentake in remembrance, no hat is to live in britee, There is no fate in his degree, That ne ought to beure pes, of molded without whiche it is no les andui. Thursde To feche and loke in to the laffe, salatt ofthe There mate no worldes fore latt. 19d 19d 2

Thyatt for to loke the tlergle, CALADA TO RE Dem quabt well to tuftifie Ahyng, whiche belongeth to their cure, As for to praie, and to procure Dur pees, towarde the heuen aboue, And the to let rell and loue Amonge be on this erthe bere, for if thei wrought in this manere After the rule of charitee, 3 hope that men thulben fee This londe amende: and quer this To ferhe and loke bowe that it is Mourbende of the chinalrie, webiche for to loke in some partie Is worthie for to be commended, and in fome parte to be amended, and file That of Ber large retenus The londe is full of mapntenue, whiche taufeth that the commune right, In fewe countreis font bpright.

Extozcion, contecke, raume
with holde ben of that couine.
All daie men here great compleint,
Of the difeafe, of the confireint,
wherof the people is foze oppzeffed,
Bod graunt it mote be redzeffed.
Foz of knighthode thozdze wolde,
That thei defende and kepe tholde
The common right, and the franchife
Of holy churche in all wife:
So that no wicked man it dere,
And therof ferueth shelve and spere.
Wut foz it goth nowe other waie,
Our grace goth the moze aweie.

And for to loken overmore
we her of the people plainen fore
Towarde the lawes of our londe,
Men fem that trouth hath broke his bonde,
And with brocage is gone aweit,
So that no maufee the weie,
Where for to fende rightwilenesse.

And if men feke likernelle, Thom the lucre of marchandie, and Compatiement and trecherie of the Df linguler profite to winne, Men fayne is cause of mochell sinne, And namely of division, Whiche many a noble worthic towne

Fro welch, and fro prosperitee

Lath brought to great advertice.

So were it good to be all one.

For mothell grace therboon,
Unto the citees thulde fall,

whiche might availe to be all,

If these estates amended were,

So that the bertnes stoden there,

And that the bices were aweie,

Me thynketh I durife than seie,

This londes grace shulde arise,

But pet to loke in otherwife, There is affate, as ve shall bere Aboue all other on erthe bere. whiche hath the londe in his balance, To bym belongeth the ligeance Df clerke, of knight, of man of lawe, CInder his bonde is all forthoraine The marchaunt and the labozer, So frant it all in his power D2 foz to fpille, oz foz to faue, 3But though that he luche power hane, and that his mightes ben fo large, De bath bem nought withouten charge, To whiche that every konge is Iwoze. So were it good, that he therfore firff bnto rightwifenes entende. wherof that he bom felfe amende A owarde bis god, and lene bice, Whiche is the chiefe of his office. And after all the remenant The Chall byon his covenant Bouerne, and lede in fuche a fulle, So that there be no tyzannife, 113 berof that be his people greue: De elles maie be nought achene. Ahat longeth to his regalie, and for if a kynge will intifie Dis londe, and hem that ben withir, first at hom felle be mot begin To kepe and rule his owe ellace, That in hom felfe be no debate Towarde his god : foz otherivile Ther mais none erthly konge luffife Df his kyngbome the folke to lede. But be the konge of heuen brede. for what kynge fette hom boon pribe, And takth his luft on every floe,

And will not go the right wete,
Though god his grace cast awete
No wonder is, for at last
The shall well witte, it made not last
The pompe whiche he secheth here.
But what kynge that with humble there
After the laive of god escheweth
The vices and the vertues seweth:
Dis grace shall not be sussiant
To governe all the remenant,
whiche longeth onto his duetee:
Do that in his prosperitee
The people shall not be oppressed,
where shis name shall be blessed
Angewer; and be memorialle.

pybolo7

Bic in fine recapitulat super foc, quob in pzincipio tibzi pzomist se in amozie causa specialis us tractaturum, concludit enim, quod omnie amozie desectacio epera charitatem nife est, qui mas net in charitate, in deo manet.

And noise to fpeke as in finalle, Touchende that I bubertoke, In engiptibe for to make a boke, nobiche frant betwene erneft and game, 3 haut it mabe, as thille fame, pobiche alie for to be excused, And that my boke be not refuled Dflered men, inhanthei it fee for lacke of curiolitee foz thilke fchole of eloquence Belongeth not to my science, Alpon the forme of Mhetorthe for wordes for to peinte and pike, As Tullius fomtyme wrote, But this I knowe, and this I wote, That I bane bone my treme peyne, with rube wordes, and with plepue In all that euer I couthe and might, This boke to write, as 3 behight. So as likenes it lufter wolde, and alfo for my bates olde to the wind at and ... That 3 am feble and impotente, stalle I wote not home the moglae is wente: So pray 3 to my lordes alle demonstration now in min age, baine lo befalle, That 3 mot Conden in their grace, for though me lacke to purchase la or on ?

Der worthie thonke, as by beferte, pet the simpleste of my ponerte Delpzeth for to bo plefance To bem, bnder wbole gouernance 3 hope fiker to abide. But notice boon my laft tibe That I this boke haue made and waitte, My mufe bothe me for to witte, And favth, it thall be for my belle, fro this date forth to take reffe, That I no more of loue make, whiche many a berte bath ouertake, and ouertorned as the blyube fro reason in to laime of hynte. pohere as the inflome goeth aweie, And can not fee the right weie, and mi Zowe to gouerne his owne effatet But enery baie fant in bebate waithin bim felfe, and can not leue.

and thus for the my finall leue 3 take nowe for enermoze de Holand without makings any more a solod to 45 Dflone, and of his beadly beles whiche no philicien can bele. for his nature is to divers, and will an all That it hath ener fome tranets, De of to muche, or of to lite, That plainly maie no man belite: But ifhim faile oz that oz this, But thilke loue, whiche that is within a mannes berte affirmed. and frante of chariter confirmed: 190 5112 Suche loue is goodly for to hane, Suche lone mate the body faue, anato and Suche loue mate the fowle amende. A be highe god fuche lone be fende forthwith the remenaunt of grace to that abone in thilke place, pobere refteth lone, and all pees, del . . Dur fope mate be enbelees, ant an fait och AMEN. Territorial aridets

Thus enteth De con and address of festione Amantis.

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